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*Yours respectfully*

*W. C. Falkner*

# RAPID RAMBLINGS

IN EUROPE.

BY

W. C. FALKNER.

WHAT I SAW AT LONDON, PARIS, GENOA, PISA, ROME, NAPLES, POMPEII,  
HERCULANEUM, FLORENCE, VENICE, MILAN, VARESE, COMO, CHA-  
MOUNIX, GENEVA, CHILLON, BERN, BREIG, INTERLAKEN,  
LUCERNE, ZURICH, LYONS, BRUSSELS, COLOGNE, BINGEN,  
WIESBADEN, AMSTERDAM, ROTTERDAM, THE HAGUE,  
AND ON THE ALPS AND RHINE.

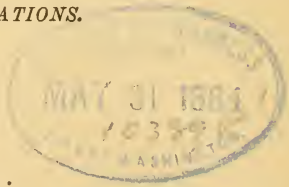
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WITH TWELVE ILLUSTRATIONS.

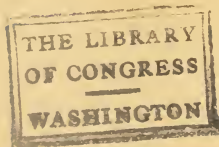
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J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.  
1884.



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*Mary May*

*E. J. C.*



## DEDICATION

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“DEAR PAPA :

“Do pray hurry home. Mamma is crying her eyes out about you and Effie, and I am so very lonesome without you. Everything looks so sad since you went away. I have thought and thought about you, until I have thought you clear out of my mind, and I can't, to save my life, think how you used to look. Old Duke is fat and sleek, but he has become quite lazy since you left. Mamma and I are well; my big doll got its nose broken clear off. Hoping these few lines will find you enjoying the same blessing, I am your affectionate baby,

“ROY.”

This letter, which was written by a little brown-haired lass of nine (the pet of the household), met me at Rome. I don't think she meant to express a wish that the letter would find my nose broken, consequently I inscribe this work to her.

Respectfully,

W. C. FALKNER.

PHILADELPHIA, 1884.



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# RAPID RAMBLINGS IN EUROPE.

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## CHAPTER I.

NEW YORK, June 6, 1883.

WE often hear it said that a bad beginning makes a good ending, "All's well that ends well," etc. If the aphorism proves true in this instance, we shall indeed experience a delightful time at the terminus of this tour, because wave after wave of bad luck has rolled over us since we left home. We have been detained here five days, contrary to our wishes and expectations. A fortnight ago we took leave of the dear ones at home, and set out on a European tour, with minds full of pleasant anticipations concerning the delights we were sure to enjoy. We made no bargain for the purchase of bad luck, having always found plenty of it at home, which came without solicitation.

We had engaged and paid for berths on a ship advertised to sail for Liverpool on Saturday, June 2d; but on our arrival here we were informed that she would not start until the 7th. I hurried to the office of the Cunard line, determined to engage a room on

the first ship that would sail for Liverpool. The agent told me that all the berths were taken on every ship of the line that would sail during the month.

"Everybody and his wife are going to Europe this summer," said he, "and judging from the large number of tickets sold, I guess that Everybody's cousins and aunts have been smitten with continental fever." Then, placing his mouth close to my ear, while a comical expression mantled his face, he whispered, "It is a profound secret, but I will tell it to you in the strictest confidence: Everybody has resolved to take his mother-in-law to Europe this season."

I did not use profane language; I never do use it when it is clear that language cannot do the subject justice. I hope, however, that the Recording Angel did not see my thoughts and write them down on the pages of his celestial ledger against me.

I have discovered one important fact: the traveller who expects to live on strawberry jam and ice cream all the time will find almost everything else more abundant. In other words, the path of the traveller is not quite so full of flowers as was the garden of Eden before Eve learned to love forbidden fruit. Philosophy, patience, and gold are articles which all sensible tourists should carry with them.

For two years I have been corresponding with a few friends with a view to organizing an excursion-party to travel through England, France, Italy, Switzerland, Germany, Belgium, and Holland. Ten persons had joined the organization, pledging themselves to appear in New York on or before the 2d day of June, properly

equipped for the journey. Only four came according to agreement. Three reckless females, possessing more courage than discretion, have concluded to make the tour at all hazards. We would have burned the bridges behind us. In fact, we had contracted for a supply of dynamite with which to blow them up; but when we got everything ready, we found that the bridges were ferry-boats, and that the prospects of their blowing themselves up were too flattering to be interfered with. But let it be distinctly understood that we are going to Europe any way. "We have crossed the Rubicon." This is a brand-new phrase which I dare say the reader never before heard. I am a famous inventor of new phrases. Well, we have crossed the Rubicon; that is to say, we have crossed the Hudson, which amounts to the same thing.

I begin to fear that this tour is not going to yield much of a bonanza of fame, after all. Where is the chance for one to distinguish himself as a traveller, when everybody else is on the tramp? I had been flattering myself with the idea that as soon as the newspaper-men and the book-publishers of New York found out that I was going to Europe, they would deluge me with liberal bids for a history of my travels. My name would appear in all the morning papers, together with the announcement of the startling fact that I was going to Europe, giving, also, a short biographical sketch of my eventful career. I would be annoyed by numerous photographers begging for the privilege of filling their windows with the picture of the famous traveller. To sum up the whole matter, I would be the observed of

all observers. Alas! how deceitful is the thin fabric of an ambitious dream! No one has observed me at all, except a suspicious creditor to whom I am largely indebted for borrowed money, which at this particular time it is inconvenient for me to pay. Perhaps the word "impossible" would express the situation better than "inconvenient." This creditor has constantly observed me ever since I came to the city; in point of fact, his observations have become monotonous.

I visited an editor of one of the leading journals soon after I arrived at New York, supposing that he would be delighted to make my acquaintance. He was a pale-faced, handsome man, with large, black, piercing eyes, with which he seemed to look clear through my thoughts. From his personal appearance, I concluded that he was the proprietor of a big brain, quick perception, and a bilious temperament.

"Good-morning, Mr. Editor," said I, as I grasped his hand. "How do you do this morning?"

"Very well, I thank you," he replied, coldly fixing his expressive eyes on me with an inquiring look. "I beg your pardon, sir," he continued, "but you have the advantage of me; I cannot recall your name."

"Well, I do not mind telling it to you, but it must be understood that I do so in the strictest confidence." My name was then given. "I have started to Europe."

"Have you, indeed?"

"Yes; it is an absolute fact."

"Well, I wish you a pleasant journey. If you will excuse me now, I'll bid you 'Good-morning.'"

"Oh, certainly; I will very willingly excuse you. I can call again if you are busy now."

"If you have business with me, please be so good as to state the character of it."

"I thought probably you would like to mention in your paper the fact that I am going to Europe."

"If you wish to advertise your intentions, you will call at the up-town office and arrange the matter with the agent. Again I bid you 'Good-morning.'"

My retreat from the sanctum was conducted with the deliberation and dignity demanded by the critical situation. I am the fee-simple owner of a large stock of impudence, but it has undergone considerable shrinkage since I came to this city.

If any book-publishers called at my hotel to see me, it was while I was out; and they went away without leaving their cards. The suspicious creditor was more thoughtful. He called every day; and when I was out, he always waited until I came in. He is the only friend who seems to feel an interest in me. He thinks a trip to Europe extremely hazardous, and is doing his best to induce me to abandon the enterprise.

One of my travelling-companions is a tall black-eyed maiden in her early teens, who answers to the pet name of "Effie." I had composed an extravagant panegyric of her, but before it materialized the idea that she was a near relation of mine occurred to my mind and suggested the propriety of leaving that task to be performed by somebody else. The other two ladies who had recklessly cast themselves on the rickety platform of my protection are what envious people call old



maids, but I am sure that they are yet on the sunny side of the matrimonial line; and if they cross it without husbands, they will do so of choice and not from compulsion. They are by no means uncomely; though the beauty of their minds contributes no little to their personal charms. They are school-teachers who have earned their money by an honorable calling; hence they well know its value and how to make a judicious use of it. They travel for information more than for pleasure. They are elegantly educated, and are well versed in the history of the countries through which we expect to travel, and I consider it quite fortunate that Effie is to have such good company while on the tour.

We have through our agent, Mr. E. M. Jenkins, secured a courier, who will meet us on our arrival at Liverpool.

Miss Bell and Miss Stevenson are devoted friends, and the most remarkable thing to relate is the fact that they are members of different churches and do not quarrel over theological questions. Miss Bell is a Presbyterian and Miss Stevenson a Baptist, and yet they devotedly love each other.

We are stopping at the hotel where Jim Fisk met the bullet which ended both his stock-speculations and his life at once. Fisk must have been a very great man,—a man much admired and loved by the people. I am forced to this conclusion on account of the awful punishment inflicted on his murderer; he was imprisoned four long years at Sing-Sing. If Stokes had missed Fisk when he fired at him, he would have been



sent to prison for at least ten years; but, luckily for him, his aim was well taken.

It is very unpleasant, as well as unwise, to enter a city like New York on a rainy Sunday morning, as I and Effie had the misfortune to do a short while ago. All the inhabitants were asleep except a few hack-drivers and policemen, and, as usual, they were dozing on their posts. Broadway was empty, gloomy, and silent, undisturbed by any sound whatever; it looked more like the headquarters of an army of ghosts than the main artery of a great commercial metropolis. Doors and windows were all closed, while the silence of the tomb prevailed in the deserted streets. The rattle of a milk-wagon or the cry of a baby would have been a welcome sound; anything, to break the painful monotony.

The air was cold and very disagreeable; mud, water, and fog were all prepared to greet us as we stepped off of the train at Jersey City just at the early peep of dawn. Vast clouds of fog lay on the surface of the Hudson as we boarded the ferry-boat, and hurriedly went toward the New York shore. From the ferry-boat we were ushered into a dismal wooden barn, where mud and stage-agents triumphantly reigned. Half a dozen hack-drivers slumbered, while twice as many half-starved horses stood near them with drooping heads and closed eyelids.

While crossing the river I had made a contract with the stage-agent to deliver me and my baggage at the Grand Central Hotel. Truth compels me to admit that the agent did comply with his contract, but in

making the negotiations I had neglected to have any time specified. There is where he got the advantage of me, and the able manner in which he availed himself of it convinced me that he was the possessor of an intellect which ought to be cultivated.

An Irish hack-driver who answered to the name of "Muldoony" rose, yawned, stretched both arms above his head, looked up at the ceiling and muttered,—

"Sure, sir, if it's Pathrick Muldoony's hack ye'r a-lookin' afther, it's mesilf that'll take ye through the strates like a strake of grased lightnin'."

In obedience to the orders of the agent, I took a seat in Muldoony's hack; and as soon as my trunk was placed aboard I had fondly hoped to be whirled away—not quite as swiftly as the speed usually made by a streak of lightning, but as fast as two poor horses could trot. At the end of five minutes I ventured to ask Pat why he did not start, but he had gone to sleep on the box and of course did not hear me.

I gave him a gentle thrust with my umbrella.

"Faith an' bedads, them's me own ribs ye'r a-pokin'."

"Why don't you drive on?" I inquired.

"It's mesilf that's got ordthers to stay fer the next thrain."

"When does the next train arrive?"

"Bedad, how can a poor hack-driver kape up with the Pinnsylvania Railroad?"

"Give my money back, then," said I, "and I will engage another hack."

"Faith and yer honor must be afther pokin' fun at

Pathrick this mornin'. It's mesilf that's not got a cint. I had only fifteen cints, and it went fer the mornin' drink at Tim O'Riley's saloon at the break o' day."

A corporation has no soul, consequently no conscience—a fact which can be proven by me.

At the end of half an hour the agent made his appearance, bowed, grinned, apologized for keeping me waiting, and promised to start the hack in one little minute; he then went away, and I have never seen him since; I hope I never shall see him. I might lose control of my temper and say unkind words to him,—a thing I often do when there is no danger of retaliation.

After my being held a prisoner for near two hours, another train arrived. The hack was filled with passengers, and we began to move at a rate of speed that would have disgraced a snail.

Permit me to throw in the following advice without extra charge: Do not put your trust in stage-agents, for they have set a trap to catch verdant travellers. I know whereof I speak, for I have been there. Those who nibble at every bait that is held before their noses will occasionally get hooked.

The city of New York is putting on airs since General Grant consented to make his home there. Probably the reader may have heard of that gentleman. It seems to me that he was in some way connected with the Union army during the late war. I am sure he was at Vicksburg at a Fourth-of-July celebration during the late unpleasantness. He got on a regular

rampage, took the town, put it in his pocket and made a present of it to Mr. Lincoln with as little *sang-froid* as a schoolboy manifests in giving a stick of chewing-gum to his sweetheart. It is asserted that when persuasion was brought to bear upon him to keep the peace and behave himself he said, "I'll fight it out on this line if it takes all summer."

There is in New York a certain street shaped like a dog's hind leg, with an extra crook thrown in, one end of which rests on the west bank of the East River, while the other stops short in front of old Trinity church. It is a regular zoological garden, where thousands of ferocious animals devour one another every day. I was sauntering along there the other day, when my attention was attracted by an uproarious noise that emanated from a large building.

"What on earth is the matter there?" I inquired of a gentleman who was standing near the door.

"Oh, nothing at all unusual," he replied. "The animals are a little hungry this morning. If you would like to see the menagerie, just walk in; they are going to have a lively time to-day."

Straightway I walked in, when I saw the strangest lot of animals that I had ever beheld. They were not gorillas, though in many respects they resembled these animals. They all walked on their hind legs, just like monkeys, and most of them were yelling and screaming at a great rate, running and prancing about just as I have seen them do in cages. One small animal was standing on a platform, a wooden hammer in his paw, with which every now and then he struck a

plank, as if he were trying to murder something. A regular whirlwind of screams usually swept through the house every time the hammer sounded on the board. A score or two of half-grown little animals were continually dashing in and out carrying little scraps of paper which were delivered to them by the larger animals. Every one of the animals seemed to be anxious to attract the attention of the one that held the hammer.

I had not been in the house five minutes when a gentleman, whom I supposed to be one of the keepers, asked me if I had a ticket of admission.

"No," I replied, as I lifted a half-dollar from my pocket, "I will buy one though, if you are the ticket-agent."

The gentleman smiled blandly as he eyed the shining coin in my hand.

"You cannot buy a ticket for fifty cents," said he.

"Very well, sir," I exclaimed, as I drew three silver dollars from my pocket; "I like your show, and I will pay the regular price of admission, no matter how much it may be."

"Then you will have to scratch up more than three dollars."

"See here, my dear sir, if you are the ticket-seller for this establishment, be so good as to tell me the price demanded. In plain terms, give me a ticket and take your money."

"It will cost you twenty-three thousand dollars to secure a ticket of admission to this concern. Shall I make out your ticket now?"

“ Ah, hem ! Er-er-er. Ah hem ! If. Er. If it will make no difference with you, I will call again in the morning.”

“ Oh, certainly ; certainly, sir. It doesn't make the slightest difference in the world, though I shall look for you early in the morning.”

He may continue to look for me until Gabriel sounds his last trumpet, but he shall look in vain.

I had strayed into the New York Stock Exchange, where none but regular members and invited guests are admitted. This is the place where the bulls and the bears wage relentless war against each other, every now and then devouring an innocent lamb who happens to straggle into the den. They are fond of mutton, and often assist each other in capturing stray sheep. Sometimes a man will play bull for a week, then take the *rôle* of a bear and try to kill all of his former companions.

There is a very small individual who never fails to frighten all the other animals half to death when he gets on the rampage. He is a sleek, mild-mannered little animal, who looks like the personification of innocence ; but when he makes a grab at an adversary, blood flows freely and bones break into a thousand fragments. He often pretends to play bull, when he really means to act the bear. By this duplicity he induces his friends to join the bull side ; then, all of a sudden, he hugs them to death with his powerful arms. He always takes his victims by surprise, and they are dead before they think of danger. He does not waste time in trapping lambs. In fact, he doesn't love mutton



like the rest ; but he is very fond of bull-beef. He caused a report to be circulated to the effect that he was going to retire from the arena, make a voyage round the world, and let his oldest cub take his place in the ring. There was great rejoicing among the other animals at the thought of getting rid of their most formidable foe ; but the whole matter proved to be a snare laid to catch unsuspecting victims. Instead of circumnavigating the world in a yacht, he surrounds the bulls of Wall Street with watered stocks, and lays in a good supply of fresh bull-beef. When this little animal has an ague, Wall Street shakes ; when Wall Street takes snuff, Uncle Sam sneezes ; when the little animal has a fever, the national pulse is excited ; and when he snores, brokers and bankers may dare to doze.

If a man wants to study human nature, I advise him to go to Wall Street. There he will see every phase of it, from the millionaire down to the starving mendicant, jostling and cursing one another, all jumbled together. But if he wishes to think well of his fellow-men, let him keep away from there.

As time was hanging heavily on our hands, we concluded to while away some of it in Central Park. Boarding a street-car, we were in due time landed at the south gate, where we were instantly surrounded by a score of hackmen, each one swearing that he would give us a better and cheaper ride than any other man. A red-faced man, who stood meekly gazing at me from a considerable distance, gave me a knowing wink with his left eye, while he beckoned me to his side. Curiosity led me to inquire what the matter was.

“ Them rascals is a-tryin’ to put up a foul game on ye. It’s them sort what allers fetches down the character o’ the hack-drivin’ perfesshun. They allers talks one way ; an’ when it comes to the pinch, they act t’other way. I likes folks ez acts ez they talks. When a feller sez he’s a-gwine ter do a thing, he hadn’t orter do another. That ain’t my style. Ef I sez I’m a-gwine ter do a thing, dam-fi-don’t do it, shore puffin’. That’s the sort o’ jews-harp this chicken is. I’ll trot ye an’ the little gel clean round the Park, and show the lakes, zoology garden, Clepatty’s hair-pin, an’ every dog-oned shebang in that ar’ park, for a tw’-dollar William. Jis light rite inter that ar’ lightein’ ’spress, an’ I’ll hev ye ther afore ye can say Halt ! with yer mouth open.”

I happened to know that by taking a five-minute walk to the southwest corner of the park I could for fifty cents secure two comfortable seats in a public stage which would give us a good view of the Park. We arrived at the stand in time to secure the desired accommodation, and soon went sailing through the beautiful grounds.

The picturesque beauty of Central Park must be seen to be appreciated. Nature must have especially designed it for the very uses to which it has been dedicated. Broad level valleys, bordered with smooth circular hills, gently curving round them ; innumerable diminutive stony cliffs projecting their dark-gray peaks among the trees ; rural grottoes and sparkling cascades : pretty little blue-bosomed lakes, on whose sparkling waters float scores of gay-colored boats ; umbrageous trees whose rank foliage forms a protecting canopy



over the Lovers' Retreat; broad acres of delicious flowers greeting the visitor with a ravishing perfume; smooth carriage-roads and shady paths winding in every direction, now leading over a strong stone bridge, now plunging under a cold dark tunnel, then traversing a long avenue fringed with overhanging vines and tall green trees,—all combine to produce a scene of incomparable beauty.

Central Park covers an area of six hundred and eighty-three acres, is two and a half miles in length and half a mile wide, has nine and a half miles of carriage-road, twenty-eight miles of ornamented walks, and five and a half miles of rides. There are six beautiful lakes, covering about forty-three acres of ground. It is estimated that during the summer season the average number of visitors is ten thousand daily, and the attendance is perhaps doubled on Sundays. It is here where the over-worked mechanic and the pale-faced factory-girl may be seen of Sunday evenings sitting on a bench enjoying the fresh air, vainly dreaming of better days that never will come. It is here where the lovesick maiden, sitting in some obscure shady bower, listens to the sweet whisper of her lover's renewed pledges of unending devotion. Here it is that we see the millionaire seated in his gilded carriage dashing by the penniless beggar. This is the place where the ruined speculator usually comes to cool his fevered brain and to compose his shattered nerves. It is here where the painted Jezebel plots and plans for the disposal of her fast-failing charms. This is the field where the brokers, bankers, bulls and bears con-

gregate to talk over the last week's battle, while they discuss the plan of the next campaign. Here is the stage on which New York society struts to show its feathers, and to flaunt its finery in the face of its envious enemies. In fact, he who is fond of mental and visionary hash can feed on it to his heart's content. Here may be seen people of every character, caste, and of every nationality on any fine day.

We enjoyed the the drive exceedingly. The Obelisk (Cleopatra's Needle) stands on a rising mound in the northeast corner of the Park. It was brought from Egypt, William H. Vanderbilt furnishing the requisite funds. The shafts rest on four large yellow brass crabs, whose long claws stick out as if anxious to grab the visitor. Every side of the Obelisk is literally covered with strange hieroglyphics. I was not able to read them, though I tried ever so hard.

To any one who contemplates suicide, I beg to recommend Central Park as a suitable place. If he would like to die with his thoughts fixed on Paradise, the charming scenery of Central Park will prove suggestive. If his ghost should take a notion to wander about the spot where it was forced to leave the body, I know of no place where it could find so many cool shady walks and lonely dells as it could here.

We visited the Zoological Garden, where we saw a very respectable collection of animals,—not like those we saw at the Stock Exchange, however. One of the prettiest sights to be seen is the large number of swans that indolently glide about on the lakes.

The electric lights were converting night into day

as we passed Madison and Union Squares, on our way back to the hotel. Nothing can be more beautiful than Broadway when seen bathed in a sea of electric lights. One who can accurately paint the picture must possess great descriptive faculties.

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## CHAPTER II.

OUR SAVIOUR, while walking by the Sea of Galilee, saw Andrew and Peter casting nets, and commanded them to follow Him, promising to make them fishers of men; but the police of New York have become fishers of men of their own accord. I state this as a refined fact, for with my own eyes I have seen them fishing men out of East River. If they do not catch as many as half a dozen every morning, they complain of bad luck.

"Faith and bedads, its mesilf that'll niver taste another drop of that dirthy wather," said a half-intoxicated Irishman who watched the police dragging a corpse from the river. "That dirthy wather has more dead men than fish in it," muttered the Irishman as he hurried away.

The suicidal mania lately seems to have broken out anew in New York. East River appears to be the favorite resort of those afflicted with the self-destructive complaint. Why they give it the preference over the Hudson River is a mystery to me.

Last Monday morning a forlorn-looking woman clad in tattered rags, carrying a babe in her arms, while a pretty little girl walked by her side, was seen walking along near the water's edge. Suddenly she threw her two little children into the river, then deliberately precipitated herself in after them. They were rescued by some laborers who happened to witness the occurrence. The children were sent to the hospital, and the mother to prison under a charge of attempting to commit murder. Investigation developed the fact that the unfortunate woman preferred the painless death of drowning to a lingering dissolution by slow starvation.

The Morgue furnishes an interesting exhibition to visitors who like to look on the dark side of the picture of humanity. When a man starts to the river to drown himself, he will change his mind if he will take a peep at the Morgue as he passes. He will find that there is a great difference between a live and a dead man.

A few days ago a sad-faced man stood gazing at the long row of mangled corpses that were on exhibition at the Morgue. After having remained there half an hour, he turned away exclaiming,—

“I won't do it.”

“You won't do what?” said a spectator.

“I had started to the river to drown myself, but I have concluded not to do it to-day. I would rather live and suffer than be like those horrible-looking objects in there.”

We visited Brooklyn to hear a sermon by a famous orator of that city. He is a splendid actor. I felt more as if I was in a theatre than in the house of

worship. When he said funny things (which very frequently he did), the audience greeted him with prolonged hand-clapping and laughter. When he became pathetic, they gave him copious tears and audible sobs. He took his text from the forty-seventh chapter of Isaiah, part of the fourth verse: "The Lord of Hosts is His name." The reading of his text was all I heard on that subject, for immediately he began a lecture on the causes and results of the late war. His description of the horrors of the battle-field was grand, eloquent, and terrific, bringing tears to the eyes of his congregation. The phrase of "Hell broke loose" was used more than once, and others of a kindred nature were frequently employed. In describing the causes that produced the war he was as severe on the fanatics of the North as he was against those of the South. Against those who caused the war he wound up with a curse that surpassed anything in the shape of terrible epithets that I ever heard. It made cold chills steal over me to hear such language used in the house of God.

"May the hottest regions of the damned be made hotter for their reception!" he exclaimed. "I call on God and the angels to help me curse them. I call on widows and orphans of dead soldiers to help me curse them. I call on all Christian people to help me curse them!"

I do not pretend to quote his exact words. In fact, no one could accurately describe his actions or his words. He had evidently exhausted the English language in the selection of scathing epithets for the occasion.

Yesterday we took a stroll through old Trinity Church. Although it is nearly two hundred years old, it exhibits no evidence of age; in fact, it looks as new as any church I have seen here. The superscriptions on some of the tombs indicate a date as far back as one hundred and fifty years ago. The church stands on the west side of Broadway, immediately in front of Wall Street. The ground belonging to this church could doubtless be sold for millions of dollars.

Last Wednesday was Decoration Day, which was observed by all classes as a holiday. All shops, factories, and houses of business were closed, and the entire population spent the day on the streets and at the cemeteries. About fifteen thousand soldiers, gorgeously uniformed, paraded the streets and were reviewed by the President from a grand stand erected at Madison Square.

On the Brooklyn bridge occurred a horrible accident, by which twelve persons were killed and forty wounded. It was caused by a panic supposed to have been started by a fainting lady. Many thousands of people were on the bridge at the time of the accident, when a scream was heard, and the idea that the bridge was breaking down at once prevailed, and a rush was made toward the steps. Men, women, and children were thrown down and trampled to death, while screams and groans rent the air. One hundred and ninety thousand people crossed the bridge within twenty-four hours after it was opened.

On Thursday I visited one of the hospitals, where I saw the lifeless body of a boy of fifteen whose identity



was unknown. He was a handsome lad with light-brown curly hair. The features, though pale in death, were remarkably beautiful. Some fond mother was perhaps then watching and waiting for the return of her darling boy, whose warm lips had on the morning of his departure received her loving kiss, little dreaming that the lips she so fondly pressed to her own were so shortly to be cold in death.

Yesterday we paid a visit to the old city hall,—a three-story, marble-fronted building erected in 1803. It is situated in the park just east of Broadway, near the old Astor House. It was in front of this building that Washington was inaugurated as the first President of the United States. On the floor of the second story the old carved writing-desk on which Washington penned his first message to Congress, the identical chair in which he was inaugurated, the chairs used by the first Congress, together with a large collection of paintings, embracing portraits of many Revolutionary chieftains, are shown to visitors.

New York is unquestionably the liveliest city in America, or in any other country. Her public buildings—indeed, many of her private residences—are equal to anything of the sort to be seen in any part of the world. The white-marble mansion, the late residence of A. T. Stewart, on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street, is said to be one of the most magnificent residences on the globe. The Drexel block, erected on the corner of Broad and Wall Streets, built of pure white marble, is seven stories high, and presents an imposing appearance.

The magnificent retail store of A. T. Stewart occupies the entire block on the east side of Broadway between Ninth and Tenth Streets. It is built of iron, and is five stories high.

Most conspicuous among the many splendid structures in New York City is the *Herald* building, which is six stories high, composed of snow-white marble. For magnificence and beauty of design, the red sandstone residences to be seen on both sides of Fifth Avenue are unsurpassed anywhere. This street affords the best drives outside of Central Park, and when the weather is fine it is crowded with gorgeous equipages drawn by the finest horses in the world.

Two elevated railroads traverse the city. One line runs round on its outer edge, while the other makes a complete circuit, penetrating the very centre.

No city on the earth can compare with New York, so far as her facilities for internal transit are concerned. From fifteen to twenty minutes is the longest time required to take a person from one extremity of the metropolis to the other. Innumerable tramways run parallel with and on both sides of Broadway, from the Battery to Harlem, while that street is always crowded with commodious stages ready to take you to any part of the city for five cents. In fact, no one need walk at all in New York, unless he prefers it.

If the population of this city continues to increase during the next fifty years as it has increased in the last half-century, it will be nearly up with London.

We visited the Tombs prison day before yesterday. The man who invented its designation had a well-bal-



anced mind: I am sure nothing ever had a more appropriate name. Its outer appearance is exactly similar to that of a square marble tomb. It is within the dismal precincts of this prison where condemned criminals are confined. A score or two of forlorn, half-clad prisoners sat in a room shivering on a dirty bench, some weeping, others cursing, while one or two prayed fervently. A pale-faced little blue-eyed boy attracted my attention as he sat there with tears streaming down his wan cheeks. He was not, I think, over seven years old. The superintendent informed me that the child was arrested for stealing a lady's shawl.

"What is your name, little boy?" said I, as I took hold of his hand.

"Thomas Sanders, sir," he meekly replied.

"Did you steal the shawl?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you not know it was wrong to take the lady's shawl?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then why did you do it?"

"They told me to do it."

"Who told you to steal it?"

"The boys."

"What boys?"

"Bolter and Jim."

"Who are Bolter and Jim?"

"Them is the leaders."

"The leaders of what?"

"Our gang."

"How did you manage to get into the lady's house?"

"Bolter and Jim cut the glass out and poked me through and told me to fetch everything to them. I found the shawl, and was a-gwine ter give it to 'em when the lady cotch me."

"Where is your father?"

"He's dead."

"Where is your mother?"

"She's in heaven."

"Then she is dead, too."

"No, she ain't; she's in heaven."

"How could she go to heaven without dying?"

"Durno. She just went. S'pose the angels tuck her; that's what gramma sez."

"Who is gramma?"

"She's my grannam."

"Where does she live?"

"Mostly to home, 'ceptin' when she's sellin' goobers."

"Where does she sleep of nights?"

"She don't sleep much, she has ter work so hard."

"Where do you sleep?"

"Sometimes I sleeps on the lumber at the river; sometimes I jist naps all night agin a box. When I finds a barrel, I jist creeps inter hit and sleeps as snug as a rug."

"How long since your mother went to heaven?"

"Dunno zackly; long time ago, though."

"Did she ever tell you to be a good boy and meet her in heaven?"

"Oh, yes, sir; she did that."

"Then why do you not try to do as she told you?"

"Bolter and Jim sez the best way to get ter heaven is to make money to pay a priest fer a through ticket, caze they won't sell 'em on a credit."

"Do Bolter and Jim divide fairly with you?"

"Oh, yes; they allers gives me my sheer."

"And what do you do with your money?"

"I puts it inter the 'trabution-box ter the 'thedral ter pay fer my ticket."

"What ticket?"

"My ticket ter heaven, in course."

It occurs to me that here might be found a splendid field for missionary work. I suppose the reason evangelicals do not send agents here, is to be found in the fact that there is no romantic peril to be encountered, and that there are no man-eating savages to deal with.

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## CHAPTER III.

LIVERPOOL, June 16, 1883.

THOSE who love excitement and confusion should endeavor to be present when an ocean-steamer is about to set out on a voyage from New York with a large list of passengers bound for Europe.

To me it has always been—and probably it for ever will be—an inexplicable mystery why the friends and

relatives of departing passengers prefer to weep and kiss them in public, instead of bidding them "Adieu" in private. It occurs to me that those who make public demonstrations of affection are not the ones who love us most. There is an indescribable eloquence in the moist eye and the quivering lips of those who whisper, "God bless you," as you part with them in the private parlor. A farewell kiss received under such circumstances is worth a thousand public demonstrations made on a crowded deck.

Another mystery which requires an explanation is why passengers always so manage as to be pressed for time at the last moment, when there is no time to spare.

When the time comes to take in the gang-plank, things begin to look interesting. Those who have been silently weeping now begin to put in more vigorous work, while the confusion increases. Bells ring, sailors shout, officers issue orders, children scream, ladies cry, poodle-dogs yell, steam-whistles shriek, men on deck bawl loudly to friends on shore, the engine groans, steam escapes with ear-piercing shrillness, boxes, trunks, and chairs are tossed about on deck, rattling and rolling in every direction. This description conveys only a very faint idea of the reality.

It was publicly announced in the newspapers that all passengers booked for the B—— would have to get their baggage aboard by nine o'clock on the evening of the 6th, as the ship would unquestionably sail promptly at six o'clock on the morning of the 7th. It is a positive fact, as I am informed and believe, that at least

one-half of the passengers did actually get everything ready by the hour specified.

We started from the hotel at five o'clock P.M., and very soon thereafter drove into the long wooden warehouse of the Inman line, where some fifteen or twenty men began to talk to me at the same time.

"Lemme see your ticket," cried an officer who stood at the end of the gang-plank.

"Move out of the way there," growled the baggage-master.

I moved backwards eight or ten feet.

"Look out there!" cried an express-agent, as he pulled me to one side.

"Please let me pass," exclaimed a sailor who hit my head with the corner of a heavy trunk.

"Don't get in the way of these men," said a red-faced man who held a book and pencil in his hand.

"Will you be so good as to tell me where I must go?" I meekly asked.

"Go to the d——l, for all I care," he carelessly replied; and straightway I went to the baggage-master.

That individual pointed at my nose, then at my baggage, and said,—

"Hold or cabin?"

"Yes, sir, if you please," was my modest answer.

"I said 'Hold or cabin?'"

"That's precisely what I understood you to say; and I said, 'Yes, sir, if you please.'"

"Yes, but I wish to know whether you want me to put your trunks in the hold or in the cabin."

"Oh! Ah, yes! Er—er—— I would like to have them put on the ship, if you can spare the time."

"Here, Mäck! Take them traps aboard and put 'em in the hold."

"Please show your ticket," cried the gang-plank sentinel as the hackman plucked me by the sleeve and demanded two dollars.

The driver and the sentinel both talked at me, while a man snatched my valise and started away with it. In the confusion I handed my passage-ticket to the carriage-driver and gave the two-dollar bill to the sentinel, and then hurried after the man who had my valise. He was one of the sailors, and he had sent the valise aboard of the ship. Hurrying back, I found my ticket in the hands of the sentinel and the carriage-driver gone. Then I happened to remember that I had left my field-glass on the floor of the carriage. I gave a news-boy fifty cents to go to the hotel and bring it to me, promising to double the fee if he brought the glass. He dashed rapidly away, agreeing to be back in half an hour. An hour elapsed, and he failed to make his appearance. I gave another boy fifty cents to go after him, and then hired another boy to go after *him*; and I was negotiating a contract with the fourth boy to look after the first three, when Effie suggested the propriety of waiting a while. I have never seen or heard of either boy or glass up to this good hour.

The weather was intolerably hot; not a breath of air was stirring. The ship lay wedged in between two long warehouses, where the accumulated heat produced by the scorching rays of the departing sun fairly roasted

the passengers who were aboard. The heat in those little dens called state-rooms was but a few degrees below that of living fire. A cell in Sing-Sing penitentiary would have been delightful compared to them. In mid-ocean those state-rooms are almost unendurable, but to be cooped up in one while the thermometer registers ninety-eight in the shade is by no means pleasant. The largest size state-rooms on the ship are six by ten feet, containing three beds, a wash-stand, one little round window fifteen inches in diameter. Three passengers are assigned to each room, unless an extra price is paid. Mr. Ross and I paid the extra charge, so as to have the room to ourselves. This arrangement leaves the sofa unoccupied, affording us room to turn round without going on deck to do it. As to sleeping in the room while the ship lay at the wharf, that was out of the question. I strolled about on deck until after midnight, when my eyelids grew heavy; sinking down on a voyage-chair, I soon went to sleep. I was dreaming of the dear ones at home, when a gentle small voice fell on my ear:

“Beg pardon, sir! Sorry to disturb you, but you are in my chair.”

I of course vacated it, and sought other quarters. I happened to discover an inviting coil of cable rope that I thought would answer for a bed. I deposited my wearied body on it, and again basked in the sweet dreamy realms. I dreamed that I was clambering up the rugged Alpine mountains, almost exhausted with the fatigue of the journey. After travelling all day over huge rocks and slippery ground, under the rays



of a summer sun, I came to a way-side inn, where I was accommodated with a clean, soft bed. I thought I slept until the sun was near the meridian, when a bright ray shot down through a skylight window and blinded my eyes. The bright light and the pain in my eyes awoke me, when I saw a man standing over me holding a lighted lantern within ten inches of my nose.

"You'll have to get up, sir," said he; "we are going to move this rope."

To the best of my recollection, I got up.

There being plenty of space on the ship, I set out in search of a more secluded spot, with a view of stowing myself away for the rest of the night. On top of the smoking-cabin I found a large tarpaulin, which I at once converted into a couch, and again was in the arms of Morpheus. I had scarcely fallen asleep, when I was rudely disturbed by a sailor who said,—

"Yer pardon, sir, but you'll hev to get up; we're a-gwine ter move this here concern."

I thought of the Wandering Jew, and from the bottom of my heart pitied him. The only difference between his condition and mine was that he was condemned to perpetual motion for committing a crime, while I, who had done no wrong, was forced to undergo the same punishment.

I offered one of the sailors a dollar to show me a place where I could repose undisturbed until morning.

"To be sure, sir, ye'll find no sleepin'-room on deck; we is a-gwine to put everything ter rights afore we stop."

I played Wandering Jew until daylight.



The sun rose beneath a cloudless sky ; the morning air was cool and invigorating. A black column of smoke began to emerge from the chimney, while a white cloud of steam rose above the escape-pipe and went curling and twisting fantastically through the ship's rigging.

As the hour of departure drew nigh carriages, buggies, carts, drays, and express-wagons began to discharge their promiscuous freight on the wharf. Men, women, and children commenced to swarm on the ship, dashing about from deck to cabin, and from cabin to deck, yelling and screaming with wild excitement. Hundreds of excited people thronged the wharf shouting loudly to those on the ship ; the bell began to ring ; the whistle shrieked.

"All visitors will please go ashore," cried the second officer.

Then such a scene of confusion as I witnessed would be difficult to describe. Husbands embracing wives, mothers bidding adieu to sons and daughters, brothers imprinting the parting kiss on the lips of their sisters, lovers whispering, "God bless you!" to their sweet-hearts, children clinging to their mother's neck and crying as if their hearts were breaking, friends grasping each other's hand and uttering the usual wish for a prosperous voyage and so forth.

My attention was especially attracted by a parting scene between a pale-faced young girl and a tall, awkward looking young man. It did not require a close inspection to convince me that consumption was devouring the young girl's lungs. Notwithstanding the hollow

cheeks and the wasted form, about her pale face there was still lingering an unfaded beauty which I have seldom seen surpassed. She was about to embark for Queenstown, Ireland, where her parents resided. The young man—who, by the bye, was her lover—was by no means handsome, though there was a frank, manly expression about his countenance that indicated honesty and sincerity. His dress was neat, but composed of coarse gray jeans; his hands and feet were unusually large; his face was badly tanned by exposure to the sun. Judging from his dress and his general appearance, I arrived at the conclusion that he was a well-to-do farmer. He had brought the sick girl aboard in his arms, and gently deposited her on an arm-chair near where I sat. I noticed the large tear-drops that chased one another down his sunburned cheeks as he drew a coarse woollen shawl over the girl's shoulders.

"Sue, darling, will you forget me when you are far away among others who love you?" he said, as he gently caressed her little fleshless hand.

"Forget you, Sam? How could you ask such a question? Can I ever forget the one who owns my whole heart? Could I ever forget the thousands of disinterested acts of kindness for which I am your debtor? No, no! never! Sam, we may never meet on earth again, but I want you to be sure to meet me up there. I may die before I get home; sharks may devour my body; but when I am in heaven, be assured that you have an attorney there to plead for you."

"Visitors must positively go ashore immediately," exclaimed the officer.

The sick girl rose to a standing posture and gazed for a moment up into the face of the young man, while a flood of tears streamed from her eyes. Then, suddenly throwing her arms round his neck, she gave vent to her grief in sobs and groans.

"Good-by, darling," cried her lover as he replaced her on the chair, and stamped half a dozen fervent kisses on her pale brow. "May God in heaven bless and protect you!"

Instantly he leaped over the railing, and disappeared.

A strong man lifted the fairy-like form of the fainting girl in his arms, and immediately disappeared down the stairs that led from the deck to the saloon. It will be necessary for me to refer to this girl again ere long.

The great city was bathed in a sea of golden rays from the rising sun as the ship began to glide over the water. Hundreds of tearful eyes were intently gazing at the crowd of friends and relatives who with white handkerchiefs waved adieu from the wharf. Solemn silence prevailed among the multitude of passengers who covered the deck, watching the receding shore as it rapidly faded from view. Then we were on the bosom of the broad blue ocean. What a grand prospect! Such an exhilarating breeze! Such an expansive view!

"Oh, my! Ain't it delightful?" exclaimed Miss Bell.

"Delicious! Exquisite!" cried Effie.

"Wonderful! Magnificent!" said Miss Stevenson.

"I'm half starved," muttered Effie. "I do wish breakfast was ready."

"Yes," ejaculated Miss Bell; "I beg to participate in such sensible wishes myself, for I am very hungry."

"It's half-past eight now," Miss Stevenson remarked as she peered down into the cook-room. "I believe they are putting breakfast on the table now."

"Breakfast will be served at nine, sir," replied the steward to an inquiry propounded by me. "Our usual breakfasting-hour is eight, but we are a little late this time. We have been delayed by the confusion this morning."

Everybody now began to clamor for breakfast.

"It is scandalous to starve people to death in any such a manner," muttered an obese lady, as she impatiently struck the deck with the point of her parasol. "If I were to cross the ocean a hundred times, I never would sail on this hateful ship again."

"My dear," remarked a meek-looking man who stood by her side, "let us not condemn the ship merely because breakfast is a little late this morning."

"Don't bother me with a lecture, if you please. You are always condemning me and excusing everybody else. I'm sick and tired of such nonsense."

To the best of my recollection, that man hushed.

The passengers all seemed to have forgotten the superb grandeur of the ocean while the question of breakfast was the all-absorbing topic of discussion.

"There's the breakfast-bell at last," exclaimed Effie, as she darted toward the dining-saloon.

Then a general rush was made in the same direction by all the passengers.

There being more people than could be accommo-



MISS BELL.



dated at the first table, some had the misfortune to be left; my usual luck did not fail to class me with them. I was on the eve of using strong language, when the steward smiled blandly and gave me a knowing wink with his left eye. At the same time pointing his finger through the little round window, he said,—

“She’ll make plenty o’ room for you in a minute; there’ll not be a dozen people at that table at the end of five minutes.”

He had scarcely finished the sentence, when a medium-sized wave suddenly lifted the ship up and rolled her over on the larboard side, then left her to careen back on the starboard. There was nothing violent about the movement, no plunging and pitching abruptly: it was like a delightful ride in a swing.

The bills of fare had been impartially distributed; the orders had been given. The waiters, being obedient, efficient, and prompt, had begun to display the tempting food before the hungry crowd. At that moment a large wave tossed the ship on her side, and again she gently rolled back. Another came, did its good work, and sped rapidly on its trackless road. When the third and biggest wave struck the ship, a majority of those at the table suddenly dropped their knives and forks, and looked as if they were expecting to hear something drop.

“My stomach hurts,” whispered Effie to Miss Bell; “I shall have to go to my room.”

“Poor child!” replied Miss Bell. “Let me go with you.”



"No, no! don't miss your breakfast on my account."

"Go along, quick; I'm sick, too."

And away they went as fast as they could.

I had begun to hope that Miss Stevenson was going to escape the terrible scourge, but all of a sudden her face grew deadly pale.

"I think," said she, "that I would better look after Effie and Miss Bell; I fear they are both sick." And away she went, leaving her breakfast untasted.

By this time a large majority of the seats were vacant, when the steward, pointing to a chair, invited me to occupy it.

"No, I thank you; I'll go look after Effie. I am afraid she is very sick."

I thought I saw a derisive smile steal over his face, and was about to give him a piece of my mind, but just then another huge wave struck the ship, which reminded me of important business that required my immediate attention on deck.

An awful epidemic was prevailing when I arrived on top; the passengers were getting down to their work handsomely. I joined the band as soon as I could reach the railing. I was performing my part of the task admirably, when a man offered me his sympathy. I then and there determined to kill him, but neglected to do it, on account of the important business which constantly demanded my attention. This peculiar business was of a nature that would not brook postponement. It took the best part of three days to get the matter completely settled.



"Plague take the old ship!" groaned my left-hand neighbor, who was performing his work admirably. "I do wish she would lie still."

Something less than fifteen hundred prescriptions had been recommended to me as infallible remedies and preventives against sea-sickness. I did not have time to give them all a fair trial, hence am not prepared to condemn them all; but, on the other hand, I could not prevaricate so much as to endorse any of them.

"Necessity is the mother of Invention." This is a new aphorism which I dare say the reader never saw in print. By way of proving its truth, I will embrace this occasion to say that necessity forced me to invent a plan to prevent sea-sickness. Please bear in mind the fact that I do not recommend it as a remedy, but as a preventive. If you would avoid sea-sickness, take my prescription; I believe it not only the best, but I candidly think it is the only infallible preventive. Here it is: "Never let the weight of your body rest on anything unless the aforesaid thing has real estate for its foundation." Any one who will strictly observe these instructions will never suffer with sea-sickness. A large number of the ladies have declared in the most emphatic terms that they will take my prescription as soon as the voyage is ended.

Sea-sickness, somehow or other, manages to rob people of all dignity and pride. Imagine, if you can, how General Washington would look with his tall, stately form half bent, pressing his hands to his stomach and retching, while a hundred spectators laughed, joked, and enjoyed the fun.

The hearts of all the sea-sick passengers were chuck-full of malice and envy against those who escaped the scourge, because the well ones were continually poking fun at the others. The plain truth is, those who never experienced it have no conception of the excruciating pain endured by those who are sea-sick.

It was a noticeable fact that after the first stampede from the breakfast-table, until the end of the voyage there was no scarcity of vacant seats at the table; indeed, I may say that at no time were half of them occupied. I heard an old lady remark one day that "this business of carrying passengers across the ocean at eighty dollars a head is the *money-making-est* business I ever *seen*, because they don't hev to feed 'em at all."

A friend who sincerely deplored my sad condition told me that a glass of champagne would afford instantaneous relief; having tried a dozen or two other useless remedies, I thought I could venture to test one more. With no little difficulty, I wended my way to the smoking-room and called for the wine. The steward, who at that time was engineering that department, filled a glass and held it toward me; I attempted to take it, but a sudden lurch of the ship pitched me into his arms, emptying the wine on my devoted head. I think that was the best and most effective remedy of all. However, another glass was filled, and this I managed to swallow.

My stomach had on its war-paint; it was bent on mischief. Nothing could appease its wrath. The fact of the business is, it had lost all self-respect; it had

been mortally offended at the treatment it had received, and had evidently resolved to have revenge. As soon as I had swallowed the champagne open war was declared. I made a dash toward the railing at the very instant the railing made a dash at me. We met on the half-way ground,—rather abruptly, as one of my half-broken ribs could testify if proof were necessary.

As my body struck the railing, a sailor cried,—  
“Oh, oh! Don’t break the ship to pieces.”

I looked round in every direction for a brick-bat to throw at his head, but saw none. Guess they don’t carry articles of that sort on ocean steamers. The sailor seemed to understand that I was hunting something with which to break his head, because at that moment he happened to think of business that required his attention in the hold.

A rolling ship is the drunkard’s paradise. He may reel and stagger as much as he pleases; he may break his nose against the smoke-stack or embrace the floor affectionately—may soil his clothes, use profanity, act the fool generally. Nine out of every ten ladies will say, “Poor man! He is so very sick.” They will never have the slightest suspicion as to the real cause of his conduct: it is all attributed to sea-sickness.

At the end of the third day my stomach and I made friends, buried the hatchet, and smoked the pipe of peace together, since which time we have considerably damaged the commissary department of the ship. It has made ample amends for all the misery it forced me to endure. It has discarded all nonsense and gone to work with a commendable energy. I felt like a new

man ; indeed, I mistook myself for somebody else. I was a boy again, with a disposition to prance and race about the deck with children. I felt as I imagine young lambs feel when they chase one another, hopping, skipping, and tumbling over one another on the sunny hill-side in early spring. Who would not endure three days of misery for such exquisite delight as one experiences after recovering from a spell of seasickness? The lungs expand with the invigorating salty air. The soul drinks delight while gazing on the charming picture painted by the hand of Nature. The broad blue ocean, with her lips kissing the sky ; the huge body of the ship dashing the white foam high above her bow ; the plaintive song of the sailors ringing melodiously on the murmuring breeze ; the snow-white sea-gulls that flap their wings and hover near the ship, all combine to make up a scene filled with delightful entertainment for the passengers.

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## CHAPTER IV.

DURING the first two days of the voyage we encountered wretched weather, which compelled the passengers to keep in-doors. A stiff breeze, which sailors called delightful and landsmen stormy, came constantly from the north, tinctured with the chilling influences furnished by the icebergs over which it had swept. Dark clouds hung low and looked threatening, while

the sun, having become disgusted with the gloomy surroundings, retired from business. Fog completely covered the world, or at least that portion of it occupied by our ship. Fog was everywhere, in everything, over, under, and around everything; indeed, if the whole ocean had been converted into fog, the difference could not have been discovered, for nothing could be seen twenty yards from the eyes. We could not hide from the fog, for it would come creeping through every little window or door, slip into our mouths, eyes, ears, and nostrils, settle on our heads, and moisten our clothes. We lived on fog—or rather, *in* fog—for two whole days. The dismal shriek of the fog-horn sounded every two minutes during the forty-eight hours, keeping us constantly reminded of the dangers to which we were exposed.

Every morning the deputy steward would thrust his head through the door of my room and say,—

“Eight o’clock, sir. Charming morning! We are moving on finely.”

It mattered not with him about the facts of the case. If the ship had been sinking at that moment, he would have cried out,—

“Eight o’clock, sir. Charming morning! We are moving on finely.”

If there can be found a type-setter who can read this manuscript, I would like to make his acquaintance; I want to become interested in him, because he would be more valuable than real estate on Broadway, New York. The table on which I write this has a decided advantage over me; it is fastened to the floor, while I

am not. Every now and then it takes a notion to escape from me, and very frequently succeeds. It makes no noise, but occasionally it will make a sudden dash to the larboard, invariably carrying my chair with it, leaving me sitting on the floor. When I get up and start after it, back it darts as quick as lightning; then a collision invariably follows.

On Friday the breeze began to stiffen, and before ten o'clock the waves were occasionally leaping on the upper deck, making it rather hazardous for a landsman to attempt to walk on it. I, being driven to desperation by intense suffering, and not caring much for consequences, boldly set out to walk from my room to the smoking-saloon. But I did not quite reach it that day. I managed to reach the upper deck, when I was pitched headforemost into the purser's office while the purser stood at his desk. I was apologizing for my abrupt entrance, when the office suddenly went away, carrying the purser along with it and leaving me occupying a horizontal position on the floor. With the assistance of two sailors who answered my signals of distress, I succeeded in reaching my room, where I quietly remained until the weather changed.

There are various modes of amusement to be found aboard of the ship when the state of the weather is such as to permit their use. Chess, dominoes, draughts, whist, euchre, cribbage, and draw poker were extensively indulged in. Pool-selling usually began every night in the smoking-saloon immediately after supper, especially when the weather was on its good behavior.

The following explanation will show what is meant



by pool-selling. The average speed of the ship was three hundred and twenty-five miles per day, though she often made three hundred and fifty, and sometimes as low as three hundred and eighteen. Every day, precisely at noon, the figures announcing the previous day's run were fastened on the bulletin-board. Each person who desired to participate in the lottery paid a dollar into the treasury and drew out a number. After the numbers were all drawn, an auctioneer would sell to the highest bidder the privilege of taking first choice of the said numbers. Those numbers that corresponded with the last day's run usually sold much higher than the rest. The bidding was sometimes quite spirited, and the amusement lively and interesting. The holder of the number that came nearest to the number of miles run by the ship was, of course, the winner of the prize, which included all the money in the treasury. The lucky individual was always required to pay for the champagne for the party.

A disposition to wager small sums upon any question that was mentioned seemed to prevail among many of the passengers. It could not be considered a disposition to gamble for the sake of the money, because the winner always spent his winnings in purchasing wine and cigars for his companions.

I have witnessed many a closely-contested race on the turf where thoroughbred horses gallantly contested for the prize, while an excited multitude yelled and cheered their favorites; but while on this voyage I saw a race the novelty of which surpassed anything I ever beheld.

"Whales! whales!" was the cry that rang out on the air. This cry brought on deck everybody except those who were too ill to stir. A couple of monster whales appeared within half a mile of the ship, running with great speed directly toward her, while every now and then they sent long columns of white spray far above the waves. A man offered to wager a box of cigars that the north whale would pass the ship before the other; which proposition was promptly accepted. The two monsters were running parallel with and near to each other, while their course would bring them near the ship. Half a dozen bets were made on the race in less than two minutes. An offer of two to one was made on the north whale, which was at once accepted; but before the money was put up the south whale made a sudden dash forward, passing the ship a hundred feet ahead of the north one. It was a grand sight to see them spouting white clouds of spray high in the air as they rapidly passed by us.

Saturday night the storm gradually dwindled down to a perfect calm, and next morning the sun rose beneath a cloudless sky, spreading a cheerful influence over everything, which had the effect of crowding the deck with convalescent ladies. We had divine service at noon, the captain officiating under the rules of the Established Church of England. The services were short, but impressive, ending with a prayer for the Queen, the Prince of Wales, and the President of the United States. I sincerely hope that the prayer was favorably answered, as I dare say those distinguished persons very much need divine mercy. I was, how-



ever, greatly puzzled to know why the good old captain should be so partial as to single those individuals out, when we knew the French President needs praying for more than any of them.

An unusual sadness prevailed among all the passengers on the morning of the 11th, when the news rapidly circulated informing the passengers that a young lady had died the previous night and would be buried from the forecastle at ten o'clock. My thoughts instantly reverted to the parting interview which I had witnessed at New York between the young farmer and the consumptive girl. Sam's sweetheart was dead. I remembered her parting words; indeed, I tried to forget them, but could not do it. I could hear them ringing in my ear all the morning after I heard of her death: "I may die before I get home; sharks may devour my body; but when I am in heaven, be assured you have an attorney to plead for you." Sam's eloquent attorney had gone to the celestial court to plead his cause according to promise, and the sharks would soon devour the frail body, as she had prophesied. Under any circumstances a burial at sea is a sorrowful scene to behold, but the peculiar surroundings of this case made it doubly sad. The deceased had been in America three years, and was expecting to meet her mother at Queenstown; but now her body was to be cast into the ocean fifteen hundred miles from land.

The tolling of the bell notified the passengers, who assembled on deck to witness the strange but melancholy burial. A long plank was placed on the railing, the coffin being put on one end, while half a dozen

sailors held the other. The Catholic burial-service was read by a priest, the coffin sprinkled with holy water, the signal given, the plank tilted over, and the mortal remains of Sam's sweetheart plunged into the ocean.

I could not shake off the feeling of sadness which the sight of this solemn funeral had produced, while all the passengers seemed to have been deeply impressed by it. The prevailing gloom fixed itself upon the sailors as well as upon the passengers, for their lively songs were no longer heard on deck.

The next day appearances were more enlivening. The sky was so bright and clear, the atmosphere so exhilarating, the sea so smooth and blue, that we could not think of anything sad while surrounded by such delightful influences.

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## CHAPTER V.

LIVERPOOL, June 17, 1883.

EARLY on the evening of the 14th the welcome cry of "Land!" rang out from the forecastle; which cry instantly brought the passengers to the upper deck with their spy-glasses. The dull gray crags that border the Irish coast could be dimly seen, looking like little clouds hovering near the water. All eyes were concentrated on those distant objects and strained to their utmost capacity, while a hundred field-glasses were aiming in the same direction.

At the end of an hour from the time land was first discovered, two tall crags (called the "cow and calf") could be distinctly seen rearing their dark-gray crests in a perpendicular line above the water, while far away to the right a low range of hills appeared, dotted over with snow-white cottages. What a charming sight for one to gaze upon, after being cribbed, cabined, and confined for ten weary days on a ship! The pulse beats quickly, the heart leaps with joy, the mind is intoxicated by the lovely picture.

When, at midnight, the ship anchored off Queens-town for the purpose of delivering the mail, I heard a loud scream on board of the little boat that came out to meet us. It was a wail of despair uttered by the dead girl's mother, who, instead of clasping her daughter to her heart, as she had so fondly hoped to do, received the news of her death.

On the morning of the 15th we were regaled by a delightful view of the Welsh coast, whose distant mountains seemed to mingle their lofty crests with the sky, while a gray wall of rocks abruptly rose from the water's edge to a height of six hundred feet. Another hour's run, and the broad, rich valley of the Dee lay before our eyes, shining in the bright rays of the sun like a sea of molten gold. The Dee at this point constitutes the line between Wales and England. The river discharges its waters into the Irish Sea through an estuary nine miles in length. The ship hugged the shore so closely that we could see the farmers ploughing in their fields, and hear the merry song of the peasants who drove their teams along the road. After

passing the mouth of the Dee, village after village appeared so rapidly as to make it like one continuous city all the way to Birkenhead.

At four o'clock in the afternoon the ship dropped her anchor in the Mersey River, at least a mile from Liverpool, which was a surprise as well as a great disappointment to me, for I was expecting to be able to step ashore from the deck as passengers can do at New York. An hour was wasted in waiting for a little boat to come out after the passengers who shivered on deck as they impatiently gazed at the distant city. I dislike to say harsh things about men, but I think an indictment for assault and battery with intent to kill would lie against the company owning that line for the cruel manner in which they tortured their passengers on that occasion. Three hundred people were crowded on the uncovered deck of a little boat not large enough to afford standing-room for that number, while a chilling rain pelted them in the face, on the head, and on every side, and a strong, cold wind drove the soaking raindrops to the skin. No room to hoist umbrellas without drenching half a dozen other miserable mortals with a deluge of water. I assert it as fact that the entire covered portion of that boat did not exceed thirty feet square, and that not more than one person in ten could find a seat or shelter, notwithstanding the fact that many of them were very ill. Now, I think that the commanders of their ships ought to be instructed to pray for that company instead of for the Prince of Wales and the President of the United States, for I am sure its members are in

great need of mercy. There is no excuse whatever that can justify a company in treating their passengers with such inhumanity. It will not do for them to say they cannot help it, because, if the depth of the channel is not sufficient to float larger boats, let them furnish more of them.

No sooner had the boat touched the quay than I attempted to step off, when a red-faced fat man rudely seized my arm and said,—

“Old hon there, sir! You can’t get hoff that whay.”

I held on, as directed; so did the rain and the wind that was chilling the marrow in my bones.

I happened to spy my valise that had been violently thrown on the floor, and I proceeded to take it up.

“Old hon there, sir! You can’t take that are concern.”

“It is my property,” I meekly replied.

“Hit makes no difference hiff hit his yourn; you can’t move hit.”

Trunks, valises, carpet-sacks, and all sorts of packages were tossed into a promiscuous heap on the floor, where an army of revenue employés made a raid on them and began to carry them into a spacious wooden barn hard by.

While I was endeavoring to keep an eye on our baggage by running after the men who were removing it, a man knocked me down with a trunk as he dashed by like a railway-engine, and before I had time to get up another man fell over me. I was highly delighted to find that he was badly hurt. I was about to lie down

again with a view of crippling two or three more of them, when the ladies called for me, which deprived me of the anticipated pleasure.

Adjoining the barn was a small ante-chamber not over twenty feet square, into which I conducted the ladies. This room contained neither fire nor seats, nor anything else but a score of shivering people, who were ordered to remain there until the barn-door should be opened. At the end of an hour I was preparing to dictate my last will and testament, having abandoned all hopes of surviving this sad occasion, when I heard a loud clear voice ring out :

“Is Colonel Falkner in this crowd?”

In a meek voice I replied :

“Here is a melancholy wreck—a feeble representative of Colonel Falkner.”

“My name is Alfred Valscratchembottler ; I am the courier.”

I am not right sure I have spelled his name correctly, for I was governed by his pronunciation of it. No matter about the name ; he proved to be a gold-mine on that occasion, for he soon managed to get our baggage through the custom-house, and in a few moments thereafter we were seated in a carriage and dashing rapidly toward the Compton House. I have no idea when the rest of the passengers got through the custom-house, but I suppose it was done in a little less than a week.

I could scarcely walk when I entered the hotel, because it was standing perfectly still. I started to go through the door, missed it, and embraced the wall : I



had overlooked the fact that a hotel and a ship differ in many respects. One rolls and plunges; the other does not. The carpet did not fly up and hit my face, as I was expecting it to do; the door did not move to one side or the other when I ventured to walk in, as ship-doors invariably do. It was the immovability of everything that defeated my calculations. If, on a ship, you wish to enter a door, you do not walk square up to it and go in, but you make a dash at the wall a yard or two to the right or the left of it, as the case may be, always keeping an eye on the motion of the ship. It is an interesting sight to see an experienced sailor go into those small doors. You would imagine that he was trying to commit suicide by butting his brains out against the wall, for he will make a dash, not at the door but at the wall; but, somehow or other the door will always come along just in time to take him in. If you make a dash at the door, you damage the wall, but miss the aforesaid door. We, however, managed to effect an entrance into the hotel, where we found splendid rooms engaged for us by our courier, who, according to previous engagement, had promised to meet us here. He had likewise ordered supper for the party, which you may be sure we appreciated very much. I have seldom enjoyed a meal so well as I did that one. The truth is, I had not eaten what Western miners call a square meal since I left the hotel at New York.

Soon after supper a great noise was heard on the streets. A flabby bass-drum and a consumptive brass horn, accompanied by a wheezing fife, were making a



most fearful noise, while a motley crowd of men, women, and yelling boys marched after them. All were singing, though every one appeared to be running a separate concert.

"Well," said Miss S., as she gazed at the strange procession, "it is absolutely certain that the fool-killer has not been here lately."

"What on earth does it mean?" inquired Effie.

"It's the Salvation Army," says the courier.

"'Salvation,' indeed!" said Miss B. "If that's the army that the cause of Christ has to depend on for support, it's a ruined community, certain."

Immediately after breakfast on the morning of the 17th we took a carriage-drive, visiting all the prominent places of interest in the city.

An idea had entered my mind that Liverpool was located on the shore of the Irish Sea, but it is on the right bank of the Mersey River, four miles above its mouth. Large ships could not come up to the wharf. The Liverpool docks are said to be the largest and the best in the world; they cover over five hundred acres of water. On the Liverpool side they extend down the river a distance of five miles, and two miles on the Birkenhead side. The length of the quay is ten miles on the right and sixteen miles on the left bank of the river. A solid stone wall eleven feet thick, forty feet high, and five miles in length protects the ships from storms while in the dock. They are constructed below the city mostly, where plenty of water is afforded for the largest ships. Fifty million dollars is the estimated cost of the docks. Many of the public buildings rank

high among the best in Europe. St. George's Hall, a magnificent edifice constructed in the Corinthian style, presents an imposing appearance. It is encircled with a corridor the roof of which is supported by a row of huge marble columns forty-five feet high. Two large rooms are set apart for the holding of assizes. The grand hall—or concert-hall, as it is called—is one hundred and sixty-one feet long by seventy-five wide. But we extracted more pleasure out of our visit to the Zoological Garden than out of any other.

Liverpool in many respects resembles the American cities, while the habits of the citizens are still more like those of the inhabitants of our towns.

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## CHAPTER VI.

KENILWORTH, June 18, 1883.

I HAVE somehow managed to get myself considerably mixed with the name and writings of Sir Walter Scott. I rose fifty per cent. in my own estimation this morning when I was informed by the landlord that I had slept in the identical room occupied by the famous novelist and poet.

“Why, sir, it is a fact,” said my host, “that Sir Walter wrote ‘Kenilworth’ in that very chamber. He slept in the same bed you reposed on last night.”

“Have the sheets been changed since he slept there?”

The answer to this question was too much tinged with irreverence to look well in print.

"Did Sir Walter leave any message or papers here for me?" I meekly inquired.

"What in the deuce did Sir Walter Scott know or care about you?"

"That is the very thing I am trying to find out. He certainly did not know I was coming here to compose poetry in his room, else he would have left some suggestions or advice for me."

More irreverence from the host as he rapidly walked away.

"This landlord thinks there is something wrong with your mind," said the courier.

"That proves his good sense," I replied. "I have arrived at a conclusion of that sort myself."

After having satisfactorily investigated the numerous curiosities of Liverpool, we set out on our way to the grand old city of Chester on Sunday afternoon. In order to reach the railway-station at Birkenhead, we had to cross the Mersey River in a diminutive ferry-boat. Conducting the ladies into the little cabin, I took a seat, and while conversing with them, was accosted by a robust Englishman with rubicund cheeks, who said,—

"You'll 'ev ter come hout o' 'ere, sir; hit's agin horders fer gentlemen ter stop in the ladies' cabin."

"I beg your pardon, sir," I replied; "I am travelling with these ladies, and therefore prefer to stay with them."

"Thet don't signify nuthink. Horders is horders, an you'll 'ev ter hobey 'em; you ev ter come hout."

I rose to my feet, straightened my commanding form

to its utmost height, inflated my lungs with a supply of fresh air, and went out.

The distance from Liverpool to Chester is only seventeen miles; the train made the run in thirty minutes. We secured comfortable apartments at the Queen's Hotel, and immediately thereafter were driving through the streets of this quaint old city. The exact age of this ancient town is not accurately known, though it was occupied by Roman soldiers when Julius Cæsar invaded Gaul. It is situated on the right bank of the Dee, and is inclosed by a substantial stone wall eight feet thick and twenty-five feet high. On the top of the wall is a spacious road, perfectly smooth and beautiful, affording a magnificent view of the surrounding country.

An old tower was pointed out to us by our guide, on which it is said Charles I. stood and witnessed the defeat of his army, by Cromwell on Rowton Moor. The inscription carved on the wall of the tower fixes the date of the eventful battle in the year 1645. The result of this bloody contest sealed the fate of the king, who was beheaded very soon afterward.

We visited the grand old cathedral, which was built about nine hundred years ago. The walls are constructed of red sandstone, which the pelting storms of nine centuries have materially damaged. I noticed that the corners were worn smooth and changed from their original shape, while in many places large depressions appeared in the wall. The interior presented rather a gloomy appearance, though the large Gothic columns that supported the roof had no doubt

been beautiful five hundred years ago. A young man was delivering a Sabbath-school lecture to a score or two of children, who were shooting paper-balls at one another with an energy worthy of the occasion. I sat down and enjoyed the sport very well, until a mischievous urchin shot me on the nose with a gravel. I at once ordered my brigade to fall back slowly. We effected our escape without material damage.

From the summit of King Charles' Tower may be had a splendid view of the long, straight range of Welsh mountains which thrust their pale-blue crests high above the Dee valley.

The most interesting show exhibited to us by our accommodating guide was the old dilapidated house from whence Lord Derby was led to execution. We were met at the entrance by a pretty little blue-eyed lass, not over twelve years old, who proposed to show us through the building.

"This is the Lord Derby's writing-desk," she said, as she laid her hand on an old oaken table.

"That's not a desk," said Effie; "it's a table."

"It used to be a desk," promptly replied the little maiden, "but the top has been taken off. The nobleman was writing on that desk when he was arrested. That is his arm-chair, and this is the very bedstead on which the earl slept; and that is his picture."

When we took our leave, I (as did each member of the party) slipped a sixpence into her pretty little hand. It was worth ten shillings to see the graceful courtesy she made as she received the contributions. She would throw the left foot back so as to bring the toe against

the heel of the right foot, then dip down and up like a puppet worked by springs.

After supper I was leisurely strolling alone outside of the city limits, enjoying the luxury of a cigar, when I heard a tumultuous noise emanating from an old, rickety wooden building. I listened a moment, when I was somewhat startled by piercing shrieks uttered in rapid succession.

"What on earth is the matter here?" I hurriedly asked a man who was emerging from the house.

"Walk in, sir, and see for yourself," he replied, with a derisive smile; and in I went.

The large hall was full of excited people. A woman stood on a bench making a deafening noise with a pair of cymbals, which she was belaboring with all her strength, at the same time singing in a wild-cat voice; another was endeavoring to burst the head of a bass-drum; while a third was screaming loudly and beating the air with her clinched fists, as if she was angry with it. Half a dozen girls were preaching to as many groups of men, who gathered round them, each one endeavoring to pitch her voice so as to be heard above the horrible uproar.

"Go it, Sal!" cried a young man who stood on a bench smoking a pipe. "Stir 'em hup, Sal! give 'em fits!"

"Look out, Liz!" yelled another. "You're a lettin' Sal git the 'eels on ye!"

It would take too much space to give a complete description of this disgusting scene. Twenty-five or thirty men were dancing on the seats, while as many



more were proposing to bet on their respective favorites, alluding to the girls who were preaching. This was a branch of the Salvation Army. I have never seen or heard the cause of Christ so outrageously dishonored, and I earnestly hope I never shall see or hear it again. If everybody in the house had been beastly intoxicated, they could not have conducted themselves more disgracefully.

Suddenly the drum-beater made for the street, followed by girls with the brass horn and cymbals. The crowd rushed after them promiscuously, shouting and yelling like demons, marching in a confused mass toward the city. I cannot say that they continued the screaming while parading the streets of the city. I suppose the police would have something to say about that. They were outside the city when I saw them. I was delighted at this ocular proof that all the fools had not emigrated to the United States, but sorry indeed to discover that the fool-killer had been neglecting his duty.

Without waiting to shake the dust of Chester from our feet, we boarded a train bound for Warwick at six on Monday morning.

The country between Chester and Warwick is said to be the best, and I think it decidedly the prettiest, in all England. In point of wealth and culture (if we are to judge from appearances) it far surpasses any other portion of the kingdom. As far as the eye could see, on both sides of the road, it looked like a well-cultivated garden. The dark-green, neatly-trimmed hedges crossing one another at right angles



on every hand looked like so many floral festoons woven by skilful hands. Palatial residences cosily ensconced behind innumerable umbrageous trees; broad, beautiful avenues shaded by thrifty fruit-orchards; spacious barns and stables built of red-painted brick; beautiful peasant cottages enshrouded with verdant vines; vast herds of fat cattle lazily browsing on green fields of clover; charming little clear-water canals winding and twisting along, with banks fringed with overhanging willows; broad, level carriage-roads as smooth as a parlor floor,—all contribute their quota of beauty to the picturesque scene.

Only two hours were consumed in the run from Chester to Warwick. Having deposited our baggage at the Warwick Arms and ordered lunch to be served at twelve o'clock, we bent our course toward the renowned castle of Warwick, which occupies an elevated position on the crest of a lofty eminence overlooking the town. A broad carriage-road leads from the outer gate up to the castle. The road is cut to a depth of twenty feet in a solid rock, on top of which an arch is formed of trees and creeping vines, forming a complete canopy through which the rays of the sun could not penetrate.

The castle, though nearly nine hundred years old, is yet in an excellent state of preservation, and will no doubt withstand the storm of nine centuries more, if properly cared for. It is well worth a visit to England to see this famous old castle, where the great king-maker resided over four hundred years ago. Richard Nevil, Earl of Warwick, made and unmade

kings with the same ease as that with which a tennis-player sets up and knocks down the pins. He was the father of Queen Anne, who had the misfortune to be the wife of Richard III. She was the youngest daughter of Earl Warwick, and was famous for the beauty of her person, as well as for the brilliancy of her mind. Her bridal-couch was pointed out to us by the steward who has charge of the castle. It rested on a curiously-carved old oaken bedstead, the clumsy posts of which reached nearly to the lofty ceiling. On top of the posts rested a dark-red canopy lined with costly velvet. The bed was covered with a quilt of crimson silk.

"This," said the steward, "is the identical bed on which the bloody Richard slept."

"They say his guilty conscience would not let him sleep," exclaimed a pretty little girl who was listening to the conversation.

"That is no doubt true," returned the steward, smiling kindly on the little girl. "This is the bed on which he tried to sleep."

I did not weep much over the memory of the hapless queen, because she richly deserved the sad fate that overtook her. She had solemnly betrothed herself to a noble young prince, who devotedly loved her; she forsook him to marry a deformed demon.

Many quaint old relics are to be seen here, prominent among which are an old clock and a pearl-covered table formerly the property of Marie Antoinette, and a large clumsy hair trunk in which Queen Anne packed her wardrobe when travelling. The giant Guy's forage-

pot holds one hundred gallons, his sword weighs twenty pounds, the breastplate of his armor is forty-four inches in length. If it is true that he was tall enough to wear that breastplate, his height was nothing short of nine feet. Oliver Cromwell's armor and a plaster-cast bust of him were pointed out to us. The armor of Earl Gray from head to foot was only sixteen inches longer than Guy's breastplate; his statue, by the side of the great giant, would look like a Liliputian by the side of Gulliver.

The interior of this famous castle contains a perfect museum of ancient wonders, giving one a pretty correct idea of the customs and styles in vogue five hundred years ago. There is one room called "the Vandyck Chamber," taking its name from the excellent paintings which adorn the walls. Vandyck appears to be the favorite among the English.

The present owner of this grand old castle is Earl George Guy Greville, who occupies it as a residence, except when on duty at London as a member of the House of Lords. The outside appearance of the castle is superbly grand. The lofty old gray polygon tower dedicated to the Earl Guy rears its majestic head one hundred and twenty-eight feet above the base. On the left the venerable Cæsar's Tower, said to have been built about the time of the Norman Conquest, stands boldly up, uninjured by the ravages of eight hundred years. The walls of the castle are ten feet thick, composed of huge blocks of polished limestone. The waters of the beautiful Avon go rushing and foaming along over the rocks on the north side of the castle; a

charming view of the river can be had from the battlements of the tower. The walls are completely covered with dark-green ivy-vines that cling to them from the base to the dome. Inside of the outer wall may be seen many beautiful cedars of Lebanon that were brought from the Holy Land.

The most interesting relic on exhibition at the castle is a complete suit of exquisitely-wrought armor, which was worn by Queen Elizabeth on the journey from London to Kenilworth. A magnificently-shaped wooden steed stands proudly pawing the earth, completely covered with the horse-armor, saddle, bridle, accoutrements used by the queen. One of the finest pictures to be seen here is "The Battle of the Amazons," which was copied from the works of Rubens. Many of the most interesting scenes from Sir Walter Scott's novel of "Kenilworth" are depicted by splendid carving on the doors. One represents Queen Elizabeth meeting with Amy Robsart near the castle of Kenilworth; another, her interview with Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, after she had discovered his treachery. These splendid carvings are of very modern workmanship. Many incidents connected with the bloody war between the "White and Red Roses" are represented here, both in pictures and in fine carvings. Indeed, a history of Richard Nevil, the king-maker, is the history of Richard III., Edward IV., and Henry VI., because he played a conspicuous part in building up and tearing down their respective dynasties. He was killed at the battle of Burnet, in 1471, while endeavoring to dethrone Edward IV., whom but a few years pre-

viously he had placed on the throne. Warwick's oldest daughter, Isabel, was the wife of George, Duke of Clarence. Her husband was drowned in a butt of malmsey wine at the Tower, his own brother, Richard, Duke of Gloster, assisting the murderers.

Three or four hours spent in wandering through the rooms of the castle, climbing up and down lofty towers, strolling through shady paths and the clustering shrubbery, had the effect of sharpening our appetites ; consequently we were prepared to enjoy the excellent lunch which we found ready for us on our return to the hotel.

At one o'clock we drove out to Guy's Cliff House, situated on the bank of the Avon, one and a quarter miles from Warwick. The history I had read of it led me to think I would see an old, crumbling ruin located on some tall cliff ; but, on the contrary, I beheld one of the prettiest castles extant, situated on a smooth, sloping hill, overlooking the dancing waters of the Avon. One who did not know its history would suppose it had been built during the present century. The walls, towers, and battlements are in a perfect state of preservation, exhibiting no evidences of age or of decay. The interior, however, presents a much more ancient appearance than one would imagine from its exterior aspect. A broad, beautiful avenue, completely canopied with Scotch fir-trees and neatly-trimmed vines, leads from the public road to the castle. I have seen nothing as yet that can compare with it in point of beauty. The cave where Earl Guy was said to have spent the latter days of his life as a hermit was shown

to us. An old stone mill-house stands just below the castle, almost hidden from view by innumerable dark-green trees. It was grinding corn when we saw it, just as it did five hundred years ago, and, judging from its history and appearance, I should think it would do the same during the next five centuries.

The miller intently watched me as I went slipping about among his sacks.

"What are you looking for?" he inquired.

"Nothing in particular," said I.

"Then I'll show it to you, if you'll follow me."

I followed him.

"There it is, just behind that old stone arch."

"There is what?"

"The very spot where the Earl of Warwick concealed himself when Cromwell was after him."

"Oh, indeed!" exclaimed Effie. "And did he catch him?"

"I don't think he did," said the miller, as he shouldered a sack of corn and emptied it into the hopper.

The Avon is a very little river. It is really giving it a misnomer to call it a river, because it is nothing more than a medium-sized creek.



## CHAPTER VII.

WE enjoyed a delightful carriage-ride from Warwick to Stratford-on-Avon, a distance of eight miles, over a broad, smooth road leading through a landscape of picturesque beauty. Each side of the road was bordered with majestic elms, whose widespreading foliage made a thick shelter overhead. Our carriage was drawn by a pair of high-mettled steeds that went dashing along at a sweeping trot, carrying us to the village at the end of an hour.

Charming, cosey little Stratford! Thy fame as the birthplace of the Bard of Avon is co-extensive with the limits of civilization. Who does not envy England, in whose bosom sleeps the body of William Shakespeare? Who does not envy Stratford for the glory she claims as his birthplace? Who, outside of England, would ever have heard of Stratford but for this grand chief of all poets? What peculiar charm lingers round Stratford to attract visitors from the farthest corners of the globe? Is it her old decaying houses or her time-stained churches? or is it the beauty of her shady walks that adorn the banks of the Avon? No, no; it is the little handful of dust that rests beneath a plain marble slab in the Church of the Holy Trinity,—all that is left of the man whose wonderful brain filled the world with new ideas, new thoughts, and charming poetry.



Our carriage halted in front of a curious old wooden house, the front of which edges the pavement, while a rude little portico overhangs a portion of the sidewalk. The side of the roof slopes toward the street, so that it drains the water on the pavement. Four small dormer-windows project out from the roof, containing a four-glass sash. One of these dormer-windows furnished the first ray of light that ever fell on the eyes of William Shakespeare. He was born in a large square room with low wooden ceiling, which is entered by a rickety old stairway from the basement. We were met at the door by an ancient female clad in black alpaca; her head was covered with a white linen cap with white ruffles. She smiled sweetly, courtesied very low, and invited us to enter. We straightway entered, because that was what we went for.

The old woman at once tackled the all-absorbing topic which we came on purpose to discuss.

"Walk in, ladies; walk in, gentlemen," said she, as she skipped about the room as frisky as a young lass, bowing and rubbing her hands all the time. "I'll first show you the kitchen, if you'll please to come this way."

Then we were conducted into a dingy little room which had a ten-feet fireplace, walled up on each side and back with large flat slabs of blue limestone. A huge square beam of gnarled oak spanned the top of the fireplace, serving as a mantel. The floor was covered with smooth blocks of stone.

"Please don't take that;" and I didn't. I was endeavoring to pluck a little fragment of the rock

from the hearth. "Now, ladies, if you'll follow, I'll show you the very room in which the great poet was born."

I was not included in the invitation; I suppose it was because she had caught me in the act of vandalism. I went nevertheless.

Ten narrow steps landed us in the room where William Shakespeare was born,—the room where he had many a time cried himself to sleep, just as babies do now; the room where he had, no doubt, laid on his back hour after hour sucking his big toe, just like the babies do in these days.

At the foot of the stairs I discovered an old wooden button fastened to the door-post with a rusty screw. It was nearly worn through by constant use for over two hundred years. Its office was to hold the door shutter to the post when closed.

"How often was this old button turned by the fingers of the great bard!" said I to myself.

I cast a covetous eye on the aforesaid button, and then and there resolved to secure it for a relic.

"What harm can it be to take a little insignificant bit of timber that could be of no use to anybody?" was a question propounded mentally.

Answer: "None."

"Then I'll watch for an opportunity to steal it."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the woman, as she laid her hand on my arm; "you must put that button back from whence you took it. I have orders not to let anything go."

I had already removed the button from the door to

my pocket, and will not attempt to describe the chagrin I felt when I was forced to replace it.

The old woman, I think, suspicioned and watched me from the start. I believe any other person in the house might have stolen that button without the slightest chance of being detected. I fear that I shall be forced to be honest, for want of capacity to succeed otherwise.

"This," said the female detective, "is the poet's sitting-room. There is his arm-chair; that is the desk used by him while at the grammar-school."

Instantly I sat down on the arm-chair. I dare say Shakespeare never for a moment thought that his chair would be honored by being permitted to afford rest to such a distinguished American citizen.

It is said that there is only one real perfect picture of Shakespeare now in existence. It is preserved with great care in a large wrought-iron safe, which is kept open during the day and securely locked at night. It was painted when the poet was in the meridian of life. His broad, intellectual-looking brow forms the most striking part of the picture. The hair is of very light auburn color; indeed, it only lacks a slight shade of being red. His moustache is very long and slightly curled up at the ends; it is quite red. The picture represents him as dressed in a scarlet coat hanging rather loosely about the body, a broad, square, turn-down collar, while a narrow black cravat is carelessly tied in front of his large, full, white neck. Take it all in all, it is very handsome; the ladies said,—

*"Beautiful! charming! exquisite!"*

The body of the house is constructed with upright

wooden posts four inches square, placed four feet apart, with horizontal timbers notched into the upright posts, so as to leave square spaces of four feet, which are filled up with laths and plastering. The house has been used as a butcher-shop. What a contrast have we here! First it sheltered the world's greatest poet, then it sheltered slaughtered sheep and dead pigs, then it was converted into a hotel, and finally it became the property of the nation. The house is preserved by hot-air pipes, which expel dampness.

Shakespeare was born here in 1564, and died within two hundred yards of the same spot in 1616, in the fifty-second year of his age, after having composed works that will perpetuate his name as long as civilization shall last. On one of the panes of glass in a front window appears the name of Sir Walter Scott, which was written by himself with a diamond ring. I proposed to give the superintendent a shilling to let me write my name under that of Sir Walter, which offer she promptly accepted. But when I was ready to begin writing, I found that I had neglected to bring my diamond ring with me, and it did not require much conversation to convince me that the same misfortune prevailed among my travelling-companions. The next time I go there I will not leave my diamond ring.

The kind woman finally bowed us out, being careful all the while to watch me closely. I was reluctantly forced to go without having been able to filch anything.

The house where Shakespeare resided after his return from London, and the same in which he died, has

been torn down and moved, but the spot is there yet. It is near the corner of Chapel Street and Chapel Lane. A large plot of ground, which was used by the poet as a park and garden, extends from the spot where the residence stood down to the moss-covered bank of the Avon. Here he often wandered alone, while his mighty mind conceived heroes and heroines to embody his wonderful thoughts upon the stage. Little did he think that three hundred years after he had strolled through these grounds I would tramp over the same places; but I did.

A neat iron fence encloses the spot where the famous mulberry-tree grew. While gazing at it I happened to see a pretty little round white pebble lying near. That pebble must have taken a liking to me, for it instantly went into my pocket. A man was watching me, but I was too quick for him. I felt an irresistible inclination to pilfer. I know my weakness, I know my faults, and have a thousand times resolved to mend them. "The spirit truly is willing, but the flesh is weak." I wanted—indeed, I had determined—to have some relics; and I got them, notwithstanding the vigilance of the guard.

The next place we visited was the old Church of the Holy Trinity, in the chancel of which repose the remains of Shakespeare. The quaint old church is almost hidden from view by hundreds of lofty lime-trees, whose clustering branches are thickly interwoven with one another, casting a soft twilight tinge over the space beneath. The ravages of five hundred years of time have made but little impression on the walls of

the building. It is constructed in the cruciform style, with a nave, a transept, and a chancel. The spire rises to a height of one hundred and sixty-three feet immediately above the centre of the cross, from which the mellow tones of the bell send forth its musical chimes. The same old bell that three hundred years ago summoned the famous poet to the house of worship still does duty for the citizens of Stratford until this day.

We were met at the front door by a venerable female, who smilingly proposed to conduct us through the building. I suppose all the women of this section are old; anyway, we saw no young ones. I approached the poet's tomb with all the reverence and respect the solemnity of the place demanded, which was equal to, if not above, what he had a right to expect from a stranger. He was buried beneath the floor of the chancel. A plain marble slab rests on the grave, the top of which comes up even with the floor. On the stone appears the following singular inscription:

“GOOD FRIEND FOR JESUS’ SAKE FORBEARE  
TO DIGG THE DUST ENCLOSED HERE.  
BLEST BE YE MAN TY SPARES THES STONES;  
AND CURST BE HE TY MOVES MY BONES.”

A few feet from the poet's tomb another slab has this inscription on it:

“Here lyeth interred the body of Anne, wife of William Shakspeare; who departed this life the 6th day of August, 1623, being of the age of 67 years.”



After gazing at the inscription for several minutes, my companions went away to view the tomb of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, which was in another part of the church, a considerable distance from that of Shakespeare. Seating myself near the poet's tomb, I leaned back against the pulpit, fell asleep, and in my dream conversed with him, thus,—

“Come, thou grand master of song, thou king of poets, rise from the marble jaws of thy prison-house, and I'll speak to thee though hell itself should gape and bid me hold my peace. Come, oh come, right now! Materialize thine immortal spirit, that I, thy worshipper, may behold thy goodly form. Rise, I beseech thee, O thou sweet soul-charmer, thou inimitable composer of sublime verse! Vouchsafe to show me thy heavenly face. Ha! you will not come, will you? Then I am afraid it was true that you did steal Sir Thomas Lucy's deer.”

At that instant the marble slab that covered the poet's bones began to tremble, while from the earth came a mysterious sound like the rumblings of distant thunder. The walls of the old church shook and the wind shrieked among the trees.

As soon as silence again prevailed I covered my face with my handkerchief and endeavored to convert myself into a spiritual medium, in order that I might have a conversation with the dead poet. My fancy at once began to perform wondrous work. It flew two or three centuries toward the rear, and investigated things that existed in those days. A hunchback demon came limping before me, crying,—



"A horse, a horse! My kingdom for a horse!"

Next a tall, athletic negro came tearing along, pulling the wool out of his head, and yelling as he passed me,—

"Blood, Iago, blood!"

He had scarcely disappeared when a stately ghost stalked before me clad in shining armor, holding a gilded stick before him, murmuring, in a sepulchral voice,—

"Swear! Swear!"

Next came a huge fat man with a large round stomach no less in size than a sugar hogshead; he was observing,—

"I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse; borrowing only lingers, and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable."

This fat phantom was closely followed by an imperial-looking man, who moved with a stately step, and who was conversing with himself. I heard him say,—

"His virtues will plead like angels trumpet-tongued against the deep damnation of his taking off."

Then came a queenly-formed woman clad in a fleecy white gown, with a copious shower of black, dishevelled hair falling over her shoulders. She was vigorously rubbing the back of one of her little white hands with the palm of the other, every now and then exclaiming,—

"Out, damned spot! Out, I say! Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?"

She vanished from my sight, while the ominous words kept ringing in my ears.

Instantly appeared another tall, stately woman more beautiful than language can describe. She was clad in royal robes, while her long raven hair waved like a dark cloud about her exquisite form, almost reaching to the floor. Her pretty black eyes flashed like glittering gems beneath their long, dark lashes. Her beautiful face was flushed with excitement, while she seemed to be in great distress. She walked like a proud empress, and was followed by a female slave, to whom she spake as follows :

“Give me my robe; put on my crown. I have immortal longings within me. Methinks I hear my Antony call.”

My blood ran cold in my veins when I saw a poisonous asp clinging to the woman’s naked breast.

As this beautiful phantom passed away another came rapidly in. This was a very young girl with light blonde hair. She was clad in a loose white garment that was confined about her small waist with a zone all bedecked with sparkling diamonds. She appeared to be in great distress, for she was jerking the hair from her head by handfuls. She cried most piteously,—

“Oh, it presses to my memory like damned, guilty deeds to sinners’ minds! Tybalt is dead, and Romeo banished. That banished, that one word banished, hath slain ten thousand Tybalts.”

Next came on the stage a sad-faced young man with pale, hollow cheeks, tangled hair, torn and disordered garments, speaking in a deep bass voice. When he

came very close to me, he suddenly stopped, faced toward me, and said,—

“Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damned?  
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell?  
Thou comest in such a questionable shape  
That I will speak to thee.”

“Avaunt, crazy fool!” I exclaimed; “you are mistaken in your man.”

He seemed to be greatly offended as he straightened himself proudly up and moved on.

Another female phantom with soft, dreamy eyes and tricky, smiling face now stole in on tiptoe, as if she was trying to pass unseen; but when she drew near me, she thrust a little twig into my left ear, when, with a sudden exclamation, I sprang to my feet, while heavy drops of cold perspiration stood thick on my brow.

“It is impolite to snore in presence of ladies,” said Miss Bell. “And then it is time for us to go; they are all waiting for you outside.”

Five minutes afterward I was in a carriage dashing rapidly to Ann Hathaway’s cottage. Another old woman met us on the threshold and guided us through the premises. She was all the while boasting proudly of her relationship with the Hathaways, claiming to be a lineal descendant of Anne. There is nothing remarkable about this quaint old house,—nothing to attract visitors except the fact that Shakespeare was married here. The old bedstead named in the poet’s will stands in a large room up-stairs. It is curiously

carved, the posts rather clumsy and tall, reaching eight feet above the floor.

A lot of heavy, coarse linen sheets, pillow-slips, and towels with the initials of Anne Hathaway's name worked with yellow silk thread were shown to us.

"These articles," said the old woman, "were manufactured with Anne's own hands."

An old stone-curbed well was pointed out to us, from which Shakespeare had drawn many a bucket of water during the days of his courtship. I straightway drew a bucketful myself, merely to show the poet that I was not above drinking after him.

The drive from Stratford to Charlecote Park forms one of the most delightful excursions to be had in that vicinity. The road skirts the bank of the Avon, and is completely shaded by stately old lime-trees, while the eye is delighted with hundreds of picturesque farm-houses half hidden among clustering vines and flowers.

What is there about Charlecote Park that attracts so many visitors? There is no extraordinary beauty about it. True, there stands in the centre a curious old Gothic house built three hundred years ago, with octagonal turrets and a lofty square tower. But things of the same sort may be seen nearly all over England. Why, then, do people throng in crowds to Charlecote Park? They go there to visit the spot where it is said Shakespeare stole Sir Thomas Lucy's deer. Herostatus burned the temple of Diana at Ephesus, and when put to the torture confessed his guilt, and when asked why he had destroyed that magnificent edifice, replied that he did it to make himself famous. An

edict was issued fixing the penalty of death upon those who uttered the name of the wicked incendiary; but, notwithstanding the edict, his name found its way into history. Herostratus won notoriety, but not of an enviable sort. Sir Thomas Lucy won the same sort of fame by the severity with which he prosecuted young William Shakespeare for an insignificant crime. The friends of Sir Thomas have endeavored to defend his memory from the charge of severity in the prosecution of Shakespeare; in fact, it is alleged that the whole story, from beginning to end, is nothing but fiction. Be that true or false, the name of Sir Thomas has been immortalized by it.

The remains of Sir Thomas Lucy rest in Charlecote Church in a gorgeous tomb, on top of which is a life-sized marble statue of the deceased lying in a horizontal position.

We made the trip from Stratford to Kenilworth station by rail, then drove out to the castle, about two miles, in a carriage. The sun was low when we applied for admission tickets at a little office near the front entrance.

"You are too late, gentlemen," said the superintendent, as he looked at his watch. "You will have to wait until morning, as we are now going to close the gates."

"My dear sir," I exclaimed, "I beseech you to have pity on us. We have travelled seven thousand miles to see this establishment. Could you be so cruel, so ungenerous, so flint-hearted as to deprive us of that pleasure?"

"What is to hinder you from seeing the castle to-morrow?"

"I have just received a telegram advising me of the dangerous illness of my great-grandfather's mother-in-law, and requesting my immediate return home to see her die. I am therefore compelled to depart on the first train or fail to witness the show."

"Say no more; you have prevailed; I cannot resist an appeal like that."

"My generous, noble-hearted friend, how shall I find language to express the sincerity of my gratitude?" I cried, in a transport of joy, as I seized his hand.

He said a shilling was the charge. I paid it, and in we went.

"Well, did I ever!" exclaimed Effie.

"No, never!" cried Miss Bell.

"Hardly ever," remarked Miss Stevenson.

"Oh, my! just look at that grand old tower yonder," ejaculated Effie. "See how those pretty green ivy-vines cling to the wall."

"I don't see anything extra about that," carelessly observed Miss Stevenson. "Warwick Castle was literally covered with them."

"I did not expect to see such a complete ruin," said Miss Bell.

"That is the main reason that I wanted to see it," replied Miss Stevenson. "It is the historical associations connected with this grand old pile of crumbling ruins that lend to it an indescribable charm. About this famous castle the magic wand of Sir Walter Scott



has woven a web of enchantment that the hand of Time never will destroy."

Nothing is left of the castle except the old gray-stone walls that almost pierce the clouds with their tops. The gallery-tower at the southeast side of what is called the "tilt-yard" has all disappeared, save three sides of the wall, which have been propped up to keep them from falling. The skeleton outlines of the Dugdale and Lunn Towers may easily be designated, as their walls are yet standing.

Cæsar's Tower is the most notable curiosity to be seen at Kenilworth. It is a keep built during the Norman Conquest, and is in a better state of preservation than any other part of the castle. We managed to climb to the top of this tower, which afforded a charming view of the surrounding country for many miles.

The spacious hall where Queen Elizabeth was entertained by her favorite, Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, in regal style, in the year 1575, was pointed out to us by the guide. She gave Kenilworth Castle to Robert Dudley, with all its revenues, lands, and franchises, and then created him Earl of Leicester. He entertained the queen and her entire court here for two weeks, at a cost of sixteen thousand pounds. His vaulting ambition led him to aspire to the hand of the queen; but when she discovered his treachery, she hated him with all her heart.

"Above all things," said the guide, "you must let me show you the window from which Varney forcibly abducted Amy Robsart and carried her to the death-trap, which he had already prepared for her."



We were shown through a small room on the north side of the main building.

"This is the identical room mentioned by Sir Walter Scott in his novel of 'Kenilworth,'" said the guide.

It mattered not to us whether this was true or otherwise: the romantic charm lingered there still. Indeed, the sweet memory of the thrilling scenes described is what constitutes the peculiar charm to all connected with Kenilworth Castle. Visitors swarm here from all quarters of the globe merely to see the theatre on which Scott's heroes and heroines played their rôles in the thrilling drama.

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## CHAPTER VIII.

LONDON, June 20, 1883.

NOBODY manifested a particle of surprise at our arrival in London, though we had neglected to notify the citizens of our contemplated visit. The people hurried past us, attending to their own business, just as they did before we invaded the city. The Prince of Wales has not bothered us with pressing invitations to dinner. Queen Victoria has not intruded on the privacy of the ladies to bore them with a melancholy recital of her domestic sorrows. Parliament has not as yet annoyed us with resolutions offering us the freedom of the city. We have, however, enjoyed a reasonable portion of that privilege without an invitation.

Smiling Fortune has happily protected us from intrusion or from molestation.

I expect the reader has heard of London before. It is a thriving town ; in fact, it claims to be a city.

It is the opinion of the author that there are too many people in London. I have freely expressed that idea, but they do not pay any attention to it. Every street is blockaded, choked, crammed, jammed, and inundated with people. You cannot stand still anywhere ; you are forced to move on or be run over by the vast army of people, who rush on like huge ocean-billows.

While endeavoring to make my way to a bank for the purpose of having a draft cashed, I had the bad luck to encounter a great crowd at a point where the street was completely blocked up by men, women, drays, and carriages. The police force was hard at work trying to compel some of the vehicles to turn into the cross-street, so as to make room for others to pass.

"Why don't some of you people go out of town?" said I. "There are too many in London, anyway."

"Why in the deuce don't you move on, sir?" cried a very tall, red-faced policeman as he drew near me. Pointing down the street, he said "*Git !*" And I got.

I have concluded to let everybody stay here and trample one another to death, if they like that sort of sport. I will vacate the place to-morrow.

It was not quite seventy-five miles from the hotel to the bank ; consequently, I managed to get there a few minutes before closing-time.

"You will have to get some one to identify you," replied the cashier, to whom I presented the draft.

Here was a pretty state of affairs. Not a man nearer than the hotel to identify me, only thirty minutes until the bank closed, and I bound to leave the city to-morrow! I set my wits to work; they answered my expectations: they always do answer when great emergencies arise. I hurried across the street, and thus addressed an Irishman who was hammering on a box-lid,—

"Do you know the cashier of the bank over the way?"

"Bedad, hit's mesilf thet don't know nobody ilse, at all, at all. What in the divil's the marther, thot ye'r arther axin o' me thot?"

"I will give you four shillings if you will go over to the bank and introduce me to the cashier."

"Faith, be howly Saint Pathrick, that's too chape; make it five, an' it's a thrade."

I handed him the money, and requested him to follow me.

"I spec' ye'd betther be afther tellen' me ye'r name, so I kin inthroduce ye."

I promptly gave it, and in we went.

"Good-avenin' ter ye, Misther Strathen; it's mesilf thet hez the honor ter idintify this gintleman."

"How long have you been acquainted with him?" asked the cashier.

"La bliss yer soul, 'twuz afore the sage of Paris by the Prooshuns."

That answer settled the matter at once. I received

the money on the draft, slipped two more shillings into Mike's extended palm, and went on my way rejoicing. As I was taking my leave of him he gave me a familiar wink, and said,—

“Bedad, whiniver ye hev a little job o’ sweerin’ ye want ’tinded to, jis call on Mike McFlanigan. Faith, an’ I’ll be arther sweerin’ me dad wuz a dog ef hit ’ud help ye to chate a bloody Englishmun.”

Promising to call on him if I should ever need a false witness, I hurried away.

We had a delightful carriage ride from Kenilworth to Leamington early on Tuesday morning, over a splendid road. The air was cold, but pure and exhilarating; thousands of sweet-singing birds serenaded us from the clustering branches of innumerable trees that lined the road on both sides.

Leamington is a famous watering-place, in many respects resembling Saratoga, in the State of New York. While waiting the arrival of the train, we had ample time to take a drive through all the streets, giving us a view of one of the prettiest pictures to be seen in England.

Coventry, a quaint old city made famous by the Lady Godiva legend, stands in the midst of a picturesque landscape, five miles from Kenilworth.

The legend in substance is as follows :

A stony-hearted old earl named Leofric had a most beautiful wife; her charitable nature and sympathetic heart constrained her to implore him to release the poor, suffering inhabitants from the burdensome taxes which he had commanded them to pay. He peremp-

torily refused to comply with her request, rebuked her in unmeasured terms, and ordered her from his presence. Nothing daunted by his threats and insults, she persisted in her constant pleading for the relief of the suffering poor. At last, in a fit of rage, he promised to grant her request, if in broad daylight she would ride naked on horseback from one end of the town to the other. She at once notified all the people of her intention to make this great sacrifice of modesty, in order to relieve them from this unjust taxation.

The good people of Coventry, being struck with admiration at this evidence of the fair Godiva's love, closed all their houses, shops, and windows, and agreed among themselves that she should pass through the streets unseen by human eye. At a time fixed the fair Godiva leaped on her steed and dashed unclad through the town, while her long black hair concealed all her body except her feet. One wicked man violated the agreement which the citizens had made, for which violation God struck him suddenly blind. An effigy called "Peeping Tom" may be seen on exhibition at the corner of Hertford Street. The earl complied with his promise by granting a charter freeing the inhabitants from taxation.

We stopped over at Oxford long enough to take a walk through the colleges and churches and enjoy a drive through her pretty streets. Large numbers of embryo statesmen, priests, and poets are learning to smoke cigars and handle boat-oars here.

There is one department connected with the colleges here which I pronounce a success: they have succeeded

in perfecting the ugliest uniform for the students that any mortal ever laid his eyes on.

We were shown through the college by a very polite old gentleman, who kindly pointed out such objects as he thought would prove of interest to us. The walls of the spacious dining-hall are covered with well-executed pictures of men who, after being educated here, became famous in the world's history. The picture of Addison represented him in life-size, seated near a table, with a pen in his hand. We were conducted through the kitchen, where our guide explained the machinery of the cooking department. A savory scent of broiling mutton and roast beef pervaded the premises, which made my mouth water, for I was very hungry. A cosey avenue three hundred yards in length, completely protected from the sun by overhanging vines, was pointed out to us as Addison's Walk.

"You may hereafter call it 'Effie's Walk,'" said Miss Bell. "Or perhaps it would be more proper to call it 'Effie's Run,' for she has already twice ran from here to the other end and back."

The most interesting object we saw at Oxford was the tomb of Amy Robsart, which may be seen in the chancel of St. Mary's Cathedral. She was buried here September 22, 1660. The grave is beneath the floor of the cathedral, the top being covered with a marble slab coming up even with the surface of the floor. There is a romantic charm that always will cling round the name of poor Amy Robsart. The pen of Scott has made her name immortal. One cannot gaze down on



her tomb without letting his imagination stray back to the old Kenilworth Castle, where Amy played such an important rôle. If the statement made by the inscription on her tomb is true, she was the wife of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester. Why was she not buried by her husband at Stratford? Read "Kenilworth," and I dare say you will find the exact and only reason why she was not.

At Oxford there are many spacious parks, exquisitely adorned with stately trees, shrubs, and flowers, thickly intersected with cool, shady walks, and beautified with sparkling fountains; everything outside of the gloomy old colleges and cathedrals has a bright, cheerful aspect; but I felt as though I were in a prison while inside of them. The size of the main college building, with its sombre gray walls and its time-stained columns, is so immense as to tinge everything with a dark twilight inside. We found time to make a thorough inspection of every public building and park, together with other places of interest to the tourist, and then to reach London before night.

This morning, at an early hour, we drove down to Charing Cross, took a boat, and soon disembarked at the Tower. I must try to muster up an extensive vocabulary with which to describe this grand old edifice. I did not pass through the Traitor's Gate, because they were not acquainted with my sentiments.

Tradition says that this wonderful old structure was built by Julius Cæsar. It has served the purposes of a palace as well as those of a prison, sometimes being the headquarters of the government. It covers an area



of twelve acres of ground, and is encircled by a tall massive stone wall of immense thickness and strength. The bloody scenes that have been enacted within these walls have been equalled only by those enacted in the French Revolution of 1792.

The Beauchamp Tower, as it is called, is perhaps the most interesting part of the edifice, because it contains the prison where so many men and women of note were incarcerated. It was here where Sir Walter Raleigh sighed away nineteen years of his life, and then died on the block. Just above the fireplace in one of the rooms appears the name of Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel. This young nobleman was imprisoned here a long time, and then lost his head on the block, for no other crime than that of aspiring to the hand of Mary Queen of Scots. Misfortune always pursued with relentless fury every one who loved that hapless queen. Charles Bailey was put to the torture here and forced to acknowledge himself an emissary of Mary's, and then sent to the block. Even the mother of Lord Darnley, a decrepit old lady, was imprisoned here because her son had married the beautiful young queen. The name of Lady Jane Grey, who was executed here, appears carved on the wall.

I cannot truthfully say that I enjoyed my visit to the Tower, because my soul was full of malice against Henry VIII. My imagination conjured up the phantoms of his murdered victims parading their bodies before me. First came Anne Boleyn, with her head in her hand, all smeared with blood; then the beautiful Catherine Howard, pale and trembling, was being led

to the block ; next I saw Anne Askew tied to a stake, while the flames devoured her body. A horrible scene next presented itself to my excited imagination. Margaret, the Countess of Salisbury, was making a desperate struggle to free herself from her executioner, who was trying to force her neck on the block so that he could chop off her head. These four innocent women were murdered by Henry VIII. ; two of them—Anne Boleyn and Catherine Howard—were his wives. I cannot comprehend the nature of a man who could, under any circumstances, for any crime, send his own wife to execution. Anne Boleyn was the mother of the king's favorite daughter, Elizabeth, who afterwards became queen of England.

What sort of a heart must a man have who could issue an order for a ruffian to chop off the head of the mother of his children,—she who had often stamped on his lips the kiss of affection, and whispered into his ears the inmost secrets of her heart? It is all an incomprehensible mystery to me. The most savage beast that roves the forest, the meanest reptile that crawls on the earth, the most cruel bird that soars in the air, would fight to the death to defend the mother of its offspring ; but this inhuman monster could revel, drink, carouse, and dance in his palace at the very moment when, by his own order, was being chopped off the head of his innocent wife. If he is not in the hottest precincts of the infernal regions, I mean to ask Mr. Beecher to tell me where he is. If the no-hell theory is true (the circumstances by which I am surrounded inducing me to hope and wish it was), I would

very much like to know where such men as Henry VIII. have gone to?

There is a life-size equestrian statue of that defunct villain, completely clad in shining steel armor. I threw a cigar-stub in his mouth and spat on his leg, and then proceeded to give him a piece of my mind:

“You old tyrant you!” said I. “How dare you to look an honest man in the face? You are an old hypocrite, an old scamp, a mean, lecherous old toad, a bloody murderer, a cruel old rascal. Heartless devil! you know you murdered Anne just because you had taken a fancy to another woman; you know you sent Queen Catherine Howard to the block for the same reason. You put poor Anne Askew to death out of pure deviltry and a love of blood; you murdered the innocent Countess of Salisbury just to keep your hand in.”

It was in this old tower where William Wallace, the heroic Scottish chief, suffered imprisonment and death. Hundreds of Protestant martyrs have languished here and suffered death at the stake rather than renounce their religion. Cranmer was incarcerated here for a long time before he was led out to die at the stake. I can remember the name of one man who suffered death here that richly deserved the punishment. That was the infamous Judge Jeffreys, who while on the bench drenched the soil of England with the blood of innocent victims.

A large flat stone, in which is fastened a small square brass plate, marks the spot where Anne Boleyn was be-

headed. This is located in the centre of a small courtyard, surrounded with dark green shade-trees, and a few little beds of fading flowers. The window from which the gifted scholar, Sir Thomas More, witnessed the execution is not more than one hundred and fifty feet from the place where it occurred.

The history of the execution of the Countess of Salisbury is enough to freeze the blood in our veins. She was the daughter of the Duke of Clarence, who was murdered by his own brother, Richard III. "Her crime seems to have been her royal blood. When brought to the scaffold, on the green before the chapel, she refused to lay her head on the block. 'So do traitors,' she cried, 'and I am no traitor.' A terrible scene ensued, which ended by the headsman dragging the countess by her hair to the block." She was the last of the Plantagenets of the whole blood. Our conductor said she was beheaded on the very same spot where Anne Boleyn died.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, hif you'll be so good as to step this whay, hi'll show you the most hinteresting hobject in hexistence," said our conductor.

Straightway we followed him into another room.

"This 'ere his the hexecution-block used in the reign of 'Enry the Heighth."

He pointed to a block of *lignum-vitæ* wood about twenty-four inches square, one side of which was so scolloped out that the head of the victim could rest in a little round basin; the other side was cut in a shape to fit the shoulders, so that when a person's head rested in the basin the shoulder would drop into the space on

the other side, exposing the neck lying on the upper surface of the block. The flat space on top, between the two scollops, on which the neck was to be exposed to the headsman's axe, was about three inches wide. There were three distinct axe-marks on the upper surface.

"This 'ere mark," said the guide, placing his finger on the middle one, "was made by the stroke that took hoff the 'ed of Hanne Boleyn; this 'ere was made by the blow that severed the 'ed of Lady Jane Grey; and that was the one made in chopping hoff the 'ed of Catherine 'Oward."

"Were those all the victims that were executed on that block?" inquired Effie.

"Ho, no, mum; a score of 'eds 'ave been chopped hoff on this 'ere block. The Earl of Hesse and the Countess of Salisbury were be'eded on this 'ere block; so was the Duke of Monmouth. 'Ere is the haxe which took hoff Queen Catherine's 'ed, and 'ere is the iron mask the hexecutioner wore w'ile performing 'iz dooty."

I have never laid my eyes on a more disgusting object than the iron mask that was usually worn by the executioner when on duty. Running obliquely across the face is a wide distorted mouth, which is filled with long, sharp tusks like those in the mouth of a wild boar. The rims of the little round eye-holes are of a fiery red, while the huge crooked nose is twisted to one side. Deep ugly wrinkles run in parallel lines from the nose to the ears. Take it all in all, it is a most horrible-looking object.

Let a timid woman be securely tied to that block

while under sentence of death, then let the executioner put on that horrible-looking mask, stand over her prostrate form, and raise his axe above her head, and it would be unnecessary for him to strike, for she would certainly die in ten seconds. Place me in the same predicament, and I think it would produce a third-class funeral. If I did not then and there deliberately give up the ghost, I would do some energetic screaming for help.

Our guide now conducted us to St. Peter's Chapel, in whose gloomy old vault sleep the remains of many men and women of distinction who suffered death on the block.

"'Ere," said the conductor, "his the tomb of Sir Thomas More; that's the tomb of Queen Hanne Boleyn. Over there his w'ere the Earl of Hesse sleeps; and 'ere his Queen Catherine 'Oward's grave. That pretty one there his w'ere the hunfortunate bootiful Lady Jane Grey lies. The one hover there his the grave of Margret of Clarence, Countess of Salisbury; and 'ere lies the Duke of Monmouth."

I have given the names of only a few of the victims of tyranny, whose bodies are mouldering to dust in this famous old chapel.

Who could gaze on the tomb that holds the dust of the lovely and innocent Lady Jane Grey without experiencing a feeling of the deepest sadness? She was the victim of the ambition of her father-in-law, who, against her constant entreaties, attempted to place her on the English throne. She never had a treasonable thought; she was opposed to the plot in-



vented to place the crown on her head. Her beauty, piety, and gentle manners won the hearts of her acquaintances, while the sweetness of her disposition added a charm to the domestic circle where she was revered and loved. She was brought to the block and beheaded for the crime of another. Thousands of prominent men and women interceded in her behalf, doing all they could to save her life; but Bloody Mary, that inexorable, pitiless female demon, ordered this innocent lady and her youthful husband to the block. The pages of history may be searched in vain to find another instance of such inhuman barbarity.

After leaving St. Peter's Chapel we went to the iron cage where the crown jewels are stored. I am ready to confess that my reverence for royalty had undergone considerable shrinkage while gazing at the graves of the numerous victims of tyranny; consequently it was with sentiments mingled with contempt that I inspected the different crowns that had bedecked the brows of the different kings and queens. Among them, however, there was one beautiful crown which has often sparkled on the head of a most noble, benevolent, and merciful queen. The reign of Queen Victoria shines out among all others like refined gold. Never has sat on the British throne a queen who had such a firm hold on the affections of the people as has she.

"That large crown hover there," said the guide, pointing to the one topped by a large ball and cross surmounted by sparkling diamonds, "his the crown of 'Er Royal 'Ighness, the present Queen of Hengland; hit cost three 'undred thousand pounds. Th'other is



'er diadem. The solid gold crown to yer right belongs to the Prince of Wales."

"Oh, my!" exclaimed Effie. "Do come here, Miss Bell, and look at that blazing diamond on the queen's crown. Did you ever!"

"No, never," said Miss Bell.

"Hardly ever," remarked Miss Stevenson, dryly.

"Oh, ain't that lovely?" cried Effie.

"Exquisite!" replied Miss Bell.

"Remarkable!" muttered Miss Stevenson. "I do not see anything, though, that should produce hysterics," she said, ironically. "If that crown was mine, I would willingly sell it for half the original cost. It's nonsense to waste money on such useless gewgaws, anyway."

The staff of St. Edward is composed of solid gold, four feet seven inches in length, mounted on top with a large wooden globe, *said* to be a part of the true cross. The queen's sceptre, which was placed in her right hand at her coronation by the Archbishop of Canterbury, is wrought of beaten gold; the cross and the pommel are thickly set with large diamonds. There are many other crowns, diadems, and royal sceptres—too numerous to mention—stored in the tower.

When we had been sufficiently dazzled by the crown jewels, we were ushered into the famous council-chamber where Richard III. ordered Lord Hastings to instant execution. Shakespeare puts the following words into the mouth of the bloody Richard. Addressing Hastings, he says,—

"Thou art a traitor. Off with his head. Now, by

Saint Paul, I swear I will not dine until I see the same. Lovel and Ratcliff, see that it be done. The rest, that love me, rise and follow me."

Hastings:

"O, bloody Richard! miserable England!  
I prophesy the fearfull'st time to thee  
That ever wretched age hath looked upon.  
Come, lead me to the block; bear him my head:  
They smile at me that shortly shall be dead!"

The sentence was pronounced without trial, and executed without delay, in order that Richard might not have to wait for his dinner.

One of the interesting places in the Tower is the secret niche under the heavy stone staircase, where the bones of the two murdered princes were found. The sad fate that befell those children has furnished the foundation for many a romantic story. They were the sons of Edward IV., the oldest one being the lawful king of England, and his little brother was the Duke of York. They were murdered by their uncle, the Duke of Gloster, afterward King Richard III. For many years their fate remained involved in mystery, but it was at last explained. While making some repairs on the Tower, the workmen had occasion to remove several large stones at the foot of the staircase, when the bones of the murdered princes were discovered. Their remains were removed to Westminster Abbey, where they are now entombed.

Here is the awful curse that Richard's mother pronounced against him:

“Therefore take with thee my most heavy curse,  
Which in the day of battle tire thee more  
Than all the complete armor that thou wearest;  
My prayers on the adverse party fight,  
And there the little souls of Edward’s children  
Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,  
And promise them success and victory.  
Bloody thou art: bloody will be thy end:  
Shame serves thy life, and doth thy death attend.”

A large number of old soldiers, pensioners on the government, may be seen basking in the rays of the sun, or leisurely strolling about the Tower. They are dressed in the uniform that was fashionable during the reign of Henry VIII. I was somewhat surprised to see this, because I imagined that the English would rather not be reminded of that wicked king.

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## CHAPTER IX.

AIX-LES-BAINS, June 22, 1883.

AT half-past nine o’clock on the morning of Friday, June 21st, we set out for Paris by the short sea-route, *via* Folkestone and Boulogne. We had a most delightful sail across the British Channel, the weather behaving itself admirably. The point where we crossed is but a short distance from, and in sight of, Dover. The bright gray cliffs of Old England had scarcely faded from view when the dark-green coast of France hove in sight.

We arrived at Paris at five o'clock, where we were besieged at the station by an army of hotel and omnibus agents soliciting patronage, though they were extremely polite, bowing and scraping before us as courteously as if we were emperors and kings. We were permitted quietly to enter a carriage, and drive to the hotel, without having our ears pierced with loud yells of hackmen. Everybody spoke in moderate tones and moved about like civilized people, who respected the rights and feelings of others. I was sorry that I could not ride in half a dozen carriages at the same time, in order to show my appreciation of the politeness of the drivers. In my enthusiasm I promised eleven that I would be sure to ride with them next day. I could very safely do so, for I was going to leave the city next morning.

After a six-o'clock dinner, we visited what was in former times the palace of Cardinal Richelieu, but which is now the grandest department of traffic in Paris. The most gorgeous display of diamonds and precious jewels of every imaginable shape, quality, and sort may be seen on exhibition. The crown jewels formerly belonging to Frederick the Great were pointed out to us by our conductor. Thousands of bright-blazing lights darted their brilliant rays down on the vast crowds of gayly-dressed people who thronged the corridors of the palace.

We left Paris by early train on the morning of the 22d, arriving here at ten P.M., and took lodgings at the Grand Hotel, Bristol.

Aix-les-Bains is a famous watering-place, noted for the excellence of its baths and for the extreme purity

of the Alpine atmosphere, which comes down impregnated with the mountain snows. Thousands of invalids resort here to enjoy the benefits of its health-giving facilities. It is situated four or five thousand feet above the level of the sea, perched high up on the spur of a mountain peak, where the snow glitters in the rays of the sun like a sea of molten silver. We could sit at the window of the hotel and see hundreds of gold-fringed clouds stealing slowly along far below the tall peaks of the mountains, presenting to the eye of the beholder a scene of ravishing beauty. The nipping morning air was rather too cold for comfort, as it came sweeping down from the fields of ice above us.

The scope of country between here and Paris is unsurpassed in point of picturesque beauty and fertility. As far as the eye could see, on the right of the road, the face of the earth was covered with thrifty vineyards, the young vines then just beginning to put on their summer dress. Far away to the right, innumerable snow-white villages nestled on the brink of a long range of dark azure hills, while large numbers of peasants, clad in their picturesque blue costumes, were busily engaged tilling the soil. To the left lay an extensive level valley, covered with green pastures and traversed by innumerable little brooks that meandered in every direction, while the low murmurs of the mountain breeze echoed among the branches of the tall trees that lined the banks of the streams.

"Oh, my! What exquisite scenery!" cries Effie.

"Delightful! Grand! Incomparable!" says Miss Stevenson.

“Wonderful! It’s a perfect Eden!” exclaims Miss Bell.

I sat at the coach-window, gazing with straining eyes at the apparently moving panorama, intoxicated with delight. I have heard and read much about the beauties of Southern France, and was therefore prepared to expect something grand, but it is more charming than I had imagined.

We were quite fortunate in the selection of our courier, for he has proved himself worthy of the highest praise. He is never out of place when wanted; is energetic, sensible, and efficient; speaks French, Italian, Swiss, German, and Spanish elegantly. Were it not for his unpronounceable, unspellable, jaw-breaking name, we could get along with him very well; but I fear the ladies have seriously injured their health by trying to pronounce it.

I have made myself famous as the maker of absurd blunders since I left home; in fact, it is thought that symptoms of incipient insanity are occasionally perceptible; but that is merely a supposition. Soon after leaving Paris the courier delivered all the railway tickets into my possession, supposing that I would make the proper use of them; which I signally failed to do. Train-agents do not take up tickets on continental roads as they do in the United States, but they are received by a gate-keeper at the station where the passenger wishes to stop. When we arrived here, I stepped off the train, handed the tickets to the gate-keeper, and passed out, instead of waiting for them to be examined and returned to me, as a man of ordinary



understanding would have done. The tickets were good from Paris to Genoa, to which point we were travelling. Nothing was said or thought about the tickets until an hour before the time for us to start, when the courier called on me for them. I thought the look which he cast on me when I told him what I had done with the tickets had in it a tinge of contempt; but that was probably the result of imagination. We hurried to the station, stated the case, and demanded the tickets, but no one present knew anything about them.

"Here is a pretty mess we have cooked for ourselves," observed the courier as he eyed me closely, as if endeavoring to satisfy himself as to my mental condition.

By this time I began to put on war-paint and did some boisterous talking, abusing railroad agents in general, and the one present in particular.

Unluckily for me, the agent could understand enough English to catch the meaning of my unguarded remarks, which seemed to throw him into an awful passion. He told me in French that I was either a fool or an impostor, which the courier instantly interpreted to me. I let judgment go by default as to the first charge, and pleaded "not guilty" as to the second, and told Albert to challenge him in both French and English, which he proceeded to do. To my utter amazement, and contrary to my expectations, he accepted the challenge, and insisted on settling the matter then and there.

When I found that the bluffing game would not



work worth a cent, I resorted to strategy, which is always my strongest card.

"Fix the time of combat for day after to-morrow," I whispered to Alfred; "that will give me a chance to escape."

Alfred made the proposition accordingly; but my rampant enemy would not hear to it, but demanded immediate satisfaction.

"Very well," said I; "if nothing but blood will satisfy him, let him wait until I go to the hotel after my pistols."

I thought this would certainly bluff him, having resolved that if it did not, I would save myself by flight.

The courier communicated my proposition, which, greatly to my surprise, was promptly assented to; but at that very moment a man came running toward me, yelling like an Indian, while he held papers of some sort in his hand. A faint hope that it was an officer coming to prevent the impending fight, began to arise in my breast, but it was the man to whom I had given the tickets. He had carried them to his home, intending to keep them, no doubt, but when he saw that serious consequences were likely to ensue, he concluded to give them up.

The agent now began to apologize in the most courteous terms, and I gladly and instantly accepted his apology. I was about to offer an apology to him in return, and would have done so if he had not been in such a hurry.

For the benefit of persons contemplating a tour

through France, I drop a word or two of advice which may prove of advantage: Do not insult a Frenchman unless you are spoiling for a fight. I know whereof I speak, for I have been there.

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## CHAPTER X.

GENOA, June 24, 1883.

LEAVING Aix-les-Bains at half-past nine, we soon found ourselves in the midst of a scene whose picturesque grandeur I have rarely seen equalled. Twenty years ago the man who would have suggested the possibility of building a railroad on the line where this one runs would have been deemed a fit subject for a lunatic asylum. The road skirts the base of the Alps, gradually climbing up and up among cloud-splitting crags, spanning yawning chasms, plunging through enormous tunnels, and finally reaching an altitude where the daring chamois formerly sought safety from the most experienced Alpine climbers.

I had been led to believe that the Mont Cenis Tunnel was cut through the base of the Alps, but such is not the case. The line of the road runs in a zigzag course, twisting and winding about in every direction, all the time going up a steep grade, until it reaches a point halfway to the top, and then enters the tunnel. This stupendous work was begun by the king of Sardinia, and completed by the French government, in

1871. The length of the tunnel is about eight miles. Two hundred years before the birth of Christ, Hannibal's pioneer corps examined the Mont Cenis pass, and pronounced it impossible to cross it with an army ; consequently the general marched forty miles farther, and crossed at the Pass of St. Bernard's. Napoleon built a carriage-road over this pass, at a cost of seven and a half million of francs.

We made the run through the tunnel in twenty-six minutes, without experiencing any inconvenience from smoke or from foul air. When we entered it we were in France ; when we came out we were in Italy. We cross the head-waters of the Rhine on the French side, where the water goes dashing and foaming down the rugged bed at the rate of twenty miles an hour ; on the Italian side we run along the banks of the Po most of the way to Genoa. It is one of the most beautiful rivers to be seen in Italy, and especially does it present a sight of terrific grandeur as it wildly dashes down among the yawning chasms, some of which are several hundred feet deep. And when it reaches the level valley, near Genoa, it traverses a country unsurpassed for natural beauty and artificial adornment.

When Mont Cenis, with her snow-clad crest, burst on our view as we came round a curve in the road, it appeared to be within a mile or two of us. The usual extravagant exclamations were uttered by the ladies, and I inadvertently threw out a few unguarded sentences myself. The bright rays of the sun were obliquely glancing down on the boundless fields of

snow, causing them to shine and sparkle like a vast sea of polished ice.

"How far are we from that mountain?" said Effie.

"I guess three miles," said Miss Bell.

"It is not a yard less than five miles," said Miss Stevenson.

"I cannot think it is more than two," returned Effie.

Then my opinion was instantly called for. Having read many descriptions of the deceptive clearness of the atmosphere, which had the effect of greatly extending the powers of vision, I made what I thought was the proper allowance, and guessed that the mountain was twenty miles off.

Then the courier was sent for.

"How far are we from yonder mountain?" I inquired.

"Eighty-six miles, exactly," was the prompt reply.

"Well, did you ever!" cried Effie.

"No, never," said Miss Bell.

"Hardly ever," dryly remarked Miss Stevenson.

"Not often," was my appropriate rejoinder.

We came dashing into Genoa at ten o'clock.

Every tourist who comes here exhausts his vocabulary and his wit in scribbling about the ravishing beauty of Genoa, most of which may safely be set down as thin froth. The hand of Nature has performed wonders in the construction of the surrounding scenery, but the internal appearance of the city is by no means prepossessing. On the contrary, her streets are narrow, dismal, and unclean, while deformed beggars and ragged children swarm as thick as frogs in

Egypt. Decayed vegetables, dead cats, rats, and priests are to be encountered on every hand. I do not mean dead priests, neither do I intend any disrespect in mentioning them in the same sentence with dead cats and rats. They are all pleasant, good people (I mean the priests, not dead cats and rats), and know how to enjoy the luxuries of life, which I dare say are always within their reach, if their round, rosy cheeks and capon-lined stomachs are to be taken as an index. I have never met a pale-faced priest save one, and he was a new one who had not been long in the service.

There must have been a deluge of priests here. Go on a steamboat, you meet large crowds of them; travel on a railroad, and they swarm there as thick as honeybees round a woodbine blossom. Go to public parks, and they meet you on every path. You could not open a champagne-bottle without hurting the eye of a priest with the escaping cork. I saw a donkey upset thirteen priests at one kick. Don't start at this assertion, for I assure you it is true. I will proceed to explain how it was accomplished. Suppose you take thirteen bricks, set them on end in a row close to one another; then knock down the front brick, so it will fall against the next one. It will knock over that brick, and so on, until the last one is down. Thirteen priests were marching up a steep hill in single file; a lad was leading a donkey up the same hill. The animal became stubborn, as we all know donkeys will sometimes do. The front priest gave it a punch with a stick, when it planted both heels on his large, round stomach, and the ecclesiastic was hurled back against number two; he

fell against number three ; and so on until the entire row were stretched flat on their backs, with their heels pointing skyward. The good fathers rose laughing heartily, evidently enjoying the ludicrousness of their situation as well as any of the spectators who witnessed the accident.

We had the good fortune to meet a small party of Americans here, who have consented to travel with us for the rest of the tour. They have been travelling in Spain during the last six weeks. The muster-roll of our united forces shows eleven names besides that of the interpreter,—Hon. S. O. Thacher, wife, and two daughters, Walter M. Dickson, J. M. Chittenden, Mrs. Greeno, the Misses Bell, Stevenson, and Effe, and the author of this famous composition. Mrs. Greeno, an estimable lady of New York, joined us at Paris. The only cause of regret produced by the union of the two parties is the necessity of giving up our excellent courier, as it is agreed that we will retain Charley Shurg, who has conducted the party through Spain. I, however, have reasons to believe we shall like Charley very well, and, while we regret to part with Alfred, we are pleased to know that he gets a splendid position as courier for a party now on their way to Palestine.

I am delighted with this new addition of numbers to our party, because it makes one feel more comfortable to be among our own countrymen. Dick is what our California gold-diggers would call a real *brick*, which I understand to mean a man of excellent wit, quick at repartee, satirical, lively, good-natured, jovial, liberal, courageous, and independent. I will not say that he possessed all these qualities, lest he might be-





MRS. S. GREENO.





come vain and self-conceited. His wit was of that fresh, vigorous quality that always sparkles and foams like good champagne. Mr. Chittenden, though social, talented, and generous, possessed rather a serious turn of mind. He rarely indulged in jokes or sarcasm, but when he did make a thrust, it cut deep, and sometimes vanquished his adversary. Notwithstanding the vast difference between his and Dickson's temperament, habits, and disposition, they were the very best of friends. Dick's humorous wit and Chittenden's dry satire, seasoned with Charley's ludicrous broken English, never failed to evoke a hearty laugh from every member of the party. Indeed, take it all in all, I am happy in the belief that we have made a profitable treaty in uniting the two parties.

The dignified judge (for whom each member of the party entertains the most profound respect) diligently discharges the duties of the office of moderator. His decisions usually settle all disputes arising out of the civil branch of service, while all questions connected with the military department are submitted to me. I have been unanimously elected commander-in-chief of Uncle Sam's brigade,—the new name given to our united forces. My title of "colonel" was honestly obtained by four long years of bloody war, through which I gallantly fought by proxy. I won a famous reputation as a first-class life-preserver. My regiment was always full of men, because they were not afraid of getting hurt while under my command. It was safer than staying at home. It was said that I killed more enemies than any colonel in the service. In a

single engagement I destroyed a hundred men and twice as many horses. They ran themselves to death trying to catch me. The laurels I won can never compensate me for the torture inflicted upon me by an accusing conscience. The disembodied spirits of the men whose death I caused are continually shaking their gory locks at me, absolutely destroying my peace of mind. The Judge has exclusive jurisdiction over the conduct of the respective members of the brigade, with full power to levy and collect fines, and to make such rules and regulations for the government of the party as he may deem just and equitable. Charley is the adjutant, and performs the duties of commissary, quartermaster, transportation-agent, and interpreter. We do not, by any means, require or expect him to perform menial service. We furnish funds, and he superintends their disbursement. Thus completely organized, we mean to invade the entire continent.

Miss Stevenson kindly consented to act as historian for the party; and quite well, indeed, does she discharge that important duty. When a cathedral, a palace, a cemetery, a villa, a park, or anything else is to be examined, she is always ready to point out the historical objects to be seen. Miss Bell took charge of the guide-books, reading them of nights, so as to be ready for the next day's work with such information as the nature of the case demanded. Mrs. Greeno, being a connoisseur of paintings, usually keeps the party well advised as to the best pictures to be examined. I never knew how so to inspect a picture as to understand its merits until I learned the lesson from

her. Misses Nellie and Mollie Thacher have proved to be of invaluable advantage to the other members of the party, because they generally write down short descriptions of the most noteworthy objects. When I wish to describe an object and want my memory refreshed, I never fail to find assistance when I call upon them.

Our party seemed to have organized itself into a sort of military brigade of its own accord, each one assuming certain official duties the performance of which best suits his or her taste. If I can carry all the *nom-de-plumes* thrust upon me by the party, and live to return home, I will certainly be a real hero.

The next morning after our organization was perfected, while at breakfast, the Judge said,—

“I am requested by the ladies to ask our illustrious commander what is to be the programme of the day’s campaign.”

“If your Honor please,” I replied, “three open carriages and a local guide are now waiting at the door to take the command: first to San Lorenzo Cathedral, thence to Campo Santo, after which—if the party is not too much fatigued—we will interview Garibaldi’s palace, and then return to dinner.”

An approving smile from each one of the ladies afforded ample evidence of their satisfaction at the arrangement.

When we entered the cathedral it was nearly full of people, some few kneeling before the Virgin Mary as if engaged in earnest prayer; but I noticed several pretty, black-eyed girls who, instead of attending to their re-

ligious devotions, were continually casting side-glances at Dick and Chittenden. Fully one-half of the congregation were leisurely sauntering about the spacious room, conversing in low tones while examining the numerous paintings that adorn the walls. The other half, though kneeling, were intently watching our party.

"Just look at those girls yonder, will you?" said Miss Bell. "Instead of praying, as they pretend, they are whispering, giggling, and making sport of us."

"They are astonished to see an Egyptian mummy walking alone," replied Dick, as he pointed at me.

In order to avoid taking cold while in those old, damp, dungeon-like churches, I had provided myself with a long black waterproof gown and a scull-cap, which Dick declared made me look like a mummy. They will allow visitors to wear scull-caps in the cathedrals, but not a hat. My skin was badly tanned by exposure to the Italian sun; Dick, therefore, was not altogether wrong in comparing me to a mummy.

We had not been inside of the cathedral ten minutes when Miss Nellie, by dint of persistent inquiry, found the famous painting which we were all anxious to see. It was an excellent work, representing all the prominent scenes in the life and career of John the Baptist. First we see him baptizing the Saviour, while the Holy Ghost, in the shape of a dove, is flying down from heaven; next, we behold him chained hand and foot in prison; then we see Herodias dancing before the delighted king; then we see John lying on the block, while the executioner is in the act of beheading him;

lastly, we behold the head on a charger, being presented to Herodias. A sight of this wonderful work is alone worth the trouble and the expense of a visit to Genoa. The chain with which John the Baptist was said to have been manacled while in prison may be seen here.

The most interesting relic to be seen here, though, is the *Sacro Catino*, on which it is affirmed that Christ ate the paschal lamb. It was a present from the Queen of Sheba to Solomon. It looks like polished emerald.

Here there are numerous paintings that rank among the best in Europe,—one by Vandyck, which, the guide said, cost five hundred thousand francs.

I was highly entertained by Mrs. Greeno, who pointed out and described in eloquent terms the beauties of the different pictures. She is a perfect judge of such things, and after hearing her criticisms on a work I was enabled to discover many excellencies that had escaped my observation.

About all the works of Michael Angelo there is a peculiarity not noticeable in other paintings: the muscles and the veins of the body, when representing despair or physical pain, seemed to stand out as if ready to burst through the skin. I had overlooked this interesting feature until my attention was called to it by my efficient teacher.

We had the benefit of a most delightful ride out to Campo Santo, a distance of two miles over a smooth, level road, lined on both sides with curious old buildings which have withstood the storms of seven hundred years. There are over three thousand white

marble statues to be seen at Campo Santo, the work of the best artists on the globe. My mind had pictured this famous cemetery entirely different from what it really is. I was expecting to see an extensive plot of splendidly-ornamented ground adorned with fragrant flowers and umbrageous trees, but I saw nothing of the sort. On the contrary, I beheld a grand, covered colonnade extending round a space of six acres, leaving a large, square, open area in the centre. The vaulted roof is supported by several hundred marble columns of the Gothic style of architecture. A massive marble wall rises in the middle of the colonnade, flanked outside and in by a wide corridor. On the inner side of this wall are built innumerable narrow niches or recesses, which are sold, or rather rented, for family burial purposes. The building, or colonnade, is floored with white marble slabs, and in some instances the tombs are set on top of the floor; in others, the dead are buried in the floor. The recesses are leased or sold at enormous prices, ranging from five to twenty thousand francs, according to size and finish. In many instances a niche will be rented for a number of years, ranging from five to ten; at the expiration of the lease the skeleton must seek other lodgings. The corridor on the outer side of the wall is filled with ancient and mediæval relics of art, stone and marble sarcophagi, Roman statuary, Egyptian tombs, Greek images of pagan deities, Cupids, Apollos, Venuses, and thousands of quaint old statues of every imaginable shape and quality. The large area of unornamented ground, which is completely surrounded by the square colon-



nade, is used for the burial of the poor who are not able to secure more fashionable quarters in the colonnade.

The top of each tomb inside of Campo Santo is adorned with a life-sized statue of pure white marble, designed to present a correct likeness of the occupant. A photographic picture of the party is suspended above the statue, affording the visitor an opportunity of judging as to the correctness of the likeness of the deceased. One of the most charming pieces of work I have yet seen is a bust of a pretty little girl with long curly hair, who died at the age of nine. The statue represents her in the attitude of prayer, standing erect, her eyes raised towards heaven, and her little hands clasped together before her breast. The features represented by the cold white marble are the exact counterpart of those contained in the photographic picture suspended above it. This magnificent work was done by an artist at Rome at a cost of five thousand dollars.

Another statue attracted my attention, which was, indeed, worth looking at. It represented a wife kneeling and weeping, while her face was turned towards heaven, with tearful eyes fixed on the departing spirit of her husband, which was flying up toward Paradise. Time was holding the woman's wrists and commanding her to wait until God should call her to join him in heaven. Large tear-drops stood on her cheeks, while the deepest despair was visible in her features. This magnificent work was executed by Agostino Allegora, of Rome.

We were quite fortunate in getting to Genoa at the

time we did, for it was a holiday, and all the churches, cathedrals, parks, streets, and palaces were handsomely decorated, and at night brilliantly illuminated with thousands of colored lights. The citizens were celebrating the anniversary of the birth of John the Baptist. A dozen bands of music followed by long lines of gayly-clad boys and girls were continually parading the town. Every night the streets were ablaze with sky-rockets, Roman candles, and painted lanterns. Everybody seemed to be wild with joy.

A certain liquid substance known at Leadville as "tangle-foot" or "bust-head," "corn-juice," etc., is by no means scarce here. It will throw an Italian, too, the same as it does an American; though the natives here are not at all afraid of it. Bravely they tackle it, and quietly surrender when it conquers them. The drunken yells fell familiarly on my ear. It was so home-like! I could shut my eyes and imagine that I was among my own people at home.

Palaces are plentiful in Genoa. There is nothing attractive in their exterior appearance,—indeed, they have a gloomy, dingy aspect,—but their spacious halls are elegantly frescoed and adorned with gold and brass artistically carved. The inside walls are covered with famous pictures by the most distinguished artists. The works of Rubens, Vandyck, Angelo, and Raphael, abound in many of the palaces of the nobility. The interior of Garibaldi's palace, though not so gorgeously inlaid with gold as that of many others, nor so extravagantly furnished, is, as I think, the prettiest one we visited. The old hero's family were residing in it when

we were there. Villa Negro is beyond question the most charming pleasure-resort in or near Genoa. It was presented to the city by a wealthy negro, hence its peculiar name. It embraces a large tract of uneven ground, including an elevated plateau, rising several hundred feet above the gulf, affording a splendid view of the surrounding country. Many gravelled walks, bordered with odoriferous flowers, meander in every direction, half hidden with dark-green foliages that intermingle their branches overhead. Cool rural grottoes, filled with rustic seats and completely covered with blooming vines, lure the wearied visitor into their cosy cells.

Small groups of beautiful, black-eyed women, gorgeously clad in white robes, with long black hair falling unconfined about their shoulders, sauntered through the park, every now and then peeping at us from under their veils. The ladies of Genoa have a provoking habit of concealing their pretty faces behind white veils; but occasionally they will gather up the fleecy fabric with the left hand, giving it a twist, so as to expose one eye and about one-third of the face, then peer at you with a coquettish twinkle, which, Dick says, is worse than assault and battery with intent to kill. The ladies of our party say that it is sheer vanity that causes them to expose the eyes and conceal the face, because their eyes are pretty and their features are ugly. I concede the fact that the ladies are good judges of pictures, but I will not endorse their opinion about the women of Genoa.

Villa Negro was illuminated during the St. John

festival with thousands of variegated lights, while a vast multitude of people in holiday costume swarmed among the shining flowers, presenting a scene of inimitable gayety. Hundreds of little boats and ships rode on the still bosom of the bay, their decks ablaze with bright lights, while the reflection in the water made it look like ten thousand spiral columns of living fire whirling round rapidly far below the surface.

The Italians can beat the world in the art of beautifying everything. They are fond of gay colors, gay dresses, gay balls, gay music, gay horses, gay women; and I have not as yet met an Italian who did not appear to be glad he was not dead.

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## CHAPTER XI.

THE present population of Genoa is one hundred and forty thousand, though this amount does not include fleas and priests. The census-takers could not count them. An American flea is not waist-high to an Italian flea. Then there is as much difference in their nature and their habits as there is in their personal appearance. An American flea will torment you more by prancing round and tickling your body than he will by biting. In point of fact, he is usually so poor and feeble that he cannot push his bill into your skin unless he can manage to get his back against

something that will hold him down to his work. An Italian flea never fools away his time in prospecting or sauntering round ; he selects an eligible location, inserts his stiletto, sets his pumps to work, draws up his lunch, despatches it, and retires. He needs no dead-weight to hold him down while he works, for he is large, fat, and strong. Italian fleas would scorn to associate with American fleas ; in fact, they would not admit them into their society at all.

Madame Fortune played me a scurvy trick the other night which slightly damaged my poverty-stricken purse. The accident was caused by Italian fleas. I was vainly trying to woo Morpheus, so as to induce him to take me into his arms, and doubtless he would have done so but for the myriads of fleas that congregated in my bed. I made a gallant fight. I could repulse them while awake, but sleep was out of the question. The old clock struck two, and yet I had not closed my eyes. I got up and began to feel about for a match, intending to strike a light. The room was as dark as Egypt. After searching in vain for ten minutes, my elbow struck something ; it fell with a crash, striking another thing. The thing last aforesaid fell against another thing, tilting it against another thing ; the other thing went against another thing. The thing above mentioned toppled over on a thing that stood by it, when the aforesaid thing knocked down five other things. Such a jingling, crashing, rattling, tumbling, and falling of broken things never before assailed my auditory nerve.

I heard footsteps approaching the door ; I leaped

into bed and remained quiet. "Tap, tap, tap," sounded on the door.

"What ze mattee?"

I made no answer.

Another loud knock, and another,—

"What ze mattee?"

I made no answer, but held my peace, and very soon the man marched away.

A thousand questions did my perturbed spirit ask about the nature of the wreck I had caused. I ceased to think of sleep; indeed, I could not keep my mind off the mass of ruins that I knew would greet my eyes in the morning. Had Banquo's bloody ghost been in bed with me, shaking his gory locks in my very face, it could not have increased my misery. Never did a lovesick maiden sigh and watch for her absent darling with such anxiety as that with which I watched for the peep of dawn.

It is said that everything will come right if we wait long enough. I have no suggestions to offer on that point, though I know daylight did come at last, when a horrible sight met my eyes. On a long table that stood against the wall lay a confused mass of broken heads, arms, and legs, though I was rejoiced to see no blood. A dozen plaster of Paris saints had come to an untimely end through my awkwardness. The head of John the Baptist had been knocked off, and lay by the side of his mangled body; the Virgin Mary's nose was gone; St. Mark was literally destroyed beyond recognition; Luke had lost an arm; Matthew, a leg; Paul, a head; and Peter was a melancholy wreck, while the



mangled remains of the rest lay in a mingled heap on the table.

As soon as I completed my toilet I threw a blanket over the broken ruins and hurried out of the room, vainly hoping that the sad fate of the apostles would not be discovered until I could get away. But, alas! how flimsy is the foundation on which human expectations rest! No sooner had I arose from the breakfast-table than Charley handed me a bill, which he said was a demand for the damages I had caused. The charges were so much lighter than I was expecting that I paid it without a murmur. Here is the bill:

COLONEL F., *Room No. 13, Dr.*

	f.	c.
Knocking head off John the Baptist . . .	1.00	
Knocking nose off Virgin Mary . . .	.25	
Totally destroying St. Mark . . .	1.50	
Breaking arm of St. Luke . . .	.25	
Breaking leg of St. Matthew . . .	.50	
Breaking head of St. Paul . . .	.50	
Totally demolishing St. Peter . . .	1.50	
Damage to John and Judas . . .	.50	
Total . . .	6.00	

So you see that the whole bill amounted to only six francs, equal to one dollar and twenty cents, American money. One hundred centimes make one franc, which is equal to twenty cents in our currency.

You can scarcely find a house in Italy that does not contain scores of plaster images of Christ and the apostles. They are easily broken, as I very well know from a dollar and twenty cents' worth of experience.



The statue of Columbus, composed of white marble, to be seen in the Plaza Acquaverde, is among the prominent sights of Genoa. The figure of America kneels at the base of the pedestal. The monument is completely encircled with allegorical images representing Religion, Geography, Strength, Wisdom, and so forth.

We invaded Palazza-del-Municipio, which contains many interesting relics, chief among which are two autograph letters of Columbus,—at least the guide said so. Dick offered to wager the champagne that Genoa could not produce a man that could read those letters. The fact is, the ghost of the famous navigator could not read them if it was allowed to revisit the earth for the purpose of trying to do so. Baptize a hundred house-flies in black ink, let them down on a sheet of paper, and they will make plainer letters than Columbus did. It is said, however, that all great men write bad hands,—the type-setters say my manuscript is abominable.

I have for some time been on the war-path, bent on mischief. I am after the inventor of the *table-d'hôte* dinner system, and will certainly destroy him if I can catch him. Of all the intolerable nuisances that abound on the Continent, the *table-d'hôte* dinner plan is the greatest, flies, fleas, and beggars not excepted. Knowing, as I do, that this abominable nuisance is a stranger to America, I deem an explanation necessary. I will therefore describe the first *table-d'hôte* dinner I ever had the misfortune to be involved in, which was in London.

We will begin with a hundred guests seated on each

side of a long table, on which appeared no trace of food. A wilderness of snow-white napkins, twisted into spiral columns and stuck into goblets, rose up before the guests like a brigade of Liliputian ghosts. In front of each guest sat a cavernous soup-plate of enormous size. At the head of the table stood an emperor, —at least such was the conclusion forced upon my mind by his dress and deportment. He was in full dress, with hair properly oiled and parted in the middle, hands encased in white kids, face clean-shaved and very much disguised with rouge. On each side of the emperor stood a duke, clad exactly like him.

A painful silence prevailed for a few minutes, while expectation of coming events pervaded the silent, hungry patrons. At length the emperor slowly waved his left hand, which was the signal for the performance to begin. Each duke then seized a silver canoe filled with imitation soup, and began to dish it out at the head of the table with a ladle. I occupied a position near the foot of the board, which saved me the inconvenience of eating hot soup, as it had ample time to cool before the duke reached me. As soon as the two dukes had helped all the guests to soup they returned to headquarters, reported the fact to the emperor, and resumed their places by his side.

It is the custom never to commence serving the second course until all the guests have completely finished the first. It matters not how hungry you may be, you are forced to wait until all the soup-plates are removed before you can begin on the next course. A lady opposite me had discovered a new-style bonnet, the

exquisite beauties of which had to be described to her nearest neighbor. For twenty minutes she expatiated in most eloquent terms about the new discovery. She saw the Princess Beatrice wearing one precisely like it in Hyde Park no longer ago than yesterday. While all this nonsense was consuming my valuable time, I sat there feeling as lean and hungry as Cæsar thought Cassius looked. At last the lady sipped a spoonful of the soup and shoved the plate away. Then the emperor gave another signal, and the second course, consisting of fish cut into fragments nearly as large as a lady's thimble, was brought round.

Another report made to headquarters, another half-hour to be wasted on nothing. A crack-brained member of Parliament made a speech to half a dozen constituents who sat on each side of him. He discussed the British Constitution, and then attacked Gladstone's Irish policy, entertaining his audience with the new plans he had invented to overthrow the present administration. After he had succeeded in convincing everybody that the country was rapidly going to destruction, and would eventually make the connection unless his policy was adopted, he swallowed his little scrap of fish at one bite, and leaned back in his chair apparently pleased with the impression he had made.

I have given a correct history of two courses, and would describe the other thirteen, but the paper-mills are running on only half-time now.

The idea of a business-man sitting at a dinner-table three hours is supremely ridiculous. If everybody were to take a liking to *table-d'hôte* dinners the wheels

of time would have to be scotched, else a universal famine would prevail. If you take a notion that you want water, they just let you take it,—not the water, but the notion. You are forced to drink wine in self-defence, because you can get nothing else. I called for a glass of water on one occasion. The duke hurriedly ran back three or four steps, and gazed at me for a moment in wild amazement, then hastened to the emperor and told him there was a crazy man at the table. As he pointed at me,—

“Why do you think he is crazy?” inquired the emperor.

“Why, he wants water!” replied the duke.

I state it as a fact that at no hotel on the Continent is ice-water kept prepared for the guests. It can be purchased by giving a special order, and waiting until a servant goes to the river, brings the water, then goes to an ice-house and gets the ice. I was a thousand times told that if I drank water in Italy it would assuredly kill me. I was half-way convinced of the truth of the statement, but I concluded death would not hurt as bad as the abominable wine.

If you take dinner in England, you will find the bill of fare printed in French, Dutch, and Cherokee; if you dine in Italy, it will be printed in Spanish and Greek; in France, it will have some of all languages. The rule is to so print it that none of the guests can read it.

On one occasion I called for a piece of fried chicken. The waiter stared at me in perfect bewilderment.

“Bring me a phizzeematteeree, if you please,” said I.

Three minutes afterwards a nice breast of fried chicken was before me.

A *table-d'hôte* dinner usually consists of ten to fifteen courses; one hundred guests,—fifteen hundred plates to be handled. As a means of bulling the queensware market, I pronounce it a success; as a hunger-extermi-nator it is an absolute failure.

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## CHAPTER XII.

PISA, June 26, 1883.

WE departed from Genoa at six o'clock in the evening, taking the train for Pisa, where we arrived at 12 noon. Charley had by telegraph secured hotel accommodations for the party, consequently we found everything ready for us, including fleas and beggars.

I would gladly describe the romantic scenery which lies adjacent to the line of the railroad between Pisa and Genoa, but I do not consider hearsay evidence reliable, and not having beheld it with my own eyes, am deprived of that pleasure. Daylight has apparently quit trying to mingle with the insignificant spaces between the innumerable tunnels, at least such was the conclusion forced upon my mind, for no streak of light ten minutes wide ever made its appearance during the run.

Old Pisa looks like a leviathan thrown up by the waves of the sea, and left to linger and to die, friend-

less and unmourned. She has long since retired from business, or perhaps it would be more accurate to say that business has retired from her. A thousand years ago her walls were washed by the waves of the Mediterranean, and the cargoes of other nations then enriched her citizens, but the sea has withdrawn to a distance of five miles from her gates, leaving her to crumble into ruins.

Nothing was talked about at breakfast but the Leaning Tower, and I think much more was said about it than was justifiable. A walk of ten minutes from the hotel brought us to the base of this famous tower. There is only one mystery connected with this edifice, and that is as to how it ever managed to secure a position in the class of the world's wonders. I was looking for an old rickety ruin with dingy walls, broken columns, and crumbling capitals, but I beheld a charming structure of snow-white marble, glittering like silver and diamonds mingled together and exposed to the bright rays of the sun. It looks as fresh and as new as if it had been built ten years ago; indeed, its outer appearance shows no signs of age whatever.

"Oh, my! Is it not beautiful?" exclaimed Effie, as we drew near the tower.

"Hush!" said Miss Bell; "language cannot do the subject justice."

"It looks as though one could easily push it down," said Miss Stevenson. "I believe I'll give it a trial."

"Stop!" cried Dick, placing himself between Miss Stevenson and the tower. "Let me beseech you not to destroy it, because it would be taking bread from the



mouths of women and children. Grass would grow in the streets of Pisa if you destroyed that establishment."

"Enough!" returned Miss Stevenson; "say no more. Your argument is irresistible, and I will forbear."

The summit of the tower is one hundred and ninety-four feet above the ground, and is reached by a spiral flight of marble stairs, the edges of which have been worn down to a mere shell by the tramp of human feet falling on them for over seven hundred years. The walls are about eight feet thick, leaving in the centre a broad, round, hollow space, which at one time was used as a prison.

It is my opinion (for which I make no extra charge) that the architect who planned the tower set out to build a curiosity, and made a brilliant success of it. In plain terms, I mean to say that a leaning tower was contracted for, and that it was built according to contract. The top is only thirteen feet out of perpendicular, and I dare say it could stand ten more without falling, because I think the wall on the lower side is hollow, while on the upper it is solid, thereby throwing the most of the weight on that side. If it had been originally constructed on a perpendicular line, and afterwards began to lean, it never would have stopped until it fell to the ground, because the more it leaned the heavier would have been the pressure on the foundation at the lower side.

Dick, while standing on the top of the tower, gazing down through the round space in the middle, dropped his hat, which lodged on an iron hook projecting from



the wall a considerable distance from the ground. For the recovering of which a boy charged him three francs.

The structure has eight galleries supported by beautiful white marble columns wrought in the Gothic style. Iron banisters are arranged round on the outer edge of the galleries so as to prevent accidents. The diameter of the tower at the base is fifty feet, and not much less at the top. It is not definitely known for what purpose it was originally erected, but I think it very probable that it was built for a light-house, as it was close to the seashore when constructed. Galileo made his first astronomical observations from its top. It was from this elevated point that he often experimented by calculating the time consumed by falling objects which he threw from it. These experiments suggested the use of the pendulum as a measure of time; which idea he conceived from the swinging lamp in the cathedral, which hangs from the lofty ceiling by a small iron rod about one hundred feet long. Galileo constructed a rude machine by which he could ascertain how much longer it would require a hundred-pound stone to fall from the summit of the tower than it would the same number of pounds of wool or any other light substance. He took an old leaden organ-pipe and converted it into a telescope, and from the summit of the tower began to read the mysteries of the planets. He kept on improving his telescope until he discovered the satellites of Jupiter. But when he had the temerity to say that the earth revolved, he was at once summoned before the Holy Inquisition at Rome, tried, and condemned to imprisonment, and while

clothed in sackcloth and ashes, was forced to kneel down and swear that the earth did not move. After having subscribed to the oath and kissed the Bible, he rose to his feet and, in an undertone, said, "It does move for all that." They served him exactly right. He had no business to say the earth moved, when the Pope had ordered it to be still. Old Galileo was a little too smart, anyhow. He was continually nosing round, meddling with forbidden things, just like Mother Eve. The truth of the business is, he had too much curiosity.

The reason why I like the Roman Church so much is because it saves people the trouble of thinking. It claims the right to think for them. Dante got entirely too smart, and they had to banish him. He pretended to have made a pleasure excursion to hell, and, not being satisfied with spinning such an absurd yarn, went on to tell about having seen half a dozen Popes tormented in the flames of the infernal regions. He said they were swung up by the heels, while black demons were constantly heaping fresh fire on their naked feet. Now, Dante was evidently drunk on mean wine and tormented by Italian fleas when he wrote that slander against the Pope. Did he not know that the Pope always keeps the keys of heaven? How could one of those worthies fail to go to Paradise while holding the keys in his pocket? The truth is, Dante's punishment was quite light for such an enormous slander. He was not content with venting his spleen against the Popes, but he uncorked the phials of his wrath upon the holy Fathers. He had the effrontery to say he

had seen scores of priests roasting in the sulphuric flames of torment.

Dante was nearly as bad as the heretics of the present age, who are continually clamoring for the privilege of doing their own thinking. Many of them are so bold as to pray for themselves, without doing it by proxy. If a check is not put to this absurdity, Heaven only knows where it will end.

The population of Pisa is fifty-four thousand. The city is nearly equally divided by the beautiful Arno. The river is about five hundred feet wide, spanned by several substantial stone bridges, both banks being handsomely walled with brick. The streets, running parallel with the river, are broad, well paved, clean, and very pretty. We enjoyed a delightful drive for three miles along the margin of the river, over a smooth road completely sheltered by verdant elms. Many charming parks were to be seen, filled with elegantly-dressed ladies and gentlemen enjoying the fresh evening breeze. Great quantities of charming flowers, looking fresh and thrifty, lined the roadside. A delicious calm pervaded the vicinity. Nobody appeared to have anything to do, except to sip wine and beer, and stare at the crowd of strangers.

This evening we visited the old dingy house where Galileo was born,—February 15, 1564. It was occupied by a family consisting of husband, wife, eleven children, six dogs, eight cats, four goats, ten ducks, sixteen chickens, and a fat pig. I offered a franc for the door-knob, but nobody understood me, except one of the goats, who spoke to me in plain English, with an old-

fashioned American bleat, though he could not give me the relic I so badly wanted.

We took a ride out to the sea-shore, which is about five miles from the city. The road runs through a most beautiful landscape, cultivated like a garden. In the utmost extent of the vision on both sides, appeared boundless fields of ripe wheat.

The prospect that burst on our view as we drew near the sea-shore was indescribably beautiful. A gentle breeze murmured through the dense pine-forest that closely skirts the shore, while a thousand diminutive waves of the deepest-blue water chased one another toward the shore. Far out from the beach scores of little crafts, with their snowy sails bent before the breeze, went darting rapidly over the water. This is the point where Shelley's body drifted ashore. On the 8th of July, 1822, he was attempting to manage a small sail-boat, which, it seems, he did not very well understand. A sudden gust of wind upset his craft, and he was drowned. Byron, who then resided at Pisa, had Shelley's body cremated, placed the ashes in an urn, and buried them at Rome. The house in which Byron dwelt while here was pointed out to us. It is a charming little cottage, overlooking the calm waters of the Arno. The poet was then living with Countess Guiccioli under circumstances that would subject a man to criminal indictment in the United States.

The Campo Santo of Pisa is full of quaint old relics of every imaginable description. The picture of hell in fresco on the wall presents a most horrible spectacle. Twenty-five young devils are to be seen lashing the

spirits of the damned with enormous fiery serpents, while the boss demon, with three blazing eyes, watches the proceeding and encourages his staff. By what authority the artist gave the chief devil three eyes and the rest only two is a mystery which needs explanation. A king stood before Satan with his head in his hand, apparently begging to have it stuck back on his shoulders. I suppose it was intended to represent Charles I., who had the ill luck to make the acquaintance of Cromwell.

Dick seized a little stone and drew back as if he was going to throw it at the picture.

"What's the matter, Dick?" I inquired.

"Just look at that young devil there!" he replied. "Don't you see him thrusting his pitchfork through the neck of that pretty girl? Stand out of the way and let me knock his head off."

A score of beautiful women were being driven through lurid flames, by as many hideous fiends, who were shovelling red coals on their heads. The artist must have conceived the plan of this picture from Dante's "Inferno."

In the centre of the Campo Santo there is a small square plot of ground, brought here from Jerusalem. I was about to put my hands in it, when Dick restrained me.

"Hold, colonel!" he said, as he grasped my arm; "you know not what you do. That dirt is mingled with priestly ashes. Here is where the good Fathers are buried. You certainly would not be so irreverent as to put your unhallowed hands in holy

dirt? For heaven's sake, let me induce you to forbear!"

"Ah, my ever-faithful friend!" I exclaimed, "you have saved me. I was not aware of the enormity of the crime I was about to commit!"

Campo Santo was built in 1063, the Leaning Tower in 1174, and the baptistery in 1162. The last-named edifice is by far the grandest structure to be seen in Pisa. The four sides of the pulpit are adorned with some of the best bas-relief carving to be found on the Continent; indeed, it is said to be the finest in the world. One side represents the Last Judgment, a view of which is worth half a dozen leaning towers.

In a sweet, mellow tone our guide sung a verse from a hymn which, after the lapse of five seconds, was distinctly repeated by an echo at the top of the house. Again and again was the verse repeated in musical strains, gradually dying away into a soft whisper.

When we entered the old cathedral, the first thing I did was to give the famous swinging lamp a slight push, just as Galileo had done three hundred years before. When I left the house, at the end of an hour, it was still oscillating as if it had no idea of stopping. The guide said it would come to a perfect stand-still in two hours.

When we descended from the top of the Leaning Tower, our guide bored us with an eloquent lecture regarding that magnificent edifice, declaring that it was undoubtedly the grandest wonder on the globe.

From the humorous sparkle of Dick's eye, I knew that he was meditating mischief.

"Of all the humbugs that ever existed," he ex-



claimed, "I think the Leaning Tower is the greatest. I will write a book for the purpose of exposing this pitiful scheme, invented to extort money from confiding visitors."

"Now, my dear sir," cried the guide, as he held his handkerchief to his eyes, pretending to be deeply moved, "I implore you for mercy. If you destroy the reputation of that tower, you thereby take bread and meat from the mouths of women and children. I have a sickly wife, seventeen unhealthy children, a blind mother, a crippled brother, a paralytic sister, and a crazy mother-in-law, all dependent on the reputation of that tower for subsistence; that wonderful curiosity is our bread and meat. In addition to all this, we have something less than eighteen hundred priests wholly dependent upon that tower for a support. How could you be so cruel as to deprive these holy Fathers of their wine, to say nothing about cigars and tobacco?"

"Say no more," exclaimed Dick; "you have prevailed. The priestly argument is irresistible, and the reputation of the tower shall stand."

"Heaven bless you, my dear sir! you have made me supremely happy. The prayers of my large family will continually ascend to heaven for you, and myriads of priests will unite in securing an absolution for you."

The truth is, I and Dick had caught a Tartar instead of a dunce. I expect he had often met our sort before that day.

We took a drive out to the king's farm, which consists of about ten thousand acres of heavy-timbered land bordering on the seashore. By what authority it

is called a farm I did not learn, though I suppose it was owing to the fact that it was sown thick with wild boars. We did not have the good luck to see any of them, as they are not in the habit of exhibiting themselves to visitors. The king occasionally comes down to call upon them, and to introduce them to his dogs and other friends.

As Dick is continually making me the butt of his jokes, I consider myself justified in retaliating when I have an opportunity to get the laugh on him. This evening an excellent chance presented itself, which afforded me ample revenge. We were wandering leisurely along in the suburbs of the city, inspecting the grand old houses, dingy ruins, and broken walls, when Dick happened to see a cherry-tree, heavily laden with tempting fruit, upon which he resolved to make a raid. I tried to dissuade him from the attempt, calling his attention to a farm-house hard by, and suggested the probability of his encountering dogs. My warnings, however, were disregarded; indeed, I have begun to think that he enjoys fruit or anything else that is obtained through danger and difficulties. A low stone wall enclosed a small plot of ground, the cherry-tree standing a few yards from the fence. Dick leaped over the wall at a single bound, and instantly began to pluck the fruit.

"Look out, Dick!" I exclaimed, as I saw a savage-looking dog walking deliberately toward him; but I had scarcely uttered the words when the animal, with distended jaws, made a dash at him.

Instead of leaping over the wall, as he could have

done with all ease, Dick began to slap the dog's face with his hat. The dog seized the hat with his teeth and started to run toward the house, evidently bent on carrying it as a trophy to his master.

Now I, who know him well, can testify to Dick's courage, and to the further fact that neither dog nor man could commit such a bold robbery upon him with impunity. I can and do state it as a matter of belief that for a short distance he could outrun any dog that ever trod Italian soil. At all events, I know that he could beat the one that had captured his hat, for he overtook the dog and seized his tail before he had ran twenty yards. The animal dropped the hat and tried to fix his teeth in Dick's leg, which he, of course, was unable to do while his tail was so firmly held. Then commenced one of the most amusing combats that any one ever witnessed. Round and round they went, every now and then the dog making vigorous efforts to reverse his body, so as to enable him to use his teeth.

"Why in the deuce don't you come over here and help me?" cried Dick.

I now began to pelt the dog with stones, which enabled Dick to plant the heel of his boot on the animal's ribs. This had the effect of bringing the combat to an abrupt close. The dog went whining home, while we hurried towards town.

Dick will not be apt to go back there after cherries.

## CHAPTER XIII.

ROME, July 3, 1883.

WE made the run from Pisa to Rome in the night, which, of course, deprived us of the pleasure of seeing the beautiful scenery with which the road is lined on both sides. Pullman's sleepers are not yet used on continental roads, but I managed to convert my compartment into a first-class bed-chamber, by means of which I secured a good night's rest. For this comfortable convenience I am indebted to Charley, whose inventive brain palmed me off on the agent as a German prince specially deputed to carry important documents from Bismarck to the Pope. He induced the officials to believe that the fate of the nation depended upon my mission, and that all would be lost unless I had a whole compartment to myself.

We took formal possession of Rome at seven o'clock on Wednesday morning.

"What a muddy little creek!" cried Effie, as the train dashed across a low iron bridge.

"That is the Tiber," replied Miss Bell.

"Well, if that is the Tiber," remarked Miss Stevenson, "I must say it is the smallest river, according to the size of its reputation, that anybody ever saw."

I entirely agree with the idea expressed by Miss Stevenson. I do not think the Tiber is over a hundred yards wide at any point near Rome. It is an ugly,



DICK.





muddy, filthy little stream, whose waters go sluggishly rolling along between low, uneven banks, dividing the city into nearly equal parts. The lean and hungry Cassius certainly was justified in entertaining a feeling of contempt for Julius Cæsar, if it is a fact that he said, when swimming across the Tiber,—

“Save me, Cassius, or I perish!”

A man might succeed in committing suicide by drowning in the Tiber, if he had the courage to hold his head under the water long enough; but if he were to change his mind, he would have nothing to do but to get up and deliberately walk out.

“I suppose,” said Dick, “that the river is large enough to drown blind puppies and kittens in?”

“Not unless sinkers are fastened about their necks,” replied Miss Bell.

The truth is that, since I have seen Rome and the Tiber, I have begun to lose confidence in poets and historians. They have exaggerated everything appertaining to Roman history. When a schoolboy, I used to read about Cæsar’s famous Tenth Legion, and I imagined them to be gods instead of men. I was taught to believe that Cæsar was an invincible warrior who crushed every nation that dared to oppose him. General Grant would have annihilated him at the first meeting; “Stonewall” Jackson would have beaten him in a day; Bedford Forrest would have ensnared him an hour before day; Phil. Sheridan would have cut off his supplies, captured his wagon-train, dispersed his army, and then cursed the luck that prevented him from killing the murderous banditti; John Morgan would

have annoyed him to death by hovering on his flanks, front and rear, killing his scouts, pickets, and foraging-parties, and frightening his men half to death by the audacity of his movements; General Lee would not have waited for him to cross the Rubicon; he would have whipped him and his famous legions before they got to that creek.

The present city does not occupy the territory on which stood ancient Rome. The seven hills are covered with the mouldering ruins of old-time temples, palaces, monuments, theatres, and mausoleums, while the modern city is situated in the valley, on both sides of the Tiber. Most of the streets are narrow, unsightly, lined on each side with ill-shaped houses filled with ragged, dirty children, dogs, and donkeys. Naked children, priests, and beggars seem spontaneously to spring from the earth as thick as warriors rose where Cadmus sowed the Dragon's teeth. Dante evidently referred to Rome when he was describing his trip to the infernal regions. I recognized many of the scenes he described as being in hell.

I entertain no ill-will toward priests, but I do not like to be overflowed, submerged, smothered, and run over by them. A corner cannot be turned without jostling a priest. If a stone is thrown at a dog, a priest is hit; if a beggar is kicked at, a priest is struck. A pinch of snuff cannot be taken without making half a dozen priests sneeze. If you are not very careful when you wish to scratch your head, you will find yourself scratching the head of a priest. With a loaded shot-gun you could not shoot in any direction

without bringing down half a score of them. I never exaggerate. I don't know precisely how many locusts invaded the shores of Egypt, but I dare say they were few in comparison with the army of priests that infest the streets of Rome.

The celebrated Corso, about which much nonsense has been written, is an insignificant little concern only a mile and a quarter in length, and not as wide as Broadway, in New York. Its pavements are only four feet in width. Once a year this street is imbedded with earth and converted into a race-course. The horses are covered with machines that continuously prick their skins with sharp-pointed spurs. They are then turned loose without riders, and make their best speed from one end of the Corso to the other. Eighteen hundred years ago it was the custom to force Christians to run naked through this street, while men were thickly stationed, armed with long whips, on both sides to lash them as they passed, in order to compel them to make their best speed. God punished these people at last. If Titus, Claudius, and Nero could look up from their graves and see the filthy, priest-ridden, little, insignificant town that now constitutes Rome, they would be doubly punished by the sad sight.

During the reign of Augustus Cæsar, Ovid made use of the following language: "Jupiter, when he looks from his height over the whole earth, sees nothing which he can behold but that which is under Roman sway." I think if Jupiter would try, he might now be able to see a few things not under Roman sway. Indeed, if he were to set out to look for something that

*was* now under the sway of Rome, I fear he would find nothing but priests, dogs, and beggars. If any man wants evidence of God's displeasure against injustice and tyranny, let him visit Rome and see a poor donkey eating oats in a sarcophagus that once contained the body of an emperor; let him smell the stifling stench that rises on every hand; let him see the crumbling ruins of Cæsar's palace; let him look at the broken columns of the old Forum and see the vast heaps of worthless rubbish that once was part of Nero's golden house; let him wander through the desolate arena of the old Coliseum and count the eighty-seven thousand vacant seats; and then wander through the monasteries and the cemeteries and see the crumbling bones of people who laughed and shouted while naked Christians were cruelly lashed through the Corso. If this does not satisfy him, let him take a stroll over the Palatine Hill and view the decaying relics of gorgeous palaces, costly villas, and ruined shrines; let him stop amid all this chaotic rubbish and ask, "Where are the four millions of people who, two thousand years ago, lorded it over the world?" Echo will answer, "Where?" "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord; I will repay."

It is the opinion of the author that He has repaid fully as much as He promised. That ancient Rome was great, powerful, and rich, we admit, but she stole her wealth, and she achieved her greatness by fraud and oppression. If a neighboring nation grew rich by exercising economy and industry, Rome sent out her armies to crush and rob it. Titus conquered Jerusalem

and killed eleven hundred thousand Jews, and they say it was not a good day for killing Jews either. What mortal offence had these peaceful people committed against Rome to justify their destruction? They were industrious and frugal, they had hoarded up large quantities of gold. Rome, true to her plundering propensities, concluded to reap a rich harvest by robbing them. Titus was despatched to Jerusalem to execute the job, and most completely did he do the work. He returned to Rome, bringing sixty thousand captive Jews, who were sold into slavery, while the vast amount of plundered gold was handed over to the public treasury. A grand triumph was accorded him. Well might they thus honor him, for he was their most successful robber. His grand triumphal arch stands here until this day, a gloomy relic of Roman despotism and injustice.

Our libraries are crowded with historical froth and poetical ravings about the sky-splitting orators of ancient Greece and ancient Rome; our children are taught to believe that the world never has, nor never will, produce their equals. Now, to use a sporting man's phrase, "I want a new deal." We have had enough of this third-rate nonsense. America has produced orators equal, if not superior, to those of Greece and Rome. Daniel Webster would have crushed Demosthenes in short order on any question of debate that could have been mentioned; Charles Sumner would have vanquished Mark Antony with all ease; Lamar would have put Cicero down at the first tilt; Prentiss and Clay could have crushed half a dozen of



their best orators ; and Patrick Henry could have surpassed the whole Forum. This is my opinion, and I am in favor of trying to convince our children of its correctness, instead of cramming their brains with the false idea that Rome and Greece have produced all the great men that the world ever knew.

It is fashionable for modern poets, novelists, and historians to exaggerate and write extravagant praises about Greek and Roman scholars, and our children are taught to believe that nothing is worthy of notice that does not imitate them. If I were under contract to furnish any quantity of vulgar nonsense, I would furnish Ovid's "Art of Love," and demand my receipt.

We opened the campaign in Rome, on Wednesday morning, with an extensive carriage-ride through all her principal streets, in order that we might get the geographical features of the city and suburbs located in our minds. We were quite fortunate in our selection of a local guide. We employed Mr. Neuhausser, who proved to be of invaluable service to us. He was perfectly informed as to the history of every object in Rome worthy of notice, and could tell it without fatiguing the audience with useless verbiage.

We drove to the top of the Palatine Hill, where we were enabled to obtain an extensive and delightful view of the city and the surrounding country. The tortuous course of the little Tiber could be traced for a considerable distance. We crossed the Tiber on every bridge we could find, but we did not weep because there were no more to cross. The famous Sublician Bridge on which Horatius performed such gallant



deeds in the brave days of old, has long since disappeared ; but the place where it stood is there yet. I do not understand why so much should have been written about a little bridge across the Tiber. I am afraid that Porsena was not much of a general. Grant would have dug a canal and changed the course of the Tiber in three days, and marched his army dry-shod into the city on the Fourth of July ; "Stonewall" Jackson would have crossed the Tiber on a pontoon bridge before breakfast. The Etruscan army were cowards anyway, else three men could not have held the bridge against them. We are told that Horatius cut the bridge down, then fell into the river, and swam out amid a tornado of Etruscan arrows. It was unnecessary for him to have swam out, because he might have waded with all ease.

One day I was travelling up the Rio Grande on a small steamboat. All of a sudden the cry of "Man overboard !" came ringing through the cabin. The passengers all rushed out to see the show. A tall, slim man was struggling and floundering about in the water. The captain and the pilot were convulsed with laughter, and made no effort to save the man's life.

"It is a burning shame," cried half a dozen ladies, "to let the poor man drown like a dog !"

My blood boiled with indignation at the inhuman conduct of the officers.

At length a couple of Texas desperadoes approached the captain with cocked revolvers, and said,—

"If you let that man drown we will blow off the top of your head and toss you into the river."

The captain seemed at once to realize the situation. Stepping close to the outer edge of the deck, he cried in a loud voice,—

“Stand up! stand up on your feet!”

The man obeyed instructions, when, lo and behold! the water did not come so high as to his hips.

I think it was the most ludicrous exhibition I ever beheld. The man was about to drown in water only three feet deep. I believe he would have been drowned, if let alone.

A loud shout of laughter rose from all the passengers, except the two desperadoes, who now wanted to shoot the unfortunate victim who had caused them to make fools of themselves.

The Rio Grande is about the size of, and is very much like, the Tiber, therefore I conclude that Horatius could have waded out if he had tried.

We met King Humbert while out airing himself Wednesday evening. He has quite a youthful appearance; but features and eyes bear the stamp of intellect and firmness. His form is rather slender, but straight and handsome. A heavy moustache adorns his upper lip; no beard is on his chin. He is greatly beloved by his people, and my information leads me to believe he deserves their good will. It is my opinion that, if the Pope ever undertakes to re-establish his temporal authority in Italy, this young king will teach him a lesson that he will not soon forget.

“What a pretty little marble summer-house,” exclaimed Effie, pointing toward a beautiful white edifice in front of which our carriage had stopped.

“Well, I should like to know what on earth it is,” dryly remarked Miss Stevenson.

“It’s Jupiter’s bath-house,” said Dick, as a comical smile covered his face.

“No ; you are wrong there, Dick,” replied Chittenden ; “I think it is a telegraph-office.”

“You don’t can tell what bees it,” returned Charley. “It bees de ticket-office of de Coliseum.”

“I guess it is a police-station,” said I, and I really thought it was.

“That is the temple of Vesta,” said our guide, who had quietly listened to all our conjectures. “Yes, ladies and gentlemen,” he continued, “that is the temple of Vesta, built three thousand years ago. In the days when the pagan religion prevailed here, a perpetual fire was kept burning on the altar. It was watched over by the vestal virgins, who kept the fire continually burning day and night for a thousand years. No man was ever permitted to put his foot inside of the walls of the structure while that religion prevailed. All the ceremonies of sacrifice were performed by the vestal virgins. No one ever demanded money from them for anything they wanted, while kings and queens were glad to do them honor. Indeed, they enjoyed privileges that no other class of people were permitted to enjoy.”

The temple of Vesta is a charming edifice. It is constructed of pure white Italian marble, and looks as new as if built but ten years ago, notwithstanding the fact that it has been standing there three thousand years.

As I gazed at this curious old relic, I could not avoid asking myself, How many people have been born, passed through the happy days of youth, entered the stage of manhood, grown old, died, been buried, and mouldered into dust since it was built? What changes has the world witnessed since its foundation was laid! A Saviour has been born, passed through youth, entered manhood, died on the cross to save sinners. His religion has spread to all parts of the world, the pagan religion has disappeared. Mighty Rome is dead. Telegraphs, railroads, steamboats, and telephones have been invented. Mighty Greece is decaying; Athens and Carthage are dying; but the little marble temple of Vesta is still standing as it stood when mighty Rome was mistress of the world.

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#### CHAPTER XIV.

AT breakfast, on Thursday morning, the programme of the day was thoroughly discussed. Some wanted to go to St. Peter's Church, others to the Catacombs. After the expenditure of a considerable quantity of useless suggestions, Mr. Neuhouser settled the matter by requesting the party to trust to his judgment and experience, promising to show us all the sights of the city according to a plan which he had matured. This proposition was unanimously agreed to, and in the end it proved to be the best.

"I will show you St. Peter's Church and the Vati-

can this morning," said the guide, as we mounted the carriages and dashed away at a rapid speed.

"Well, did you ever!" cried Effie, as we passed through the long circular colonnade that encloses six acres of ground in front of St. Peter's.

"No, never," replied Miss Bell.

"Hardly ever," rejoined Miss Stevenson.

"I don't care if I never do," exclaimed Dick, as he looked up at the lofty dome.

"That steeple seems to go through the sky," observed Miss Mollie Thacher.

The first thing I did on entering the spacious doorway was to fall into a vast crowd of men, women, and children, all of whom seemed to be endeavoring to reach a certain point. I had no idea what they were after, but from the energetic manner in which they jostled and pushed one another, and from the anxious expression of their countenances, I concluded that there was something good in that direction, and that they were afraid it would all be eaten up before they got there.

I thought that I might as well have a share of the good things as anybody else, so I joined the throng and pressed forward with all my strength. When, after much squeezing and jostling, I arrived near the grand object of attraction, I noticed that each person halted for a moment at a particular spot, dipped his head down, and appeared to be nibbling at something, and that his eyes were full of tears when he rose up. I thought of onions, horseradish, cayenne pepper, and other tear-producing articles.

The crowd was so dense that I could not exactly see what was going on. Having made up my mind to have a finger in the pie, I redoubled my efforts to wedge my body through the multitude. When I at length succeeded in reaching a point within five feet of the place where the people paused, I saw what I at first thought was a portly negro, but it was a dark-brown bronze statue of St. Peter in a sitting posture, clad in pontifical robes. He was on a pedestal about three feet above the floor, with his legs crossed, one foot resting on the base of the pedestal, while the other stood out in front. The main object of attraction was that black bronze foot, which everybody appeared eager to kiss. When it came my turn to kiss the foot, I did it by an agent,—a pretty girl performed that duty for me. At least half of this cast-iron foot has been worn away. The guide said that several toes had been worn off, and that new ones had been welded on. This would seem incredible, but it is not the lips of people that wear them off; it is the constant rubbing done with handkerchiefs by those who kiss the foot. A man will kiss it two or three times, slabber and weep over it, and then pass on. Next comes a lady who will rub it hard with her handkerchief, kiss it, and move on. Indeed, every one who kissed the toe first wiped it with a handkerchief. This is the process by which it has been worn away.

After wandering round for an hour gazing at the innumerable wonders to be seen in this vast edifice, I met Dick, whose face was twisted into an awful shape of comic ugliness. He was rubbing one eye with his



handkerchief and pretending to be bitterly weeping. A stranger would have thought that he was sorely distressed.

"What on earth is the matter now?" inquired Miss Bell.

"They—they—they have cut him in two," sobbed the comical weeper.

"Cut who in two?" returned Miss Bell.

"Why, they—they—they have gone and cut St. Peter's body into equal halves. I went to his tomb and shed all the tears I had to spare, then they told me that one-half of his body was buried at St. Paul's Church, two miles from town, and now I have no tears left for the other half. I think it's a glaring outrage to perpetrate such a fraud on a friendless orphan who has only one father and one mother."

It is stated as a fact that the bodies of St. Peter and St. Paul are divided into two equal halves, a portion of each being buried here, while the other is entombed at St. Paul's Church,—a statement which we are forced to believe, as it is made by priestly lips.

The tomb of St. Peter is located a short distance below the main floor of the church, which is reached by a broad flight of marble steps, ending in a spacious court canopied with an elegantly-wrought bronze structure, so gorgeously gilded as to give it the appearance of a solid mass of burnished gold. The sarcophagus containing half of Paul and Peter rests on a pedestal surrounded with lighted candles, which are constantly kept burning. I do not believe it would be an exaggeration to say that as many as ten thousand persons

visited the tomb in two hours. Every nation on the earth seemed to be represented on that occasion.

I was glad indeed to see that my favorite apostle had a good comfortable resting-place. I have admired Peter ever since he cut off the ear of that pagan slave Malchus, who was aiding and abetting the enemies of Christ. The truth is, Peter was brave and faithful. He was in favor of defending his beloved Master with his sword, and had he not been ordered to sheathe it, he would have made some of the enemies bite the dust. How does his conduct compare with that of the other apostles? When the high priest and his *possé* appeared, every one of the disciples fled from the field except Peter. When his Master was led as a prisoner to the house of the high priest he followed, evidently watching for an opportunity to rescue him. His conduct after Christ was crucified did more toward establishing the true religion than that of any other apostle. And when he was led out to die on the cross at Rome he requested his executioners to crucify him head downward, declaring that he was not worthy to die in the same position as that in which his beloved Master had died. His request was granted, and he was accordingly nailed to the cross with his head toward the ground.

There are two small short-linked chains preserved in a gilded box here, said to be the identical ones with which Peter was manacled while imprisoned by Herod: "And when Herod would have brought him forth, Peter was sleeping between two soldiers, bound with two chains: and the keepers before the door kept the

prison. And, behold, the angel of the Lord came upon him, and a light shined in the prison: and he smote Peter on the side, and raised him up, saying, Arise up quickly. And his chains fell off from his hands" (Acts xii. 6, 7). Now, if I have not seen those identical chains, a deception has been practised upon me. It is alleged that if the ends of those two chains are permitted to touch each other they will at once grow so firmly together that nothing but a blacksmith's chisel and sledge can part them. I offered a dollar to see the experiment tested, but was told to call at a more convenient time, they were not exhibiting that part of the show that day. A piece of the true cross, a part of the crown of thorns, and a handkerchief containing the imprint of the Saviour's face are exhibited here occasionally.

I was not thrown into ecstasies by the sight of St. Peter's Church, nor in any manner discomposed by its magnitude and grandeur; indeed, my pulse went on with its quiet throbbing as usual. If, with the naked eye, the top could not be seen from the floor, I looked through my field-glass (not the glass I lost in New York, but one I bought in London); and if my vision could not reach from one side to the other, I went to the other side. By this wise plan, I managed to inspect everything worthy of notice.

The distance from the floor to the top of the cross is four hundred and forty-eight feet; the colossal columns that support the dome measure two hundred and fifty-three feet in circumference; the length of the base of the church is six hundred and thirteen and one-half

feet. This vast pile was not completely finished until the end of five hundred years after the laying of the foundation, and it costs about three hundred thousand dollars annually to keep it repaired. Three hundred and fifty laborers are constantly employed to work on it. The dome is reached by a broad spiral stairway of easy grade, up which a loaded donkey might go without difficulty.

At the top of the main building there is quite a thriving village, containing a considerable number of inhabitants, who, with their families, make their homes there. I did not learn the exact number of the population, but I have seen smaller towns that boasted of their mayors and their boards of aldermen. The little town is supplied with water by pipes which pass through all the houses. Men, women, and children cook, eat, sleep, and dwell up there after the same fashion as do people who dwell on the earth. The inhabitants of this aerial village are snugly quartered among the numerous small cupolas and side-aisles.

A streak of good luck seemed to have attached itself to us as soon as we put foot on Italian soil. At Genoa we enjoyed the sights and pleasures attending St. John's *fête*, and here we had the good fortune to participate in that of St. Peter's. All the stores and shops were closed; the inhabitants thronged the streets clad in their Sunday clothes, all apparently bent on having a gay time. Fifty men blew and sawed on fifty musical instruments in the church, while a hundred and fifty human voices filled the vast hall with a hurricane of sweet sounds.

“Well,” exclaimed Miss Stevenson, “I am fond of good music, but I don’t like a musical tornado.”

“It would be delightful to listen to that music from a point seventy-five miles off,” replied Effie.

“I’ll tell you what’s a fact,” said Miss Bell. “From my knowledge of St. Peter’s character, I don’t believe he would sanction all this parade and show. He would not approve of the plan of taking money from the poor, to squander on useless ornaments.”

“Not having been personally acquainted with him,” observed Dick, “I am not prepared to venture an opinion upon that subject.”

From the dome of St. Peter’s one may enjoy the grandest sight to be seen on the Continent. The broad-spreading campagna, with its thousands of ruined villas, broken columns, crumbling monuments, and decaying relics of ancient grandeur, lies bathed in a glittering sea of yellow sunlight, while the blue outlines of the Apennine and Sabine Mountains rise up in the distance like huge ocean-waves. The zigzag course of the little Tiber may be distinctly traced as it sluggishly creeps along among vineyards, orange-groves, and deserted villas, and finally mingles with the waters of the sea. The campagna is one vast arena of desolation,—a melancholy desert, in whose bosom repose the bones of ancient heroes and kings. The ground is thickly dotted with broken aqueducts, fallen walls, dismantled tombs, prostrate columns, and all sorts of costly works of art fast crumbling to dust.

The entire length of the old wall that encircled the

ancient city of Rome can be distinctly traced from the dome of St. Peter's. The wall in many places stands whole and unbroken. It is built of bricks of a dark-red color, so completely cemented together that nothing short of a chisel and sledge-hammer could separate them. The average height of the wall is about fifty feet, and it seems to be fifteen to twenty feet thick, with tall towers rising high above the top at short distances from one another.

By the aid of my field-glass I could get a perfect view of modern Rome, as well as of the standing relics of the ancient city. The old Coliseum, the Forum, the Pantheon, the Arch of Septimus and the Arch of Titus, Caracalla's Bath, Trajan's Column, the Triumphal Arch of Antoninus, the grand obelisk brought from Heliopolis by Augustus, the Corso, the Tarpean Rock, the Arch of Constantine, the Appian Way, all the Tiber bridges, and hundreds of other interesting objects, could be distinctly seen from this lofty point.

After having satisfied our curiosity concerning St. Peter's Church, we visited the Vatican, which has lately been extended so as to connect with the church. Since these two colossal structures have been merged into one, they doubtless constitute the largest building on the globe. Our guide said that a walk of two miles would be required to go round on the outside of them,—a statement the truth of which I am not disposed to doubt.

At the main entrance to the Vatican we encountered the famous company of Swiss guards, clad in their picturesque uniform, containing more different colors than Joseph's fancy coat.



"Mr. Neuhouser," said Miss Nellie Thacher, "you must not fail to show us the celebrated Dying Gladiator."

"I expect he is dead by this time," replied Dick. "He was mortally wounded two thousand years ago, and certainly he has expired before now."

But Dick was mistaken in his conjecture, for we found the Gladiator still trying to give up the ghost. The truth is, the image did not present to my mind the appearance of a dying man ; he looked more like a schoolboy playing marbles than anything else. The statue is made of pure white marble, and the blood, about which poets and sentimentalists have done so much useless raving, is nothing but half a dozen small ridges carved in the white marble. The gaping wound that has chilled the heart of so many humanitarians is nothing more than a little indentation on the surface, which by an extraordinary stretch of the fancy might be converted into a slight sabre-wound. As regards the wonderful expression of dying agony, about which so much ink has been wasted, it may be set down as wholly imaginary.

I would advise tourists never to examine the paintings that adorn the walls and the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel until they are ready to leave Italy, because after seeing them all the rest will appear insignificant and worthless. Here may be seen the very best works of Michael Angelo, done when he was in the zenith of his illustrious career. The fresco of the Last Judgment, which adorns the end wall, is unquestionably the finest work to be found in Rome. Hideous devils

with flaming weapons are driving the souls of the damned down to hell and transporting them across the Styx on Charon's Ferry. Just above the group of infernal demons sits the Saviour, in the act of judging the world, while angels are sounding the last trumpet, and immediately to the left the dead are coming forth from their graves to hear their final doom. Michael Angelo worked on this famous picture constantly for seven years, and finished it in 1541. Notwithstanding it is three hundred and forty-two years old, the colors look bright and fresh. If this great artist had never painted another picture, his fame would have had a substantial foundation on which it might forever rest. Miss Mollie Thacher and Mrs. Greeno, whose judgment I consider first-class, declared that the paintings on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel were better than the Last Judgment, but the latter suited my taste better than the former.

There are thousands of other good pictures in the Vatican, but after leaving the chapel I had no desire to examine any of them. I did not want to crowd my memory away from the Last Judgment.

Six months would scarcely afford sufficient time to investigate all the curious relics contained in the Vatican. Some idea of its immense size may be formed when we know that it contains eleven thousand halls. The Museum of Sculpture contains eighteen hundred specimens. We saw a most beautiful porphyry sarcophagus, which contains the body of the Empress Helena, the mother of the Emperor Constantine; also another, in which repose the remains of Constantina,

the emperor's daughter. A large and beautiful vase, in which Prince Napoleon was baptized, was shown to us. It was presented to the Pope by Napoleon III.

Dick declared that he would consent to become a Christian if they would baptize him in a vase like that one.

"It would take more water to wash away your sins than that vase would hold," remarked Miss Bell.

"They might find enough in the Po, but not in the Tiber, to purify you."

"They could not find a straight stretch in the Tiber long enough to cover his tall form," said Miss Stevenson.

"Dick, it is the opinion of the court you should go to the foot of the class," said the Judge.

"I obey your Honor's orders with pleasure," replied Dick, "because it places me by the side of the colonel."

When any member of the party advanced a new idea or made any discovery worthy of notice, he or she was honored with a position at the head of the class; and when, on the other hand, they did a foolish thing, advanced an absurd idea, or got the worst of a joke, they were ordered to go foot. The judge's decision in such cases was final and conclusive. This scheme originated among the ladies, and often furnished a good supply of innocent amusement.

Adjoining the Vatican may be seen the Pope's gardens, where in fine weather he airs himself by strolling through charming, shady walks, lined with fragrant flowers and nicely-trimmed shrubbery. I managed,

by the help of an influential friend, to get to see the Pope's carriages, which are as gorgeous and as costly as any owned by the crowned heads of Europe.

From the Vatican we went to Marcellus's Circus, which appears to be in a good state of preservation. It was built over two thousand years ago. It is now full of donkeys, beggars, and other rubbish of a like sort. I saw a donkey eating oats in a sarcophagus which probably once held the body of an emperor. I think it is better employed now.

We were so fortunate as to obtain permission to examine Humbert's palace,—a privilege granted to visitors only during the king's absence. A large number of tourists availed themselves of this opportunity, and accompanied our party, swelling the brigade up to a respectable-sized army. The throne-room was gorgeously decorated with pictures and mirrors framed in solid gold, while the entire ceiling looked like a sea of sparkling gems. On a raised platform at one end of the room stood the throne, blazing with precious jewels. Taking my seat on it, I thus addressed the brigade:

"In the name and by the authority of the United States of America we ascend the Italian throne, and do hereby command our loyal subjects to take notice thereof and govern themselves accordingly. It is our royal pleasure that Esquire Humbert shall take the oath of allegiance to the American eagle, whose broad wings shall protect him from harm, and that our much-loved friend, S. O. Thacher, who is hereby created Earl of Kansas, shall be charged with the execution of this order. All the other male members of the

brigade are hereby created dukes, and all the ladies are respectfully requested to consider themselves first-class duchesses."

Now, I am sure no monarch was ever greeted with such unanimous demonstrations of homage as were manifested for me on that occasion.

While the performance was becoming intensely interesting, a half-witted scullion made his appearance at the door, and in an excited manner jabbered a few words, which I, of course, did not understand.

"What saith yonder slave?" I demanded, in an imperious tone.

"Him say dot no one be allowed to sit on de throne," replied Charley.

Then, rising to my feet, and pointing my finger at the intruder, I said,—

"Thou art a traitor! Off with his head! Now, by St. Paul, I swear I will not dine until I see the same. The Duke of Scranton will see it done!"

Charley repeated my words to the fellow, adding the statement that King Humbert had abdicated, and that the lawful king of Italy was then on the throne.

The Duke of Scranton then moved toward the booby as if he was going to seize him, when he beat a hasty retreat. I was informed that he went into the streets frightened half to death, proclaiming the fact that a new king was on the throne, that Humbert had abdicated, and was a fugitive to parts unknown. Strange and absurd as it may appear, there were a few fools who believed the report, which reminded me of an occurrence that transpired in 1875 near my home.

A party of government engineers clad in United States army uniform were making a survey through the country. At several different points they hoisted little flags on the top of the tallest trees.

"What is the meaning of these flags?" cried a countryman, who hurried into my office panting with excitement.

"Why, is it possible that you don't know that General Grant has sold out the government to England, and that the British are now taking formal possession of the country?" I replied, looking as serious as possible.

The language used by that individual on that occasion would not sound well to refined ears, but it is a fact that every tree supporting a flag in the county was cut down in less than twenty-four hours.

I do not think that the engineers ever suspicioned the cause that prompted the mischief.

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## CHAPTER XV.

LATE on Thursday evening we visited the old Lat-eran Palace, the former residence of the Popes, but now used as a museum. It is filled with pagan relics and Christian art. Many interesting objects found in the Catacombs are on exhibition here.

Near this museum is the building containing the Scala Sancta ("Sacred Stairs"), said to be those up



which the Saviour was led to Pilate's judgment-seat. They were brought here from Jerusalem. They are twenty-eight broad, white-marble steps, ten feet in length, eighteen inches broad, the rise being five inches from one step to another. They were originally about four inches thick, but the edges are worn down to a mere shell hardly an inch thick. They are now covered with wooden slats, in order to protect them from further wear. Visitors are not permitted to walk up these stairs on their feet, but may go up on their knees. I saw a dozen women thus climbing up,—a task by no means easy to perform, and judging from the expression of their features, I concluded that no little suffering was caused by the operation. I went up by proxy, Mr. Chittenden generously consenting to act in my behalf, as well as for himself. If the skin was not peeled off of his knees, I am sure they must be very tough. There are two small, round holes about two inches in diameter, covered with thick glass, in which may be seen a dark-red stain said to be drops of Christ's blood which fell from his temples as he came down the steps with the crown of thorns on his head. Every lady who ascended the steps while I was there knelt down, kissed these spots, and moistened them with her tears. It is said that at the head of these stairs stood the prætorian hall, where the soldiers plaited the crown of thorns and placed it on the Saviour's head: "And the soldiers led him away into the hall, called Prætorium; and they called together the whole band. And they clothed him with purple, and platted a crown of thorns, and put it about his head. And they smote him on the

head with a reed, and did spit upon him, and bowing their knees worshipped him." (Mark xv. 16, 17, 19.) Then Christ was led down those steps, and as he walked down, the blood, trickling from his wounds, fell on them.

There are two other flights of stairs leading up by the side of the Scala Sancta, on which visitors are allowed to walk.

Martin Luther undertook the ascent of the Sacred Stairs on his knees, but when halfway up, he rose, and deliberately walked down. His friends excuse the irreverence by alleging that while going up he happened to think of the text, "The just shall live by faith," which caused him to walk on his feet, instead of on his knees. I have squandered several hours trying to find out what that particular text had to do with Scala Sancta. Could he not as well live by faith on his knees as on his feet? I suppose he concluded that crawling up those hard steps on his knees was not a good way to make a living. For my part, I would much rather live by faith than live with my knees on those unyielding marble slabs. The fact is, Mr. Luther's knees began to hurt; it was a bigger job than he had contracted for. The only thing I blame him for is that he did not explain wherein the text was applicable to the case.

From Scala Sancta we went to St. John Lateran. This is the church where the Popes are crowned; it was built sixteen hundred years ago. Among the relics preserved here is a small portion of the manger in which Christ was born, and the seamless coat made for

the Saviour by the Virgin, Aaron's rod, Moses' rod, and the linen cloth with which Christ wiped the feet of his apostles, the top of the table on which he and his disciples partook of the Last Supper, four bronze columns brought from Solomon's temple at Jerusalem by Titus.

"This," said our guide, placing his hand on a little square marble table, "is the identical slab on which the Jews played the game of dice for Christ's clothes."

"And when they had crucified him, they parted his garments, casting lots upon them, what every man should take." (Mark xv. 24).

"Yes," said Dick, "and they have been engaged in the clothing business ever since that day."

In the basilica of Santa Croce may be seen a small wooden panel which was brought from Jerusalem by Helena when she found the cross. It is said to be the board containing the "title" which Pilate placed on the cross while Christ was suspended on it.

Early on Friday morning we drove out to the Catacombs, travelling for a distance of two miles along the Appian Way. This famous road derives its name from Appius Claudius, who built it three hundred and twelve years before the birth of Christ. The main trunk is five hundred miles in length, and at one time it had branches extending to all parts of the Roman empire. This stupendous work was entitled to a prominent place among the wonders of the world. Mountains and hills were cut down, creeks and rivers were spanned by costly stone bridges. The road-bed was paved with huge blocks of solid stone. On each side

were constructed beautiful broad avenues, shaded with four rows of lofty trees of uniform height and size. Notwithstanding the fact that over two thousand years have elapsed since it was built, many parts of this road are now as good and as perfect as when it was first constructed.

For many centuries all traces of the Appian Way lay concealed beneath the surface of the earth. About thirty years ago the government undertook the difficult task of excavating it, which task has been to a great extent finished, and the road is now used as a public highway, under the name of "Via Appia Nova." It crosses the line of the railroad eleven miles from Rome, as you go toward Naples. This is the road on which St. Paul marched when he entered Rome as a Christian prisoner.

When we arrived at the entrance to the Catacombs, we were furnished with small wax tapers, which we were instructed to light before going in, and were also advised to be careful not to drop them or to let them be extinguished. It required no great degree of penetration to convince one of the wisdom of this advice, because if a man were to be left in this subterranean city without a light or a guide, he would never again behold the sun. We first descended a steep flight of spiral stairs for a distance of fifty feet, going down in single file, with one guide in front, each one holding a lighted taper. At length we struck a smooth-paved floor, and proceeded two or three hundred yards along a narrow aisle, not over four feet wide, the walls of which were full of long narrow niches, one above an-

other, like the shelving of a dry-goods store. Some of the niches contained human bones, which crumbled into dust when touched. Every now and then we would come to a snug little chapel cut out of the solid rock, in which were seats and a little altar, above which were images of the Saviour and the Madonna. The aisles crossed and re-crossed one another at right angles, some straight and some crooked. In ten minutes after we entered I was so completely bewildered that I could scarcely tell whether we were going from or returning to the entrance.

The guide said there were over seven hundred miles of aisles in the Catacombs. A man might be set down in the centre of a city containing seven hundred miles of streets and instructed to go to a certain named point, and he would be sure to go to every other point but the right one. Then what would a man do if left alone in this dark underground city? If I were to be caught in such a predicament, I would crawl into one of those niches and wait for my bones to dry.

The Catacombs were built by the early Christians, who not only buried their dead there, but sought safety there from pagan persecution. It is said that St. Paul and St. Peter both preached to their congregations in those little chapels. Large numbers of Christians lived in this dismal city for years, working in their shops as artisans, making salable articles, which were secretly conveyed to their friends in the city, who sold them, and with the proceeds bought food and clothing, which were conveyed to the underground workmen.

There are several points where the avenues approach

the surface of the earth ; these openings are protected by iron bars. The guide informed us that when the Christians occupied the Catacombs these openings were covered by houses in which their friends dwelt, by which means they were enabled to communicate with one another. I experienced a feeling of delightful relief when we returned to the upper world. Near the Appian Way, as we returned from the Catacombs, we stopped to inspect the little church of Santa Maria. There is nothing about the construction of this edifice worthy of notice, but an incident which is said to have transpired here lent a double interest to the spot. This is the place where St. Peter, while flying from Rome to escape death, met Christ in the road.

“Whither goest thou, O Lord?” cried Peter.

“I go to be crucified again,” was the Saviour’s reply.

The apostle being thus rebuked, immediately returned to the city, and suffered martyrdom by crucifixion.

There is a curious light-gray stone exhibited to visitors, on which plainly appears the likeness of a human foot, said to have been made by the Saviour. The print of the heel and that of the toes are deeply imbedded, while the middle of the foot can scarcely be seen ; which indicates the fact that the foot had a deep hollow. The size and length of the track showed that it was made by a small foot, such as would be perfectly comfortable in a number seven boot. If this track was not made by the Saviour, I am sure it was not my fault. I only tell the story as it was retailed to me by men who profess to be true Christians. I



make it a rule to believe everything told me by Italian priests, whose fame for veracity is coextensive with civilization and every good institution known to man.

"While my mind is on St. Peter," said Dick, "I don't wish to encumber it with common things; therefore I venture to suggest the propriety of investigating the rest of his career in Rome. I will not consent to look upon anything else until I have seen the Mamertine Prison."

The party unanimously endorsed his proposition, and away we went to the world-renowned prison. We first passed into a large, gloomy stone building, and after walking through several empty halls, the walls of which were dingy with age, we descended a long flight of stone steps, which landed us on the stone floor of a spacious room about fifteen feet below the surface of the earth. Here, in the floor, we saw a little round hole, about two feet in circumference. This, when St. Peter and St. Paul were imprisoned here, was the only entrance to the dungeon, but a low, narrow door-way has been cut on the side, which is reached by another short flight of stone steps. Passing down these steps, we found ourselves in the dismal dungeon where the apostles were incarcerated after the sentence of death had been pronounced upon them. No prisoners are ever confined here until after condemnation and sentence of death. Tradition tells us that both Peter and Paul were confined here about the same time, but the best authorities prove that Paul was executed some time before Peter.

The floor of the prison is perhaps twenty feet below

the surface of the earth, and its walls are composed of huge blocks of stone. The cell is of a circular shape, and the ceiling, which is vaulted with dark-gray stone, is only six feet above the floor. Prisoners were let down into the cell through the little round hole at the top, and their food was thrust down through the same aperture. A trap-door covered the opening so that no particle of light could enter the dungeon. Beneath the floor of the prison there is a pool or well of pure, cold water, which rises nearly up to the surface.

It is said that forty other prisoners were confined here with St. Peter, who under his preaching were converted and wished to be baptized by him. They all knelt down and prayed fervently to God for permission to receive baptism at the hands of His apostle. When they rose up, Peter struck the rock with the palm of his hand, and a large pool of water instantly appeared, in which all the converts were baptized. The best evidence of the truth of this story is the existence of the pool, which is there even until this day. I have drank water from it, and it is pure and cold.

The length of time the apostle was confined here is not known, but we do know that a man could live in such a den but a short while. Persons condemned to death by the Roman law were usually executed very soon after sentence.

“Well,” said Effie, as we emerged from the Egyptian darkness of the dungeon, and met the cheerful rays of the sun at the outer door, “they would not have to cut off my head if they were to confine me in that horrid place. I would die in ten hours.”

“Since I have seen it,” replied Miss Bell, “the mere pronouncing of the sentence of imprisonment against me would put an end to my illustrious career.”

We went direct from the Mamertine Prison to the pretty little chapel, located on the crest of a lofty hill, which marks the spot where St. Peter was crucified. The charming little edifice contains an ornamented altar, above which is an image of the apostle on the cross, with his head downward. Immediately in front of the altar stands a hollow tube ten inches in diameter, the upper end of which extends three feet above the ground, while the other is sunk a considerable distance below the surface. A barefooted monk unlocked the door, conducted us into the chapel, and with a small hollow reed thrust down through the tube, brought up a spoonful of sand. Handing it to me, he said,—

“This sand is stained with the blood of the martyred saint.”

He continued to bring up a spoonful at a time until all were supplied with their quota of the precious sand. I dare say that many a ton of it has been dipped out and sold that has been put there by him. The sand was moist and red, which he assured me was caused by Peter's blood; and he said that no matter how much he took out, the supply was not at all diminished. My faith in monks and priests is growing stronger every day.

Leaving the chapel, we drove to the church which tradition says is built on the spot formerly occupied by St. Paul's rented house, in which he lived two years.

We were conducted down a narrow staircase to a suite of rooms, consisting of three, in which, it is said, St. Paul wrote many of his Epistles. Here, also, St. Luke is said to have written the Acts of the Apostles.

Pre-eminent among all the old relics of ancient grandeur is the old Roman Forum, which we visited after leaving St. Paul's "hired house." Innumerable broken columns, falling arches, and crumbling porticos mark the spot where once stood the famous edifice. The white marble floor, most of which is yet in a perfect state of preservation, is now at least fifteen feet below the surface of the earth. Two thousand years ago it stood eight feet above the ground, and was entered by broad marble steps. I suppose the accumulation of earth resulted from the rubbish of falling houses that surrounded the Forum. You descend to the marble floor by a flight of wooden steps lately put there for the accommodation of visitors.

There is nothing to be seen in Rome that so quickly sets one's imagination to wandering as does a sight of the decaying remains of the old Forum. I felt an inclination to—and did for awhile—separate myself from the other members of the party in order that I might give free rein to my fancy. Taking a seat on one of the old broken columns, where I could survey the mournful desolation by which I was surrounded, I permitted my thoughts to run thusly :

"What tumultuous uproar is this that comes thundering upon my ears?"

"It is Titus entering the city in triumph with sixty thousand captive Jews."

"What eloquent orator is that declaiming from yonder rostrum?"

"That is Cicero denouncing Catiline and his co-conspirators."

"What furious mob is that coming in this direction like a swift-flying tornado?"

"That is Mark Antony and his friends on their way to the house of Brutus."

"What are they going there for?"

"To kill him and to burn his house because he stabbed Cæsar."

"Where are those eighty thousand excited men, women, and children hurrying to?"

"They are going to see the grandest show ever exhibited."

"What sort of a show is it?"

"Oh, it is a *fair* fight at the Coliseum between a hundred Christians and a hundred tigers; they are all to be turned into the arena at once."

"Are the Christians supplied with weapons with which to defend themselves?"

"Oh, no, not at all; that would spoil all the fun, you know. If the Christians were furnished with arms they would kill the tigers. The sport consists in seeing the tigers slaughter the Christians and lap up the blood."

"Whither goes yonder small crowd of men?"

"They are going out to see a poor old Christian nailed on the cross with his head down. I believe they call him Peter."

"What crime has he committed?"

"Oh, he has been slandering Venus and Mars. He said that they had no power to help mankind; that there was only one God, and that he would not worship any other. He boldly denounced the priests, and said that the burning of cattle and of sheep on the altars was worse than low, meddling nonsense! This was an insult to the gods which could not be forgiven. He requested to be crucified heels heavenward, and they have granted him that request. This old Christian says he has seen and talked with a God who could overthrow all the gods by blowing his breath on them."

"Well, tell me the meaning of that crowd following that tall, gray-haired man yonder?"

"That is another one of those bold men going out to have his head chopped off; they call him Paul. He threw defiance and insult into the emperor's teeth. He is a fine orator, and would have made an excellent lawyer if he had studied that profession. I believe he would convert the people to his faith with his persuasive eloquence if let alone. He has been preaching here over two years, and he has caused the gods to be viewed with contempt by a large number of people; indeed, his influence was about to produce a revolution, and the emperor was forced to have him arrested in order to stop it. He and Peter have been teaching the same one-God theory. They both told the same tale about having seen and conversed with their God, and they have succeeded in making at least three hundred thousand people believe their doctrine."

"What tall, beautiful edifice is that standing near



the river yonder, with a round body like a globe and hundreds of colossal columns supporting the immense portico?"

"That is the Pantheon, where are placed the statues of all the gods and goddesses. You ought just to see the inside of that building; it surpasses anything on the globe in the way of gorgeous beauty and architectural finish. That temple was dedicated to Mars, and is one hundred and fifty feet high. The statue of Mars is made of solid gold, so is that of Venus. The others are of bronze and marble. The length of that portico is one hundred and ten feet; it is forty-four feet deep, and those huge columns are made of slabs of Oriental granite forty-two feet long, and every one consists of a single piece. This wonderful temple was built by Agrippa. You will observe one curious feature connected with that grandest of all buildings; it has no windows whatever. The light is introduced by means of a circular opening in the dome. Sometimes the Tiber rises very high, then the basement is overflowed by the water to a great depth."

"I see a vast multitude of people rapidly moving along toward yon immense circular-shaped building; what is the meaning of it?"

"Oh, they are merely going to the circus to see the chariot-races. That is the circus of Maximus, a place capable of seating one hundred and fifty thousand people. I dare say it will be full to-day, because some of the crack teams and champion drivers are booked for this occasion. The emperor was buying pools heavily yesterday; indeed, everybody is wild with ex-

citement. The contest lies between eight teams that have never been defeated, one of which belongs to the emperor, and on which it is believed he has bet over a million scudi. I should not like to be the driver of that team, because if he doesn't win the race the emperor is sure to have his head chopped off."

"How many rounds do they run?"

"Sixteen to-day, though twelve is the usual number. That circus stands on the very identical spot where the Romans seized the Sabine women. All the young ladies had been especially invited to witness the performance, and just as the show closed every man captured a girl and carried her by force to his house."

The above-mentioned thoughts constitute a very small portion of the same sort that came trooping across the upper floor of my fancy-castle. The truth must be told if the heavens fall. I had leaned back against an old standing arch and dozed comfortably away into dreamland.

I was suddenly brought back to the prosy realities of life by the voice of Dick, who stood on a marble rostrum above me, while the other members of the party were arranged in a semicircle before me.

"Friends, Romans, countrymen," cried Dick, "hear me for my cause, and be silent that ye may hear. Black-faced treason is on the rampage; the glorious Roman eagle, whose wings have often skimmed the sea and scraped the sky, is now threatened with assassination. That eagle whose broad-spreading pinions have overshadowed the world, dimmed the rays of the sun, and put out the moon is now in danger of destruction.

Yes, my countrymen, this proud bird is threatened with death from a source where he had a right to expect protection. A foul conspiracy has been planned for his destruction by an accursed class of hell-deserving traitors, led and headed by a grand arch-demon. I am here, my countrymen, to scotch this poisonous reptile, to defeat the aim of this foul, deformed, soulless monster. I come here for the purpose of publicly denouncing this double-faced traitor. Who is the miserable wretch that heads this foul, this matricidal plot?"

Then Dick paused for a moment, twisting his comical features into a sarcastic grin, while unutterable contempt and loathing seemed to mask his face and eyes. Pointing his long, slim finger at me, he hissed through his clinched teeth,—

"As Nathan said unto David, thou art the man, I say unto you, my countrymen, there is Catiline leaning against that old arch there, pretending to be asleep, while he is planning the destruction of the Roman eagle."

Uproarious laughter and loud clapping of hands greeted Dick as he sprang down to receive the congratulations of the party.

"The Court decides that Dick shall at once take his place at the head of the class," said the Judge, "and that the colonel shall go to the foot."

Dick's famous speech was delivered from the very spot where Cicero pronounced his scathing oration against Catiline, and I am satisfied the eloquence of the great Roman orator would have been stale and flat compared with that of Dick's.

"Come!" said Charley; "dis bees all dem stuff, no better dan simplicity, nohow. We better had go see St. de Paul's Church nor bees acting no 'count nonsense here."

I thought this a sensible suggestion, though awkwardly expressed, therefore requested the ladies to take seats in the carriages, and off we went, dashing over the smooth pavements of the Appian Way toward St. Paul's Church. This splendid edifice is two miles from the outer walls of Rome. There is nothing remarkably grand or interesting about it, only it contains half of the body of St. Peter and half of that of St. Paul. After having paid the tribute of our tears to that portion of their bodies preserved in St. Peter's Church, we begged them to excuse us, as we had no supply of tears on hand to bestow on those fragments in St. Paul's. They very kindly consented to excuse us.

As we entered the door of St. Paul's Church I was considerably startled—or, more accurately speaking, frightened—by a man who shook in my face a little square wooden box, which emitted a strange clattering noise. I started to run, believing, as I did, that the man was trying to blow me up with an infernal machine, but Dick caught my arm and said,—

"Don't be alarmed, colonel, there is no danger; that is nothing but a contribution-box."

"Then why did he shake it in my face?" I inquired.

"He was merely trying to attract your attention," was the reply.

I started to move on, when the box-holder cut off

my retreat by a flank movement, and again rattled the box in my face. I took the hint, dropped a sou into it, and went away without further molestation from him. But I had scarcely walked a dozen paces before another man rattled a box at my nose. Dropping a sou in it, I walked on. Every ten paces I met a man who thrust a box at my nose. Each one shook his box so as to make the coppers rattle, merely to attract the attention of visitors. Begging seems to be the order of the day in Rome. In fact, it is the most unanimous amusement indulged in by Italians. They have got the profession reduced to a most perfect system. The priests set the example, and plan the campaign for the people to execute.

As compared with St. Peter's, St. Paul's Church is an insignificant little concern, which only cost forty millions of dollars, not counting the hundred huge marble columns donated to it by rich noblemen. Either one of the columns cost enough to build a first-class brick school-house. Speaking of school-houses reminds me of the melancholy fact that there are more than a hundred thousand people in the city of Rome who can neither read nor write.

No sooner had we emerged from the church than we were beset by an army of beggars of every imaginable description. The blind, the crippled, the deformed, the old, the young, men, women, and children pressed round us, making the most urgent appeals for help. Some would sing, while others cried; some would dance, while others would turn somersaults on the pavement, each one demanding pay for the performance.

"Where is your husband?" Charley inquired of an old woman who begged him for a sou.

"I got hungry,—killed and ate him," was her prompt answer.

"Give her a sou for me!" cried Effie.

"Me too," said Miss Bell.

Departing from St. Paul's Church we began an inspection of the numerous aqueducts that two thousand years ago conveyed water to the city. Hundreds of decaying fragments of these stupendous works may be seen, both inside and outside of the city. There are two of those ancient aqueducts still bringing water into the city, just as they did before the Christian era. They are beyond all doubt the grandest works to be seen in the city. They consist of tall brick or stone arches, on top of which is built the channel through which a river runs, depositing its water in the heart of the city. The Claudian aqueduct is forty miles in length, and formerly deposited eight hundred thousand tons of water into the city daily. Large portions of this old aqueduct are still standing; indeed, fragments of all of them may be seen on every hand.



## CHAPTER XVI.

THOSE who like to look on repulsive objects should not fail to visit the Capuchin Monastery at Rome. We were met at the entrance by a smiling monk whose long, gaunt body was encircled with a dark-brown gown, and his feet were perfectly bare. Without ceremony he took command of the party, conducting us down a long narrow flight of stone steps which landed us on the dirt floor of an immense hall cut up into innumerable little stalls about fifteen feet square, the plastered walls of which were curiously decorated with human bones. An elegant cornice was made by a double row of jaw-bones, fitting one against the other, as we often see scroll-work made of stucco. They were screwed on to the wall with the teeth outward, making what Charley pronounced a "grinning cornice." The body of the walls was ornamented with various devices composed of all sorts of human bones. Large crosses and sharp-pointed stars were constructed of vertebræ nailed to the wall and bordered with finger- and toe-nails. Shapely pyramids were built with human skulls, their eyeless sockets and toothless jaws facing outward. A beautiful necklace made of kneecaps hung on a nail. The ceiling was adorned with bas-reliefs constructed of finger-joints and toe-nails. Vast quantities of leg-bones and thigh-bones were stacked up like cord-wood. Each room contained a

bed on which lay a skeleton clad in gown and cowl, while a horrible grin seemed to linger about the fleshless cheeks and the empty sockets. A few skeletons, dressed in monkish robes, were fastened in a standing posture against the walls like grim sentinels, guarding the bones of their deceased brothers.

After satisfying myself with the curiosities of the monastery, I leaned my body against the wall and fell into a thoughtful revery, which, for the time being, lifted my mind out of the present and carried it back to the epoch when Nero was emperor. My left hand, on which remains only one whole finger (the other three having been overtaken by a bullet one day while I was hunting a safe place), was hanging down by my side. All of a sudden a pretty little blue-eyed girl seized my only whole finger and tried to break it off, to carry home as a relic, having mistaken me for a mummy. At first I paid no attention to her; indeed, my mind was on distant objects that had existed twenty centuries ago.

"La! mamma! this is a brand-new mummy," exclaimed the little lady, as she made a vigorous effort to twist my finger off.

I now for the first time turned my head and looked down at the young relic-hunter, when she instantly fled.

"Oh, mamma," she cried, "that mummy is alive; I saw its head move."

The whole crowd, who had been intently watching the operation, now burst into loud laughter. If the ladies invented this joke they indeed deserve credit, for it was a complete success.







The Master that mercy is also  
I saw we were all





"Colonel," said the Judge, "the Court would at once sentence you to the foot of the class, were it not for the fact that you already occupy that ignominious position."

No second invitation was required to hurry the brigade out of that repulsive bone-yard.

From the monastery we went to the Coliseum.

"Well, did you ever!" cried Effie, as we halted in front of this grand old ruin.

Miss Bell and Miss Stevenson made their usual replies to this remark, which I have so often mentioned.

"Walk right this way, ladies and gentlemen," cried Dick, as he clambered up the crumbling wall and took up a position where the first tier of seats used to be. "Hurry up! the performance will soon begin. We earnestly request the audience to remain seated, and to maintain perfect silence while the show is going on. Our entertainment will begin this morning with a free fight between one hundred Christians and a like number of royal Bengal tigers. His Royal Highness, the most noble emperor, whose heart is overflowed with tenderness and mercy, has generously consented to grant an unconditional pardon to all Christians who shall survive this combat. In order to avoid a panic among the spectators, we deem it proper to inform the audience that the tigers are now confined in cages beneath the floor, and that when the signal is given they will all be thrown up into the arena at once. This, if not understood, might frighten ladies and children. The Christians will first be led into the arena, and then, by means of an ingeniously-constructed machine,

all the animals will be precipitated on the floor at once, coming up through the trap doors."

"It is the order of the Court," said the Judge, "that this rigmarole of nonsense be immediately stopped. Charley and Mr. Chittenden are hereby appointed my special deputies to execute this order."

Then the two deputies began to bombard Dick with fragments of brick, forcing him to take shelter behind a broken arch.

I was truly glad when Dick was silenced, because I felt an inclination to exercise my thoughts instead of my tongue. The gloomy grandeur of this decaying old relic of Roman magnificence, with its falling arches, broken columns, crumbling walls, and vacant seats, inspires the beholder with an inclination to set the wings of his imagination to work. At any rate, this was the sentiment that found lodgment in my mind when first I beheld it. I did not try to put a check to my wandering fancy, but gave it unlimited freedom, and allowed it to go back and mingle with those who occupied seats in the Coliseum eighteen hundred years ago.

I saw eighty thousand people, sitting on those seats, intently gazing toward the centre of the arena, where a dozen men were sprinkling the floor with sand. Every now and then the loud roar of a lion and the angry growl of a tiger greeted my ears. Next I saw a company of eighty men march into the arena in double file; their wrists were manacled with handcuffs, which four men proceeded to take off. The eighty men slowly marched three times around the arena, then

halted near the centre, when all of them fell on their knees, raised their hands and eyes toward heaven, and prayed aloud. I heard them ask God to forgive and convert the eighty thousand people who were present. Then the vast crowd hissed, laughed, and clapped their hands.

I heard a group of ladies talking; one of them said,—

“They are praying to their strange God, but He is not able to save them.”

“If they had offered sacrifices to Jupiter,” replied another, “they would not have been in this situation.”

“No, I dare say not; but it is said that they have often spoken of Jupiter in terms of supreme contempt.”

“Yes, I have heard things of that sort myself. People who dare to mention the name of our gods with disrespect ought to die. The truth is, I have made up my mind to come here every day when any of these horrid Christians are to be slain.”

“Look! look!” cried one of the ladies. “They are about to open the show!”

Then I saw all the managers go out of the ring, closing the heavy iron doors behind them, and leaving the Christians standing in line. Their faces, which were quite pale, were turned toward heaven, while I could see their lips moving as if engaged in prayer. All of a sudden a loud rumbling noise was heard under the floor, sounding like a railway train crossing an iron bridge; then innumerable trap-doors flew open, when up sprang fifty tigers and thirty lions. The animals at first seemed to be greatly frightened, and all huddled

together on the east side of the arena, at the same time causing the whole house to tremble with their hideous roaring. I suppose five minutes had elapsed before the animals began to disperse, walking round at the edge of the arena as if they were searching for means of escape. At length a huge lion—the largest of the gang—began to eye the Christians as slowly and cautiously he went toward them. He reminded me of a cat slipping toward a mouse, for he crawled along on his belly, all the time keeping his glaring eyes fixed on the men. When he came within ten feet of them, he made a tremendous leap forward, and buried his long claws in a man's neck. In an instant the victim's flesh was torn into fragments. A dozen Christians sprang upon the lion, vainly hoping to save their brother's life. The rest of the animals, who had been quietly watching all the while, now dashed forward, making a united attack upon the men. Screams and groans rent the air; quivering flesh flew on every side; smoking blood ran in large streams along the ground; fleshless bones lay scattered thick on the floor; tigers growled and lapped up human gore; lions roared, and the shouts of eighty thousand men, women, and children rent the air. The whole audience rose to their feet, screaming and gesticulating with wild excitement. Ten minutes more, and the seats were all empty; the audience had dispersed, and no sound broke the stillness except the occasional growl of a tiger who gnawed on a man's thigh-bone, or the snarling of a couple of lions who quarreled over a pool of blood, which each one claimed by right of pre-emption.

If I have not seen and heard all these things, it is merely because I was not there at the right time. They certainly did occur. If you do not believe it, go ask Cicero and Cæsar; they will tell you all about it.

While Cicero was governor of one of the Roman provinces, fifty-two years before the birth of Christ, his friend Cælius wrote to him thus: "I have spoken to you in almost all my letters about the panthers. It will be disgraceful to you that Patiscus has sent ten panthers to Curio, while you have scarcely sent a greater number to me." Now, that was really a shocking outrage that Cicero should have so shamefully disgraced himself by letting Patiscus beat him in catching panthers.

Cicero, however, puts up a pretty fair excuse in his reply: "I have given particular orders about the panthers to those who are in the habit of hunting them; but they are surprisingly scarce." I guess the last year's panther crop had failed to turn out as well as they had expected.

When a school-boy, I had been taught to believe that Cicero was closely related to the angels, and that he was an inspired orator who daily partook of ambrosial food. Little did I think of him as a hunter of panthers and tigers to be sent to Rome to tear the flesh and gnaw the bones of his fellow-men.

Our modern theatre-builders might learn a valuable lesson by visiting the old Coliseum. It was so constructed that an audience of eighty thousand people could get out in five minutes. A hundred and sixty broad flights of stairs led from the seats to as many



doors opening on the streets. There were a hundred and sixty different compartments, reached by the same number of stairways. Each seat was plainly numbered, as was each one of the compartments; so that no one could possibly fail to find his seat after he had purchased his ticket. A spacious subterranean road, walled with stone on the sides, and vaulted with the same material, led from the menagerie where the animals were kept and fed to a large amphitheatre under the floor of the Coliseum. The cages were so arranged beneath the arena that the animals could be instantly thrown up on the floor when required.

I first walked round on the outside of the Coliseum, a distance of nearly a third of a mile; then I went on top and walked round. The outside of the wall is composed of travertine, while the inside is made of brick. On one side the wall appears to be unbroken, and is one hundred and fifty feet high. The other side has crumbled away until it is not half so high as the unbroken one. In some places, where it is not exposed, I saw traces of the ornamental bas-relief work which adorned the walls. This served to convey a faint idea of the gorgeous manner in which the interior had originally been finished. All the scroll-work and the exquisite carvings were heavily gilded, so that when lighted at night, it would look like a solid mass of burnished gold.

All those highly-colored descriptions of naval battles, said to have been fought in the Coliseum, have no other foundation to rest on than the extravagant imagination of those who wrote them. If the whole Tiber were



turned into the arena, it would not supply enough water to support a fourth-rate sea-fight. I think, however, they had boat-races on small canals running round the edge of the arena, just as they do at colleges now, where men pay large sums of money to have their sons taught to play draw poker and handle boat-oars.

The Coliseum was finished and opened for business by Titus, in A.D. 72, when the show continued for one hundred days, during which time fifty thousand Jews were killed, and eleven thousand wild animals, such as lions, tigers, and panthers. That was only an average of five hundred Jews a day, a rather slow way of getting rid of them, though the weather was very unfavorable, and the Coliseum not covered. But for the inclemency of the weather and other unavoidable causes, they would have despatched another fifty thousand.

The Coliseum is constructed in an elliptical shape, with three ranges of elegant open arcades. Each tier contained thirty arches, supported by three different sorts of columns, displaying as many different orders of architecture,—the Doric, the Ionic, and the Corinthian. Twenty-six of the lower arches, which were exclusively reserved for the emperor, were ornamented in a most magnificent style. A subterranean avenue led from these arches to the emperor's palace, so that he could pass in and out without coming in contact with the vulgar crowd. On the ground floor were numerous shops, taverns, restaurants, stables, cloak-rooms, and refreshment-stands, which were entered from the outside. A wide colonnade extended round

the east side for the accommodation of carriages and drivers.

There is nothing to be seen in Rome that makes such a deep impression on the mind as a sight of this wonderful monument of her ancient grandeur. It is a decaying image of tyrannical injustice, a living proof of God's displeasure, a melancholy relic of departed glory, a solitary sign of fallen greatness, a link that connects one thought with four millions of people who lived eighteen hundred years ago,—people whose bones have long ago crumbled into dust.

As I sat on the crumbling walls and gazed at the eighty thousand vacant seats, my mind fell into a melancholy reverie. Not a sound of any sort rose to break the dreadful silence. The solemnity of death hung about the falling ruins. The very air seemed to stand still. The lizards and scorpions crept among the rubbish, while many little birds hopped and skipped from leaning arch to broken column, without venturing to disturb the silence with their wonted song. A few half-starved goats quietly browsed on the short grass in the arena. I was in hopes that one of them would break the painful silence with a familiar bleat, but in that I was disappointed. Even Dick had subsided into a reflective mood, and sat on top of a lofty arch, leaning, half asleep, against a pile of rubbish.

It is enough to fill the soul with sad reflections to sit on one of the vacant seats of this vast amphitheatre, and muster before his mind the bloody tragedies that for three hundred years were enacted on the ground before him. It has a tendency to fill one's heart with

a feeling of detestation against everybody and everything connected with ancient Rome. If the curse of God is not plainly manifested here, I am sure no evidence of His displeasure can be found on earth.

Nothing now remains of Nero's golden house, save a few prostrate columns, fallen arches, and a vast pile of rubbish. When we speak of Nero's golden house, let it be remembered that it covered an area of near twenty acres of ground, with a portico over a half a mile in length. Heavy assessments were made on all the people throughout the empire to raise money to build this stupendous structure. The citizens were impoverished, slaves toiled under the lash, neighboring nations were robbed and plundered, in order that this fiddling tyrant might boast of having the grandest palace in the world. I thank God that He has at last punished the wicked Nero as he deserved.

The sun was wellnigh through his daily journey, though he was giving the Palatine Hill a scorching farewell, when we visited it. This historical hill was the classical headquarters of the civilized world two thousand years ago; now, it is nothing but a broad field of rubbish, a desert of broken bricks and marble fragments, except Nero's judgment-seat and the prisoners' dock, which are yet standing, just as they were when St. Paul was tried and condemned. A broad square space is enclosed by heavy marble railing and banisters. This was the room occupied by the lawyers and the officers, while the prisoners' dock is to the right of the judgment-seat.

"Right here," said the guide, as he took a stand in

the dock, "is the very spot where St. Paul stood when the sentence of death was pronounced upon him."

Of course, each member of the party, one after another, took a stand on the sacred spot. If I have not stood on the very place where the illustrious apostle did when listening to his death-sentence, a deceptive fraud has been perpetrated upon me.

The paved road leading up the Palatine Hill is smooth and unbroken. It is covered with basalt, known to have been placed there two thousand five hundred years ago. At the foot of the hill stands a pretty little grotto, all covered over with verdant vines, and on the inside a brisk stream of clear, cold water gushes out through the mouth of a marble lion. A short distance above this grotto the ruins of Cæsar's palace were pointed out to us. Nothing is left, though, to give one an idea of its shape or size. The hill contains several subterranean avenues leading from one palace to another. They are walled and vaulted with huge blocks of stone, on which appear the names of many famous men who lived before the Christian era.

Of all the frauds of which Rome can boast, the Tarpeian Rock is the greatest. History tells us that malefactors were dashed to pieces by being pitched from the top of that lofty rock. An infant could roll down from the top without endangering its life. It is alleged that most of the Tarpeian Rock has been cut away for building purposes, and that the accumulation of rubbish from fallen houses has raised the surface of the earth considerably, so as apparently to diminish its height. The famous rock is now enclosed in a private

garden, the soil round the base being covered with potato vines, and growing corn. I politely requested the landlord to allow me to chisel off a piece of the stone for a relic. He at once made me a present of the whole concern, and insisted that I should take it away immediately. I thoughtlessly promised to do so, but the railroad authorities allow but sixty pounds of baggage to each passenger. I think the rock would weigh more than sixty pounds; though, it is mine, and I can prove it.

The Bath of Caracalla may be classed with the Coliseum in point of massiveness and ruined magnificence. The building covered an area of one million two hundred thousand square feet. It surpasses the Coliseum in point of gorgeousness of decoration. The entire floor is mosaic, beautifully colored in many different styles, representing all sorts of shapes and figures. The largest piece of marble I could find in the floor was only one inch square, while the average size would not exceed half an inch. The most wonderful thing connected with it is that these little scraps of marble are so firmly fastened down with some sort of cement that they have withstood the storms of twenty centuries, and the tramp of millions of people, and yet their beauty and smoothness is unchanged and uninjured. I noticed in many places where large fragments of the vaulted roof, weighing hundreds of tons, had fallen down on the floor, and yet the surface of the mosaic was unbroken. One part of the vast amphitheatre was arranged like a modern theatre, with rows of seats circling round a large reservoir,



so that thousands of spectators could sit and see the bathers disporting in the water. There were different compartments for hot and cold water bathing, apparatus for heating the water, leaden pipes to convey the water to the different rooms. Niches were built in the wall, to hold the garments of the bathers, where they were deposited, and checks given to the owners, as is done by hotels in these days.

On Saturday evening we enjoyed a most delightful drive out to the Villa Borghese, situated three miles from the city; it is said to be one of the prettiest in the vicinity of Rome. It is approached by a smooth, beautiful road shaded with lofty elm-trees. Charming fields of rare flowers and sparkling fountains contribute their share of beauty to the lovely scenery. All the vast marble halls are covered with costly paintings by the old masters and hundreds of elegant statues executed by the most famous sculptors.

It is in one of the rooms of this villa where may be seen the white marble statue of Pauline, the sister of the First Napoleon, said to be the best model of feminine beauty extant. It is here that Pauline appeared before the artist, day after day, clad in the style of Mother Eve, thus enabling him to win the prize offered for the most perfect Venus. The image reclines on a marble couch, where thousands of visitors constantly throng to feast their eyes on this wonderful model of artistic skill.

On our way back to the city we stopped on the Capitoline Hill to view the historical spot where, two thousand years ago, the fate of neighboring nations was



discussed and their destruction sometimes decreed. There is nothing remaining here to remind one of Rome's ancient glory except faint traces of ruined temples, fallen monuments, and crumbling walls. The very spot where Cæsar fell by assassination was pointed out to us. The ground is now occupied by a vegetable-market, where thousands of women and children quarrel and haggle over the price of beans, potatoes, and cabbage.

We visited the Hall of Justice, as it is called, which in our country would be the supreme courthouse. This is the highest court of Italy, composed of seven judges, whose decisions are final on all questions. In this room stands the famous statue of Pompey the Great, at the base of which Julius Cæsar fell and expired. Pompey forgot to take his clothes with him when he went to have his image made; at least such is the conclusion forced on one's mind, because they are not represented. The statue is of white marble, nine feet high, representing Pompey standing erect on a small flat pedestal. On the calf of his left leg is a dark-red stain, said to have been made by the blood of Julius Cæsar. I tried to rub it off, but failed. If it is Cæsar's blood it was of the sticking sort, such as would make excellent glue.

A large pile of rubbish and a few prostrated columns mark the spot where Mark Antony delivered his famous oration over the body of Cæsar, which so effectually inflamed the minds of the people as to induce them to make a funeral pile out of benches and rostrums.

The Arch of Constantine, built A.D. 311, is perhaps the best-preserved arch in Rome. It is constructed of colossal blocks of marble, and is one hundred and seventy-six feet high.

Portions of many of the old pagan temples are yet standing. The remaining ruins of the temple of Mars, Faustina, Concord, Jupiter, and Venus, consist of broken columns and mounds of mixed rubbish.

I am tired of ruins. If I am not myself a first-class ruin the ladies have wilfully misrepresented the facts. They have written me down as a ruined institution.

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## CHAPTER XVII.

NAPLES, July 6, 1883.

NAPLES is the largest, the prettiest, and, beyond all question, the filthiest city in Italy. It is pretty only when viewed from a distance. When you are in the streets you cannot see the city for the army of beggars that constantly swarm round you. If you wish to preserve a pleasant recollection of Naples, keep away from it. If you cannot get your consent to stay away from it, I advise you to charter a fresh whirlwind and ride it through the city, so as to avoid annihilation from the stifling odors that fill the streets. An ingenious inventor could make a fortune here if he would invent some plan to materialize the atmosphere and sell it as a first-class fertilizer.

The exquisite beauty of the Bay of Naples has never been, nor ever will be, so described as to convey to the mind a correct idea of its real charm. There is a peculiar dark-blue color that tinges the surface of the waters of the Mediterranean entirely different from any other sea or ocean, and I think this charming color is considerably deepened at this point by the reflection of Vesuvius, and the azure hills that rise back of the city. The bay has the shape of a vast amphitheatre, curving round at the base of Vesuvius on the left, and a lofty range of villa-covered hills on the right, while the city extends round near the water's edge for a distance of five miles. The romantic little island of Ischia, with its dark-blue outline, may be seen far away to the right, while Capri, with its strong battlements, stands boldly up on the left. The fresh sea-breeze that constantly sweeps in from the bay has an invigorating influence, if you can meet it out of the city, but the salt cannot save it after it gets in.

Our hotel fronts the bay. I do not know how many stories high it is, but my room is a little below the crater on Vesuvius. Dick says that "the moon will have to go round the hotel, as there is not room for it to pass between the top of the house and the stars." Such an article as an elevator is not often seen at continental hotels. Immediately after dinner, yesterday evening, I started up to my room, and managed to reach it by a reasonable bedtime.

I have been hungry ever since I came into Italy, and would willingly give a ten-dollar bill for an old-fashioned meal of American style. I have not tasted

a bite of warm bread since I have been on the Continent, nor have I ever rose from a dinner-table without feeling hungry. They have a plan by which they can fill the stomach without appeasing the appetite. A roll of Italian bread is as hard as any flint. I would bring a roll of it home as a relic, but the statute of my State prohibits the carrying of deadly weapons.

"Oh, my!" exclaimed Miss Bell, the other day, at breakfast; "I would give anything for a hot biscuit."

"The owner of a bushel of hot biscuits could bankrupt the brigade," replied Dick, as he vainly tried to break a roll of Italian bread. "Waiter, have you got a broadaxe handy?" he inquired, as a boy approached him. "If you have, I would be under lasting obligations to you if you would loan it to me a moment; I want to cut this roll of bread in two."

"No talkee me Englishee. No axe de broadlee mit de hotelee."

"Are you a living gorilla, or are you an irreconcilable antagonism?"

"No standee under Englishee me."

"Under the circumstances I excuse you," returned Dick.

We arrived here Monday evening, in time to obtain a cursory view of the city by an extensive carriage-drive through the streets and suburbs; thence three miles out to Virgil's tomb, which is situated on a lofty hill overlooking the bay. The house enclosing the tomb is octagonal in shape, and about twenty feet in diameter. It stands on the spot where Virgil composed many of his poems. After shedding enough

tears over the tomb to satisfy the vanity of any reasonable-minded poet, we were told that his bones had been removed, and that no living man knew where they were. But we know his soul is in heaven, for Dante said he saw him there.

On Tuesday morning, at an early hour, we set out toward the buried city of Pompeii, to see a sight about which I had done more thinking than I had about any other object in Italy ; and, I believe, such had been the case with every member of our party. I had read many a book containing a description of this remarkable wonder, all of which served to increase my desire to see it with my own eyes. For a distance of five miles the line of our route ran in a semicircular curve round the edge of the bay, then turned to the left, skirting the base of Mount Vesuvius.

It is no exaggeration to say that while travelling the first five miles of our journey we met twenty-five thousand people, all hurrying along at break-neck speed, cursing, yelling, singing, shouting ; men, women, and naked children crowded on carts, wagons, buggies, carriages, tramway-cars, and every imaginable sort of conveyance. It was no uncommon thing to see a husband, wife, and ten children perched high on top of a cart-load of household furniture, all drawn by a donkey not much larger than a Texas rabbit ; indeed, you may frequently see one of those patient little animals carrying a whole family on its back. I have seen as many as twenty-five lazy men crowded on one wagon, which was drawn by one little donkey. The Italians abuse and torture these poor little creatures in a most

shocking manner. If old Vesuvius would toss a light shower of hot ashes on those heartless scamps she would win my most profound respect by the operation. My experience in life has taught me never to trust a man who cruelly treats his horse. If you register such a man's name on your list of first-class rascals you are sure to make no mistake. He is as mean as the man who on Christmas eve gave each one of his children twenty-five cents, stole it from them at night while they slept, and whipped them next morning for losing it. The horse is the noblest animal that walks the earth, and the most serviceable. The man who would wantonly abuse him is not only a rascal, but he is a petty tyrant, who would whip his wife, rob a graveyard, steal a sheep, and hate his mother-in-law.

A large majority of the business of Naples is transacted on the streets. Donkeys, cows, and horses are fed on the sidewalks; washing, ironing, cooking, and all sorts of domestic labor is performed in the streets. Naked children, dogs, and beggars sleep together on the pavements; fruit-peddlers, shoemakers, blacksmiths, gamblers, musicians, fortune-tellers, quack-doctors, and stonecutters, all ply their avocations on the pavement. The gutters are filled with soapsuds, cabbage-leaves, dead rats, rotten fruit, potato-peels, chicken-feathers, beef-bones, scraps of leather, and mouldy straw, all seething in the hot rays of the sun, and emitting an effluvium strong enough to stifle an American mule. I was, indeed, glad when we got out of this horrible den of filth to where we could breathe the fresh salt breeze that came briskly up from the sea.



We arrived at Pompeii before noon, and ordered luncheon to be prepared for us at the Hotel Diomedes. Our party was taken charge of by a local guide who spoke English perfectly. The numerous descriptions I had read of buried Pompeii had led me to believe that I would find the streets considerably below the surface of the earth; but, on the contrary, I found an uninhabited city situated on an elevated plateau, with streets perfectly clean, and no signs of rubbish anywhere near it. All the *débris* has been carted away and deposited on the lowlands, some distance from the town. We were first conducted through the sea-gate, near which stands the sentry-box where was found the skeleton of a soldier clad in a full suit of armor. The box stands there as it did when the sentinel died at his post. It is constructed of stone, and is large enough to hold only one person.

On the right of the street, near the gate, stands the museum, containing a collection of curious relics found in the houses by the excavators. In a large glass case is preserved the skeleton of a woman who was found in Diomede's house, and who is supposed to have been his daughter. A valuable necklace, bracelets, a gold chain, and several finger-rings were found with the skeleton. One of the rings still remains on her finger. It is a small gold circlet similar to those worn by ladies at the present day. I noticed a place where it had held a setting of some sort, but it had disappeared. All sorts of jewels have been found here, most of which resemble those now manufactured by jewellers. An iron money-box not unlike a modern safe is on exhibition

here. It is made of wrought iron, very thick, and dotted all over with strong bolts which have heads on the outside and are riveted on the inside. An experienced burglar could not break open the box in ten hours with a sledge-hammer. On this box was found lying the skeleton of a man with a sack of money clutched in his hand. He had lost his life while vainly trying to save his money.

"I admire his courage, but not his judgment," said Dick. "His money would have been safer in that box than anywhere else."

The museum contained an assortment of cooking-vessels, knives, forks, spoons, lamps filled with oil, panes of window-glass taken from Diomedes's house, bottles of wine and olive oil, carriage-wheels, corn-mills, wooden pails, trays containing wheat-dough, skeletons of dogs, hogs, and chickens. I saw a case of surgical instruments, some of which were in all respects such as are now in use by the profession. A roll of manuscript was found in the house of the Tragic Poet, a portion of which has been separated so that the writing could be read. The skeletons were all found encased in complete moulds made by the mud and the ashes, which formed a hard cement. By removing the skeletons, and filling the moulds with plaster of Paris, a complete model of the person could be made. They have a perfect model of a well-formed woman in the museum, lying face downward, with her face resting on her hands as if trying to protect it from the suffocating heat.

After satisfying ourselves with the innumerable

curiosities exhibited in the museum we bent our course up a slanting hill for a distance of two hundred yards, walking in a narrow street not over ten feet wide. On reaching the top, a sight then burst on my view which I am very sure I can never forget. A large, beautiful city without inhabitants stood before me, silent, gloomy, and dead; empty streets on whose pavements no sound of human tread is heard. No clatter of hoof or rattle of wheels resounds through her deserted squares. The hearty laugh, the merry song, the sweet prattle of children have long, long ago ceased to echo through her tenantless chambers. The very silence of death broods over this gloomy field of desolation. It is an empty tomb, an open grave, the sight of which chains the mind to thoughts of death and of human weakness. The reflective mind will be sure to give the loose rein to the imagination, and let it mingle with the people who inhabited Pompeii twenty centuries ago.

It will not require any very great flight of fancy to put us down in Pompeii on a balmy night, 24th of August, A.D. 79; therefore let us make the trip.

"Agreed," says Imagination.

"Presto, change!" replies Fancy; and here we are.

#### SCENE I.

[*Enter* DIOMEDE and TRAGIC POET.]

POET. What's the time of day?

DIOMEDE. Half past seven by my dial. Whither goest thou, my good friend?

POET. To the great theatre, of course. Knowest

thou not that Marcus Nassallena hath just arrived with his troupe of famous gladiators?

DIOMEDE. It grieveth me sorely that I cannot witness this grand performance, but my daughter's illness keeps me at home to-night.

POET. Dost not thou think the weather unusually warm this evening?

DIOMEDE. Indeed is it! I like not the action of La Somma to-night. She has been angry all day, and methinks she is getting worse every moment. See what a vast column of fire shoots up from her crest.

POET. Oh, that is nothing worthy of notice; she will be as quiet as a lamb by morning. What noise is that? Methinks 'tis a nuptial song.

DIOMEDE. Thou art correct, my friend. This is, indeed, a merry evening for Pompeii,—three weddings, two grand balls, two theatres in full blast, Jupiter's festival at the temple, grand opening of Diana's temple, and oration at the Forum, by Aufideus. The whole population seems to be wild with joy, and bent on having a gay night of it.

POET. Good-evening, my friend. 'Tis time for the performance to begin, so I must hurry on.

[*Exit* POET. *Curtain falls.*]

## SCENE II.

*House of Diomede; beautiful fountain playing in open court in front; Diomede, Madame Diomede, and three daughters grouped round fountain.* [*Enter* POET.]

DIOMEDE. Whither away now, good friend? Why didst thou quit the theatre?

POET. The house is over-crowded. Five thousand tickets sold ; atmosphere suffocating. I only remained to witness one act ; two young gladiators killed, three mortally wounded,—all worshippers of this new God they call Christ. They cannot fight at all ; indeed, they did not make an effort to defend themselves. They say their religion does not allow them to shed human blood. They were all the time calling on their new God to help them, instead of helping themselves. The whole show was a disgusting farce. They call themselves “Christians,” and say they are not at all afraid to die. And, to be candid with you, I do not believe they fear death a particle. They were furnished with good weapons, but refused to use them, and just stood stock-still, and suffered themselves to be cut to pieces without an effort to defend themselves.

DIOMEDE. Hark ! What dreadful noise is that ?

POET. It is La Somma ; she is becoming really angry.

DIOMEDE. What is in the atmosphere that causes it to pain the lungs when we breathe it ?

POET. There is a cloud of very fine ashes falling on the city ; I noticed it while I was in the theatre. The top, thou knowest, is not covered, and the heads of the spectators were strewn with fine gray ashes. The ladies and the children were constantly using their fans, and complaining of suffocation. Great Jupiter, defend us ! for I believe I shall die if I have to inhale these ashes much longer. The heat is increasing, and so is the shower of falling ashes. Look ! Look yonder ! I see fire falling on the Forum !

DIOMEDE. Hark, friend! Methinks I hear a lady scream. Didst thou not hear it?

POET. Oh, blessed Juno! protect us! it is raining fire on the theatre. Hark! Dost thou hear those awful screams? See! the people are all running out!

DIOMEDE. To the altar! Quick! Tell the priests to offer sacrifice to Jupiter without stint. Slay the fattest bull, and offer the whole to the angry Jupiter!

POET. Oh, this is dreadful! it is horrible! What in the name of Bacchus is that rattling on the house-tops?

DIOMEDE. It is red-hot rocks which La Somma is throwing on the city. Look! look! the fiery storm is coming this way. Come! let us hurry in, or we shall be burned to death.

[*Exit DIOMEDE, family, and POET. Enter a score of women with infants in their arms, and children following; screams of despair float wildly through the streets. Noise like distant thunder falls heavily on the ears. Streams of red fire pour incessantly on the streets. Horses dash wildly in every direction, maddened by the falling fire. Carriages and wagons rumble over the rocky roads, loaded with screaming women and children. Dark clouds of hot ashes, mingled with steaming mud, pour a deluge on the ground. Dead children begin to block up the streets. Frightened horses trample women to death. Men fly towards the sea. Death with rapid strides walks about the doomed city, rejoicing at the rich harvest he is in the act of reaping. Hissing lumps of red-hot pumice-stones fall as thick as hail all over the town. Groans, curses,*



and loud wails ring through the streets. Doors are closed to shut out the fumes of the raging hell that invades the town. Streets begin to fill up with hot mud, pumice-stones, and ashes, so that no person can move along them. The earth trembles, darkness prevails, sulphuric steam hisses, and the groans of the dying men and women mingle with the dreadful sounds.]

## SCENE III.

[Morning sun rises bright and clear, but Pompeii is gone. No balls, no weddings, no theatres, no festivals, no Christians being killed in the arena, no city to be seen; nothing in sight but a sea of smoking mud and ashes; no vestige of the gay city where the sounds of revelry were heard twelve short hours ago; no flashing lights blazing down on beautiful faces of ladies, who glide through the mazes of the dance as they did last night. The grave has been dug; the dead city is buried in it. The earth is heaped on the coffin, the funeral procession has gone away, and all is over!]

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CHAPTER XVIII.

I HAVE at last found the Wandering Jew, an individual about whom so much has been said and written, and one whom I have always desired to see. The officers who are superintending the excavations at Pompeii have been trying to make me believe he is crazy,

but I am convinced that they are prompted by envy to slander him because of his superior knowledge. They are not satisfied with charging him with being crazy, but they say he is a drunken beggar and a wandering tramp. The guide here says he is a real ghost, and advises me to have nothing to do with him; but well do I know that disembodied spirits cannot eat ham, eggs, and Italian bread as I have seen him do. A ghost could not make an impression on a loaf of such bread as we are fed on here. Nothing but first-class masticating instruments propelled by physical strength can accomplish that task.

My Wandering Jew agreed that if I would purchase for him six boiled eggs, a slice of ham, a loaf of bread, and a bottle of wine, he would show me the wonders of the buried city more effectually than a dozen government guides could do. I concluded to make the investment, and by so doing I went contrary to the advice of my companions. The landlord refused to allow me to bring my Jew into his house, declaring that his hotel was not a lunatic asylum. The peasantry shun and fear my companion as they would a poisonous serpent, some of them really believing that he is a phantom. These superstitious fears have been engendered by his peculiar habit of wandering among the crumbling ruins of Pompeii by nights, looking more like a ghost than a man. His nose alone would make money on an American stage. It has a semicircular shape, bulging out in the middle like the hump on a camel's back, while the lower end curves under like a hawk's bill, apparently making an effort to cover his mouth. He has

all the characteristics of the ancient race of Jews,—coal-black eyes, which are always moving with a restless look, deeply sunk in their sockets, pale, thin face, little mouth, big ears, thin lips, snow-white hair twenty inches long, a tall, thin body slightly crooked at the shoulders, and a regular graveyard tone of voice. So far as the invention of lies is concerned, my Wandering Jew could beat Falstaff and Gulliver both put together. He has often been seen on moonlight nights gliding about among the deserted ruins of Pompeii, but no one knew from whence he came, how he subsisted, or whither he went when he disappeared. I saw boys who were ready to swear that they had seen him sink into the ground before their eyes, while others declared that they had seen him go straight through a thick stone wall.

But I very well knew that these hobgoblin stories were merely the opinions of shallow-witted children who had been frightened half to death by my Jew. He says he was nineteen hundred and thirty-one years old the 4th day of last August. He told me in strict confidence that he was the veritable Wandering Jew about whom so many lies have been written; says he is a true Christian now, and that he has become pretty well reconciled to his fate, and is by no means the despairing wretch that he has been represented to be; denies that he struck Christ, as has been charged, but admits that he has committed a great crime, for which he has been severely punished. He says that the blessed Redeemer has pardoned his sins, and that he has only one more visit to make to Jerusalem,—at

the end of the present century,—when his wanderings will cease, and he be permitted to die and be buried among his people in the Holy Land. Then with the sleeve of his tattered coat he wiped the tears from his eyes and asked me to buy him another bottle of wine, which I instantly did. He drank it all as fast as he could swallow it, smacked his thin lips, and grinned with delight.

“For what crime did the Saviour make a perpetual tramp of you?” I inquired.

“I was dealing in gents’ furnishing goods at Jerusalem; and when Christ was marching out to be crucified, He was carrying the cross on His shoulder. It was very heavy, and when He came near my shop He stopped to rest, letting the end of the cross stand on my door-step. I grew angry and ordered Him to MOVE ON.

“As He rose to depart, He cast on me a reproachful look that I never could forget were I to live ten thousand years. It pierced me to the very centre of my soul. The blood was trickling from His brow and temples where the sharp thorns had pricked His flesh. A ghastly wound had been made on His cheek where one of Pontius Pilate’s soldiers had smote him with a reed. Some of His blood fell on the steps of my door, and my conscience tortured me every time I looked at it. I used sand and water in a vain effort to remove the bloody stain, but could not scrub it out. I could not keep my eyes off of the fatal spot. A perfect hell of torment began to flame in my breast, and sleep was impossible. I closed my doors and fled to the wilder-

ness, and from that day to this have been a vagabond and a wandering tramp. For five hundred years that unquenchable fire flamed in my bosom, and yet I could not die. I went to Rome, to Naples, and to Pompeii, mingling with strangers, vainly seeking relief from the tortures of a guilty conscience. At the end of every hundred years I returned to Jerusalem, hoping to be permitted to die among my people. But an irresistible influence always led me to the shop where my crime was committed, and there was that bloody spot still clinging to the stone step. At last I fell on my knees and earnestly begged Christ to pardon me. Week after week, year after year, I continued to beg for mercy. Near the end of the sixth century after Christ was crucified, when I had been praying every day for a hundred years, a feeling of exquisite joy came upon me; the flaming hell departed from my breast. I returned to Jerusalem, and lo! the bloody spot was gone, since which time I have been comparatively happy, though the disposition to wander is still with me. I was here when Pompeii was destroyed, and intended to have perished with the inhabitants, but when the red-hot stones began to fall, some invisible friend drove me out of the city. I was well acquainted with the citizens of Pompeii,—order me another bottle of wine, and then I will show you the wonders of the buried city. I can tell you more in an hour about Pompeii than that guide could tell you in a month.”

I, of course, bought the wine, which he quickly despatched. Now, discarding all jokes, I wish the reader to understand that this story is not all fiction. My

old winebibber was a half-crazy Jewish tramp who made a living off tourists by his eccentricities and his impudence. I found him valuable, though, for he knew more about the ruined city than any other guide; so I chartered him, and have never had cause to regret it. It was very evident to my mind that he had once possessed a superior intellect which had been partially destroyed by wine. I found his company very agreeable, but rather costly. He demanded no money, but he had to be fed every hour, and wine as often.

"Now," said my Jew, as he swallowed the last of the third bottle of wine, "if you will follow me, I'll show you the greatest curiosity to be seen in this place."

Without an instant's pause I followed him. He conducted me to a large square stone building, containing two spacious apartments. In the middle of one of the rooms stood a little square marble altar.

"This," said my crazy guide, "is the altar where the oracles were heard to foretell coming events, and to reveal the secrets of the past. Now, there is, of course, nothing at all interesting to see about the altar, unless you commence in the right place; therefore I must ask you to go with me into the other room."

I then went with him, as requested, when he showed me a very small, secret passage, by means of which a person could go down through the floor and come up under the altar and do the talking, so as to deceive the spectators by making them believe the heathen deities were revealing the unchangeable decrees of fate.

"This idiotic local guide," said my Jew, "will tell you that this is nothing more than an ordinary sacri-



ficial altar ; but if you will be so good as to go back into the other room and take your stand near that altar, I will convince you of the correctness of my theory."

According to his instructions, I took up a position near the altar in the other room, when I heard the following words uttered in a sepulchral tone which sounded as though it were fifty feet under ground :

"When Job's coffin shall face the north star, the lion shall lie down in peace with the lamb ; then shall Colonel F. be inspired with power to write a sensible book ; but if the lion shall devour the lamb, and Job's coffin turn away from the north star, then shall the aforesaid colonel triumphantly succeed in making a display of his ignorance."

My Jew had heard my companions calling me "Colonel," and had also learned from them that I was preparing for publication a history of my travels. I was by this time fully convinced that he had more method in his madness than had Hamlet.

"Now, sir," said he, as he crawled out of his hiding-place, "have I not convinced you that this is not an ordinary sacrificial altar ? The priests who operated this establishment coined money by deceiving the superstitious people. They always spoke in such ambiguous terms that it was impossible to catch them in a lie."

My Wandering Jew, like an old clock, had to be wound up very often. I think he ran down every hour while I was with him at Pompeii, and nothing short of a quart bottle of wine could set his machinery in motion again. Nevertheless, I managed to keep him moving most of the time. The expenses were great, it

is true, but his services were greater. He is the identical individual who interpreted the mysterious inscription found engraved on a marble slab exhumed from the lowest depths of buried Pompeii. Here is the story, as it was told to me :

About thirty years ago one of the laborers employed by the government, while digging among the ruins, found a long flat marble slab on which appeared certain carved letters in an unknown language. Greek and Latin scholars in vain tried to translate the mysterious words. Letters were sent to Rome asking the government to send its best scholars to Pompeii, in order that this vexed question might be settled. Scores of the most learned men came, but none of them were able to translate the strange sentences. Copies were despatched to all Oriental nations, in charge of reliable agents, with instructions to ask the assistance of those governments in unravelling this wonderful secret ; but after the useless expenditure of much money and labor, each nation declared itself unable to make any sense out of it. A copy was sent to London, to be compared with the Egyptian hieroglyphics in the British Museum, by which means, it was thought, some clue to the secret might be obtained. All the wise men of England became deeply interested in the vexatious question, and ransacked all the old manuscripts in the museum and the tower in the vain hope of finding a key to the secret ; but all met with the same result, which was signal failure.

After all hopes of ever being able to unravel the great secret had died away, my Wandering Jew was

one day seen gazing intently at the old slab. After looking at it for thirty minutes, he burst into a fit of convulsive laughter, and began to prance round as if overwhelmed with joy. His strange conduct attracted the attention of a large crowd of Roman scholars who had been fretting themselves half to death over the mysterious characters.

"Can you read those characters?" demanded an eminent professor who had been endeavoring to interpret them.

"Certainly I can," replied my Jew. "It is the easiest thing in the world. Here is precisely what it says,—

"*O man, blow thou thine own horn; because, O man, if thou dost not blow thine own horn, no man will blow thine horn for thee. Ergo, if thou blowest not thine own horn, it will not be blown at all.*" This inscription," continued the Wandering Jew, "is made in a peculiar language, which was never in common use by any nation or tribe. It consists of certain characters and dots invented by Moses and Joshua, to enable them to communicate with their spies without letting their enemies get an idea of their military movements. If a spy got captured and the despatches fell into the enemy's hands, they gave him no information."

I think I can truthfully say that no man ever visited Pompeii who got a more complete idea of its hidden mysteries and wonderful curiosities than I did, though it cost me dearly. I had to wind up my guide eleven times before I got through with my investigations, which cost me an average of one dollar per wind.

The streets are very narrow, the widest being about twenty feet. They are paved with huge blocks of lava, twelve by eighteen inches square, on which may be seen ruts cut by carriage-wheels, at least four inches deep, clearly showing that they were used for many centuries before the destruction of the city. The sidewalks are only four feet wide, leaving only twelve feet of carriage-way in the widest street. The houses have no roofs, though the walls are sound and unbroken, affording the visitors a correct idea of the appearance they presented when occupied, twenty centuries ago.

After seeing the paintings, statuary, household and kitchen furniture, table-ware, jewelry, carriage-wheels, corn-mills, baker-shops, prisons, theatres, temples, altars, fountains, cisterns, halls of justice, Forum, school-houses, dwelling-houses, surgical instruments, rolls of bread, sun-dials, oil-mills, baths, and a thousand other wonderful things, we are enabled to form a pretty correct idea of the habits and the manners of the people who dwelt there when the city was destroyed. It would seem as if we could almost divine their thoughts; in fact, we can understand their religious views and make a pretty sure guess at the rest.

While wandering through these deserted streets it was difficult to realize the fact that they had been uninhabited for eighteen hundred and four years. It is a very easy thing to say "eighteen hundred years," but when we come to ask ourselves the question, "What has happened during that time?" it begins to make us appreciate the vastness that might be comprehended in the answer given. Pompeii was buried fourteen hun-

dred and thirteen years before Columbus discovered the American Continent, fourteen hundred and thirty years before Shakespeare was born, and sixteen hundred and ninety-seven years before the American Revolution. There are now in the United States fifty millions of people, not one of whom lived when the American Revolution broke out, and yet Pompeii was destroyed over seventeen hundred years before any one of them was born.

While my thoughts were running in that particular channel, I requested my Wandering Jew to ascertain by accurate calculation, and let me know, how many people had lived and died on the earth since Pompeii was buried. He borrowed my pencil and a sheet of paper, and instantly began the work, which he accomplished to my entire satisfaction.

"You will observe," said he, as he handed me the paper, "that I base my calculation on the idea that three generations hand in their checks every hundred years; hence, eighteen hundred and four years gives us fifty-two generations, with a liberal fraction over, which I throw in for good measure. I estimate one whole generation at eight hundred millions, not counting Indians and government contractors. Then, you see, I multiply the entire population by the number of generations, which gives us the following accurate result: 416,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 $\frac{3}{4}$ ."

I hope that the reader will understand that the above statement is not sworn to, as I have not had time to revise it. I know it cost me a bottle of wine, for my old Jew was run down, and had to be wined up as



soon as he finished it. I accused him of exaggeration, and charged him with adding too many ciphers, when he proposed to verify his calculation, but I could not spare the time, as I was bent on making a thorough investigation of the wonders of Pompeii. After wine-ing him up well, I ordered him to show me the Temple of Venus, which he did without a moment's delay. This is one of the grandest structures to be found in the city. It is located on an elevated plateau overlooking the rest of the city, and is encircled by a broad portico, supported by forty-eight beautiful marble columns of the Corinthian style. In this temple was found a magnificent statue of the goddess, admitted to be equal in point of beauty to anything of the sort in existence. In front stands the handsome altar on which floral offerings were made to the goddess.

From this temple we went to the old Forum, toward which most of the streets of Pompeii converge, clearly showing that it was the business headquarters of the town, just as Wall Street is in New York. On three sides it has a spacious portico adorned with immense Doric columns. The building is five hundred and thirty feet in length by one hundred and twelve wide. The walls are scribbled over with unintelligible characters, just as we often see on public buildings of the present age. The house is shaped very much like the Stock Exchange at New York.

The old prison has innumerable dark and dismal-looking cells. The excavators found several skeletons here with shackles on their limbs, showing they were prisoners when the storm of fire destroyed the town.



On the walls of one of the public buildings was found the following inscription :

"The gladiatorial troupe of Suettius will fight at Pompeii on the last day of May. There will be a chase of wild beasts, and awnings to protect spectators from the sun."

How does this compare with advertisements of the present day ?

"The Mary Anderson troupe will play 'Ingomar' at Pompeii on the last day of May. New scenery and handsome drop-curtain painted by Maverena Carrabolena."

When we come to investigate things very closely, we find there is not very much difference, after all.

Prominent among the curiosities to be seen in Pompeii is the basilica, rendered more interesting on account of the amount of scribbling done on its walls by people who lived before the Christian era. One of the inscriptions has the writer's name attached to it,—Pumidius, who scratched his name there in B.C. 79, just one hundred and fifty-eight years before the destruction of the city.

It was with feelings of the deepest interest that we sauntered through the vast semicircular arena of the grand theatre, because we know that it was filled with thousands of spectators when the storm of hot stones and ashes began to fall on the doomed city. The stage in many respects resembles those in modern theatres, and the groove arranged to admit the rise and fall of the curtain may be seen there yet. A recess made for the orchestra appears on one side, near the stage, while

the tiers of seats were arranged one above another, precisely as we see them at the present day in all theatres. All the seats were plainly numbered and laid off into different divisions, each compartment being reached by an aisle about four feet wide. Near the top, far above the other five tiers of seats, is situated the women's gallery.

In one respect the Italians have not changed since the destruction of Pompeii. They treat women as inferior beings now as they did twenty-five hundred years ago. Most of the agricultural labor is performed by females, while the men enjoy themselves drinking wine and beer, and sleeping in the shade.

The small theatre at Pompeii is very like the other; it could seat only fifteen hundred persons. It is shaped very much like, and is about the size of, Niblo's Garden Theatre. The marble seats remain now as they did before the destruction of the city.

The soldiers' barracks has mess-rooms, guard-rooms, officers' quarters, armory, and various other conveniences not unlike modern buildings erected for the same purposes. Sixty-three skeletons were exhumed from under the floor of this building, also many implements of war, such as were used by military men twenty centuries ago.

Near the small theatre we saw the Sculptor's House, in which were found the implements of his trade, such as saws, compasses, hammers, chisels, squares, and mallets. I am sure there is scarcely a particle of difference between the size, shape, and appearance of those tools, and such as are used by sculptors in these days.

In the Temple of Isis was found the skeleton of a man with an axe lying by his side, with which it is believed he vainly tried to cut his way out of the house. He was a priest, whose duty it was to prepare and place the sacrifices on the altar. I suppose he relied on his pagan deity to save him, but, finding that individual unable to stop the fiery shower, he resorted to other means when it was too late. Judging from the axe-marks on the wall, I concluded that he had done some vigorous work before he surrendered. Madame Isis ought not to have abandoned her priest in his hour of peril. He relied on her, and she failed to answer the call.

A majority of the houses are floored with mosaic; some of them are elegantly finished and adorned with the pictures of birds and animals wrought in them. The images are made by inserting little square blocks of different colored marble, which looks as bright and fresh as if fabricated yesterday. And above all other wonder to me was the fresh brightness of the colors of the frescos on the walls. Some of the pictures are uninjured, while others have partially disappeared.

Judging from the shape and size of the houses, the elegance of their finish, the costly mosaics, fine paintings and statuary, splendidly-carved columns, beautiful fountains, gorgeously-finished temples, well-paved streets, spacious gardens, and splendid baths, I was convinced that Pompeii was a most beautiful city and inhabited by a wealthy population who possessed good sense, ingenuity, and excellent taste. The guide says they have fifteen laborers constantly at work on the

excavations ; but that was probably false. They have fifteen men hired to sleep, and they were diligently performing that important duty all the time I was there. If the archangel will not blow his last trump before the end of the next ten thousand years, they may perhaps finish the excavation with the present force by that time. During the last two years they have exhumed the skeleton of two dogs, one rooster, and a small one-legged Venus, and have stumbled against the bones of a donkey. If the skeleton of that animal ever sees the light, it is my opinion reinforcements will have to be called in.

The fate that befell Sodom and Gomorrah was precisely that which destroyed Pompeii and Herculaneum. The two former cities were destroyed by fire and brimstone on account of the wickedness of their people ; the two latter were overwhelmed with fire and brimstone for reasons not explicitly stated. Vesuvius never fails to send up a reasonable supply of brimstone, when she becomes angry, and always mixes it with her fire, when she concludes to overthrow a town. The pumice-stones that rained down on Pompeii and Herculaneum are exactly like those found at Sodom and Gomorrah. If any one should set out to find a reason why God concluded to destroy Pompeii, let him look at the grand theatre, where five thousand people were watching pagan gladiators killing one another, or shouting with joy while a lion or a tiger gnawed the flesh from the bones of a Christian, at the very moment when the fiery storm began. If this is not reason enough, let him get permission to visit that portion of the city

which is not shown to the public generally. This will make him wonder why the destruction was so long delayed. Sodom and Gomorrah were destroyed three thousand eight hundred years ago, and they will no doubt be exhumed some day, just as Pompeii has already been. Those two cities were not submerged by the waters of the Dead Sea, as has been generally believed. De Sauley, after thorough examination of the premises, says that the sites of Sodom and Gomorrah are on the west shore of the Dead Sea, where he found extensive ruins at the side of the mountain of Usdum ; and about a mile and a half farther to the northwest he found other ruins. Large quantities of lava, pumice-stones, and sulphur are found in these localities. Any one who will take the trouble to make an investigation will certainly become convinced that the awful fate of Pompeii was in no respect different from that of Sodom and Gomorrah.

There is one noticeable feature about the destruction of Pompeii which I do not remember to have read about. The deluge of fire and ashes was confined to the city limits, or nearly so. It extended but a very short distance outside of the walls, so that when the *débris* was carted away, it left the city high on an elevated plateau, instead of below the surface of the earth around it. Toward the end of the third century another city was built on top of the *débris* which covered Pompeii. This new city was destroyed in A.D. 471 in precisely the same way Pompeii had been three hundred and ninety-two years before ; consequently, Pompeii was doubly buried. Yet it seems remarkably



strange that it should have remained for nearly eighteen hundred years undiscovered. Suppose Boston or Cincinnati were to be buried in the same way Pompeii was. Some enterprising speculator would have a high picket-fence round the premises in less than a month's time, with an advertisement over the entrance-gate something like this :

“Wonderful exhibition! Buried city exhumed! Fifteen hundred skeletons found! Furniture, jewels, and pictures in perfect state of preservation! Admission, 50 cents; children, half price. A liberal deduction will be made in favor of public schools and churches. Doors open from 9 A.M. to 6 P.M. Members of the press and ministers free.

“RODERICK DODSON, *Ticket Agent.*”

After giving my Wandering Jew a fresh winding up, I directed him to show me Diomedé's villa, which he proceeded to do at once. Having read Bulwer's “Last Days of Pompeii,” I felt deeply interested in everything connected with his splendid descriptions. After an exhaustive examination of the villa, I concluded not to attempt a description of it. I could not do it without trespassing on territory long ago pre-empted by the famous novelist.

A charming villa, situated a short distance from the town, supposed to have been the property of Cicero, is undoubtedly one of the greatest curiosities to be seen here. A fish-pond occupied a central court surrounded by numerous halls paved with mosaic, while the walls



are literally covered with elegant paintings looking fresh and bright. It seems to me that Cicero might have enjoyed life better here at this handsome villa than he did while catching panthers for his friend Cælius.

I was not aware of the fact that eighteen hundred years ago fruit was preserved in glass jars just as we do it now, but, nevertheless, it is a fact. There is a street here named Dried Fruit Street, where were found large quantities of fruits of all kinds preserved in glass cans.

We visited a baker's shop, where were found all the implements of his trade. The oven, ash-pit, dough-troughs, containing flour and dough, were in a perfect state of preservation. A loaf of bread, stamped with the baker's name, was found here. The letters on the roll, translated into English, read thus: "This is Caius Glunicius's loaf." The stamp with which the letters were made is in the museum. It looks very much like the branding-irons used in the present age.

"That is the same sort of hard bread with which Italian hotel-keepers are now feeding their guests," said I, as I examined the Pompeii specimen.

"Yes," said my old Jew, as he gave a comical wink with his left eye. "Do you remember anything that is shaped exactly like that loaf of bread?"

"It is precisely the shape of a donkey's jaw-bone," I replied.

"Just so; you have guessed correctly. I have been unjustly accused of irreverence because I said that Samson killed the Philistines with a roll of Italian bread. These people are killing Yankees with the same sort of weapons every day now. The Philistines,

in speaking of Italian bread, always called it ‘ Donkey-jaw bread ;’ and when Samson broke so many of their skulls with a loaf of it, the rumor went abroad that he had killed them with the jaw-bone of an ass. What better weapon would any one want than a loaf of Italian bread? It is a two-edged sword that cuts both ways. Let a man eat it, and it kills him ; but if you are in a hurry, and cannot wait for the slow demise from ruined digestion, just break his head with a roll of it, and move on to your next man.”

I severely reprimanded my Jew for alluding to scriptural incidents in terms of so much levity. He appeared to be deeply grieved at my displeasure, and promised never to repeat the offence.

There are on exhibition many fine bronze statues that were exhumed here, among which is one of Apollo, particularly worthy of notice. He is in the act of sacrificing Niobe and her children.

The manner in which the mechanics and the artisans advertised their business is ludicrous as well as peculiar. A surgeon hoists a painted sign representing himself in the act of amputating a patient’s leg or arm ; a dentist is seen pulling a tooth ; a barber, shaving his customer ; a tailor, sewing on a garment ; a carpenter, pushing a saw ; a painter, handling his brush and easel, and so forth.

One of the principal highways is called the Street of Fortune, because an immense amount of fine jewels were found in it, among which may be seen costly silver vases, bells, and buckles exactly like those manufactured in modern times. Inkstands, silver spoons, scis-

sors, pastry-moulds, locks, hinges,—in fact, innumerable articles of nearly every sort were unearthed here. The corn-mill with its stone runners stands just as it did when Pompeii was doomed. The mill was run by donkey-power, and the bones of the donkeys were found in the mill-house, showing that they were at work when the fiery deluge fell. Fishing-nets completely whole were found. In a drug-store were discovered a box of pills and a roll of medicine ready to be put up.

It is impossible for one to wander through the streets of Pompeii without feeling as if he were walking in the midst of a population then living. To see their houses, fountains, furniture, tools, pictures, statues, shops, mills, and other articles of domestic use, makes us feel as if we were face to face with the inhabitants. The truth is, my imagination did more work while I was in Pompeii than it ever before did in six months.

There is a public fountain here, walled up about three feet high, forming a large basin, into which water was conveyed by leaden pipes, which still remain in their places. Near the place where the water spouted into the pool the stone has been worn down at least three inches by the hands of people who bent over to drink the water. How many millions of hands must have rested there in order to wear such a deep trough in a solid rock!

This unmistakably proves that the fountain had been built there many centuries before the destruction of the city. There was no Mount Vesuvius near Pompeii when that town was buried; there was

nothing but a small round hill, not more than one-third as high as Mount Vesuvius, which was covered with magnificent villas belonging to wealthy Romans, who resorted there to enjoy the delightful summer air. A small crater from which no great amount of lava ever came existed; it was called La Somma. The present lofty Mount Vesuvius has been built up by the lava that was from time to time cast up. There must be a vast empty space from whence all that material came. It is my opinion that Naples sits on a mere shell of earth. She may stand until doomsday, but I would rather pitch my tent a little farther away from Vesuvius.

Among the curiosities preserved in the museum is a theatre ticket, such as was used at the grand theatre at Pompeii.

We spent but a short while at Herculaneum on our return from Pompeii. The town has been rebuilt, hence nothing of its wonders can be seen except such as are in a small museum.

Pompeii was discovered long before Herculaneum. It is said that an innkeeper undertook to dig a hole to set up his sign-post, when his spade struck the dome of the grand old Forum. The hole not being deep enough, he began another, when he hit Jupiter's Temple. Being determined to make the hole deep enough for his sign-post, he picked a hole through the dome, and found a buried city.

## CHAPTER XIX.

EARLY on the morning of the 4th we boarded a snug little yacht and set sail for the historic island of Capri, where we arrived after a delightful ride of three hours. The scenery that burst on the view on every side as we swiftly glided over the dark-blue waters of the Mediterranean was incomparably grand and picturesque. On the left, with a field-glass, we could get an unobstructed view of Vesuvius, which appeared to be not over a mile away. We were told that an eruption was daily expected, which was evidenced by the increased volume of steam that constantly escaped from the crater, as well as by the ominous rumblings that often made the earth tremble.

The crater, as viewed from the deck of the yacht, looked indescribably grand. A straight column of white steam rose perpendicularly to the clouds, while at an interval of every three minutes a bright red flame of fire would shoot high above the cone, then suddenly disappear. At night, from my window, I could see the huge, round, red flame much more distinctly than it could be seen in daylight.

Naples, as seen from a distance of two miles, presents a picture of beauty that pen cannot well describe, nor the skill of an artist accurately paint. I would much rather see it from a distance than smell it from the streets.

Our yacht halted close to the famous blue grotto, in order to afford the passengers an opportunity of visiting it. The entrance being only three feet high and five feet wide, we were instructed to stoop very low, lest our heads might hurt the rocks. We were carried through the small door in diminutive boats, only three persons to each one. I hesitate not to pronounce this grotto one of the strangest curiosities I have beheld since I came to Italy. No sooner had we passed through the little door than the usual exclamations of wonder were uttered by the ladies.

"Well, did you ever!" cried Effie.

"No, never," cried Miss Bell.

"Hardly ever," remarked Miss Stevenson.

"I don't care if I never do," said Dick.

"It is wonderful," dryly remarked the Judge.

"Very remarkable," replied Chittenden.

"I bets de wine dot it don't can be beat," exclaims Charley.

The water inside the grotto, although the same as that outside, is as different from it in appearance as a cloud is different from a clear sky. I suppose it is the reflection cast from the high-vaulted roof that tinges the water its light-azure hue. I am sure I never beheld a color more beautiful. The water was perfectly transparent, so that small fish could be distinctly seen at a distance of forty feet below the surface; indeed, any little object cast into the water would be magnified into a double size. The grotto covered a space of about two hundred feet square, the roof seemingly about thirty feet high. On one side of the wall was a



large niche, looking like the altar in the Temple of Jupiter at Pompeii, on which stood a man clad in white garments, resembling a ghost more than any living creature. He was proposing to leap into the water and dive twenty feet below the surface for a certain-named consideration. I held up a franc, which I distinctly offered him on condition that he would reconsider his proposition and not jump in. No sooner had he seen the franc than in he plunged, making a noise like the report of artillery. As soon as he returned to the surface he demanded my franc, pretending to have understood me to say I would give it to see him leap in. I paid the franc, but shall endeavor to profit by the lesson.

It is but a short distance from this grotto to the Rock of Tiberius, a lofty crag that rises perpendicularly out of the water to a height of seven hundred feet. It is said that the Emperor Tiberius utilized this rock by pitching his enemies from its lofty crest. It seems to me he took upon himself unnecessary trouble by bringing his enemies here to kill them, when he might have despatched them nearer home. If I had been there at the time, I would have rented my Tarpeian Rock to him at reasonable rates. Many a sentimental poet has sung about this rock, and the famous blue grotto.

When we arrived at Capri, we found an excellent Fourth-of-July collation prepared for us at the hotel. Innumerable toasts were drunk, and several sky-scraping speeches made, conspicuous among which was the one delivered by the author, in response to the

toast proposed by the Judge,—“The United States of America.” I paralyzed the audience at the start with my wonderful outburst of eloquence. In point of fact, I petrified them, enchanted them, and overwhelmed them by the spontaneous flow of patriotic sentiments which I discharged at them. I expatiated on the telephone, the telegraph, the steamboat, the railroad, the Constitution, describing them as the lawful product of American brain and American enterprise in terms of burning eloquence. I soared high above common things, and would have achieved a grand success but for Dick’s uncontrollable wit.

“Look at these downtrodden women of Italy,” said I; “see them trudging along under the scorching rays of a July sun, carrying loads that would break a donkey’s back. Who ever saw such a sight under the proud wing of the American eagle? A woman is the apple of the American’s eye; a woman is an American’s queen; a woman is an American’s alpha and omega; she is his triumphant conqueror, his dictator, his enchanter; in point of fact, she is his—er—er—er. His—er. Ladies and gentlemen, you all know that she is—er—er—er. Ah, hem! She is his—er—er. I was about to observe that—er—that—er—”

“That the villain still pursued her!” cried Dick.

The spell was broken; I was effectually quashed, floored; and amid loud shouts of laughter I retired from the stand.

A toast to the memory of Garibaldi was responded to by a veteran soldier who had fought with him in most of his battles. He spoke in the Italian language,

which was translated into English by Charley. The veteran's speech was nearly as good as mine, and the final wind-up much better. Take it all in all, we had a real good time at Capri.

The little island, though very small, contains a population of five thousand. The climate is delightful, and thousands of Roman citizens used to resort here to enjoy its health-giving qualities. The Emperor Augustus resided here many years. Tiberius owned a villa here, where he spent much of his time, while he amused himself by pitching men from the top of the lofty rock. The island is a little over nine miles in circumference. Olives, grapes, and other fruits grow here abundantly, while red coral is sold by the inhabitants nearly as cheaply as wheat.

I had heard that Capri was famous for the beauty of its women, and I am now convinced that her title to that distinction is unquestionably good. Hundreds of pretty black-eyed maidens, with long curly black hair, tall, shapely forms, and olive complexions, mingled with our party, offering coral and grapes for sale. Dick was captured by a charming lass, who succeeded in selling all her stock of coral to him; and I believe she could have sold him a ton if she had had it on hand. He offered her five francs for a kiss, but she said that Clankylinky would not like it. I did not learn who Clankylinky was, but supposed he was her lover.

We took leave of this romantic island at four P.M., and landed at Naples at six o'clock. A ludicrous farce was enacted by the revenue-officer when we stepped

off of the boat. Each member of the party had purchased a few trifling articles, such as coral, olive-wood, caskets, paper-cutters, and so forth. An officer commanded Dick, Chittenden, and I to march to his office, which we did. I thought that some grave crime was about to be charged against us. Locks and keys, chains, handcuffs, iron doors, and dismal dungeons passed in rapid review before my bewildered mind. What on earth have we done? Has Dick been putting up some of his nonsensical jobs on anybody? Has he insulted that pretty girl at Capri? Maybe Chittenden has committed some offence? All these questions intruded themselves on my mind. When we reached the office, we were handed over to a grim, old, hook-nosed Italian, who muttered half a dozen unintelligible sentences. But I thought he said, "Away to prison with them!" In that respect I was mistaken. Our baggage was examined, and the enormous sum of five cents demanded as import duties on the cargo of goods we had brought from Capri,—not five cents apiece, but the whole invoice was charged with but five cents. We paid the exorbitant levy, and rejoined our companions, who were sorely frightened about our doubtful fate.

When we got in sight of our hotel we were delighted to see the Stars and Stripes gracefully floating from a staff at the top. Three long, loud, hearty cheers then rent the air. When an American is travelling among strangers in a foreign land, nothing will more quickly make his heart leap with joy than a sight of his country's flag. The truth is, the American flag in itself

presents a more beautiful appearance than that of any other I have yet seen, leaving patriotic partiality out of the question.

We found another Fourth of July dinner awaiting us at the hotel, while the dining-room was handsomely adorned with innumerable little flags surrounding the American eagle. Italians can, when they try, beat the world in beautifying everything,—and, as to hospitality, they cannot be beat. Some of their customs I do not admire,—their bread I do not like, and their mode of preparing food does not suit my taste; but they mean well, and I appreciate and give them credit for their good intentions.

We managed to eat two Fourth-of-July dinners, while we astonished the citizens with a sort of eloquence entirely new to them. I think that toward the close of the day the conversation and the speeches sounded a little fuddled. We did not get drunk, though. We went to bed before the drunk came on.

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## CHAPTER XX.

### ASCENT OF MOUNT VESUVIUS.

THE sun rose in a cloudless sky on the morning of the 5th of July, greatly to the joy of the brigade that had fixed on that day to make the ascent of Mount Vesuvius. We had been told that it was unsafe to

approach near to the crater in stormy weather, especially when the volcano was threatening an eruption, as was the case at that time ; consequently, we were delighted to find the indications favorable.

Three open carriages had been engaged to start with the party at seven o'clock, but it was eight before we got off. On arriving at the base of the mountain the teams were doubled, and the ascent began, the procession moving along at the rate of three miles an hour over a smooth, gravelled road, which wound and twisted about among vast streams of lava, romantic crags, and deep ravines. The road is so built that the up grade is not very steep, but regular and easy. The distance actually travelled is perhaps five or six times greater than that of an air-line. From the base to the cone the soil is rich and alluvial, and that portion not covered with lava is thickly dotted with trees, flowers, grass, and wild clover.

I have read innumerable descriptions of the ascent of Mount Vesuvius, and nearly all of them have exaggerated the difficulties attending it. The most delicate lady might accomplish the journey without the slightest inconvenience. It is tedious, but by no means fatiguing. We were carried up with as much ease and comfort as if we had been travelling on a level road. The superb grandeur of the scenery was of such a character as to make us forget everything else, except the army of beggars who swarmed round us on every side. These proved to be the most intolerable nuisance that any one ever encountered. Vast crowds of men, women, and children marched for miles up the mountain, clamor-



ing, screaming, and crying for help. Several little half-naked boys trotted along by our carriage, every now and then turning a somersault on the hard rocks, and demanding a sou for each exhibition. A dozen women, bare-headed, bare-footed, with long black dishevelled hair streaming down their backs, marched at least four miles in the hot sun, persistently begging for help. In their arms some of them carried sickly-looking infants, whose sore eyes were besieged by myriads of flies. We gave them a few francs, hoping to get rid of them, but our generosity seemed only to encourage them. We requested Charley to offer them a certain sum of money to go back and let us alone, but no, they positively refused to leave us. We were advised not to give them any money, or to pay any attention to them, but the advice came too late. Finally, a handsome young man took a stick, drove the whole crowd away, and took his position by the side of our carriage as a volunteer guide. We, of course, felt grateful to him, and gave him to understand as much by bows and smiles, accompanied with half a dozen sous. Alas! that was a fatal mistake. My barque was then launched on a dangerous sea, as the sequel showed. He proved to be the most artful strategist I ever met. He laid his plans deliberately, and executed them with a skill surpassing that of the most renowned military chief. The first Napoleon never planned a battle with greater skill and deliberation than did our handsome champion arrange his scheme of robbery. He singled me out as his victim, wisely judging from my personal appearance that I was a soft customer, which, alas! proved too true. He

gathered half a dozen blossoms (dog-fennel blooms, I think they were), and, bowing humbly, presented them to Effie, who, smiling sweetly on him, received the floral offering. That was another fatal mistake. To the best of my knowledge, recollection, and belief, that smile cost me one dollar and seventy-five cents. A cyclone of dog-fennel blooms now fell on Effie's lap. Clover-blossoms, green grass-blades, chestnut blooms, leaves, twigs, fragments of lava, and a hundred worthless articles too numerous to mention, rained in the carriage like a falling deluge. He was all the while expatiating in most eloquent terms in praise of the flowers. Finally, he demanded pay for his labor; and when I remonstrated, he appealed to the other beggars. Every one of them declared that I had ordered the flowers to be gathered. I paid the money demanded, as the shortest way out of the difficulty. He proved to be the grand chief of the army of beggars, who had instructed them to get all the money they could, when he was to come forward, drive them off, and make the closing grab.

As an abstract principle, I know it is wrong to curse; it is a vulgar habit; but there are certain circumstances that will extenuate, if they do not justify, the crime. Anyway, I made up my mind to curse the beggar-chief. It was useless to curse him in English, for he could not understand it; consequently, I offered a dollar to a man to teach me how to curse him in his own language. The man told me what words to use if I desired to give him a real sound cursing. My teacher told me that the vilest epithet I could hurl at the chief was to call him a *phizzeemarinkee*. At least, I think

that was the word, though I may be mistaken about it. He gave me several other words, assuring me that they were the strongest and the most scathing known to the Italian language. I pronounced them again and again in my teacher's presence, until he expressed himself satisfied that I was now perfectly prepared for the occasion. I gladly paid the dollar, and without delay sought an interview with the chief, determined to ease my mind by giving him a good cursing. I found him near the little hotel that stands at the base of the cone. I threw half a dozen of the smallest curse-words at him at first, and then paused, in order to let him wince under them a while, intending to pitch the double and twisted epithets at him as a parting salute. He bowed, scraped, and smiled, and appeared to be very humble. I then hurled *phizzemarinkée* into his teeth, and followed it up by a dozen horrible phrases which my teacher had given me. Tears at once began to glisten in his eyes. He absolutely touched the ground with his left knee, seized my hand, and pressed it to his lips. I never saw such abject submission. He muttered a few unintelligible words which I supposed were meant for an apology,—tears still fell from his eyes. “Poor fellow!” thought I; “he is very sorry for what he has done, and is begging me to forgive him.” My conscience began to accuse me of rashness. I could not bear to see the poor, repentant creature shedding tears, so I abruptly left him.

An hour after I returned to Naples that evening a bell boy entered my room, telling me that a man was

waiting to see me down-stairs. I instantly went down, when, lo and behold! there stood the beggar-chief, who, smiling blandly, held out his hand and demanded three francs. I could stand it no longer. I did some real plain English cursing then and there.

There is no telling what might have happened but for Charley's timely appearance.

"What bees der matter?"

"This villain demands three francs; says I invited him to call at my hotel at six o'clock to receive his money, all of which is an infernal falsehood."

Charley then addressed a few words to the chief in his own language, to which he promptly replied.

"Colonel," said Charley, "he say dot he prove dot you told him to come for de money."

"But I say it is false. I gave him a genteel cursing."

"What did you say to him, colonel?" politely inquired the landlord, who spoke English plainly.

I then repeated the identical words that my teacher had told me to use; and, filling my lungs with a fresh supply of air, I again threw the words at the chief.

"Very well; you are in for it," replied the landlord. "According to your own statement you have apologized to this man for treating him rudely this morning, and invited him to meet you here at six o'clock, promising to pay him three francs more."

"Dot be so, colonel," said Charley.

Here was a pretty mess I had cooked for myself. Instead of cursing the chief, I had made an humble apology to him, had begged his pardon, had invited

him to come to my hotel to get more money, and, to cap the climax of absurdity, had paid a man a dollar to teach me how to make the apology. I paid the money, treated the whole crowd, acknowledged myself a dunce, and have quit cursing even in my own language. I am now a meek, submissive man who would not curse a fly if it were to light on my nose. Providence has justly punished me for my wicked intentions, which I hope will in the end prove a good lesson to me. With these few remarks I will resume my story.

It was some time after noon when we reached the little hotel at the base of the cone from whence we were to be pulled up by steam-power. We entered the hotel, washed the dust from our eyes, ordered luncheon to be prepared for us by the time we should come down from the mountain, and set about making ready to continue the ascent. Five sous were demanded from each person for a bowl of water and the use of a towel; two sous for soap.

When Dick was called on for the five sous, he paid it without a murmur; so he did when the two sous were demanded for soap; but when a sou was demanded for a glass of water, he declared that "this thing was becoming monotonous." He called for a match to light a cigar, for which a charge of one sou was made; he took a seat in a chair, when another sou was called for; he seized a brush and dusted his coat, for which he had to pay another sou. He handed the man a small silver coin, and when the change was presented, said,—

"Never mind the change, just keep it. I will want to sneeze directly, and I'll pay for it in advance. It is

troublesome to be constantly feeling in one's jacket for coppers."

I do not think they bothered Dick any more that day.

We were just thirteen minutes in making the ascent from the lower to the upper terminus of the railroad, a distance of eight hundred yards, going an up-grade of forty degrees, which looked very much like a real perpendicular ride. One coach goes up while another comes down, being pulled up by a stationary engine fixed at the lower terminus. Large wire ropes passing on iron rollers extend from one end of the road to the other, by which the coaches are drawn up and down. Our party had to be divided, as all could not be carried up at once.

When we arrived at the upper end of the railroad, a walk of fifteen minutes brought us to the crater. The moment we stepped upon the outer rim of the crest we were in full view of the crater, which the guides declared was unusually angry. Five minutes elapsed before any one of our party uttered a word. They stood still and gazed at the wonderful sight as if almost paralyzed by its awful grandeur. At length Effie broke forth with the usual,—

"Did you ever!" Miss Bell was about to make the old familiar reply, when Dick said,—

"Stop, for heaven's sake! Don't use those tame expressions here; they can't do justice to the subject. Try to think of some grand, eloquent words better suited to the occasion."

"Yes," exclaimed Miss Stevenson; "say it is awful, horrible, monstrous, and absolutely sublime."



"That's the ticket," rejoined Dick; "it is paralyzing, petrifying, infernal. In fact, if it were not wicked, I would say it is hell broke loose."

"He beat de bob de tail," exclaimed Charley.

"It is the opinion of the Court that Charley goes head," remarked the judge. "He has expressed the sentiments of the Court exactly."

Every member of the party put his or her most eloquent words on duty, giving an expression of opinion in energetic terms.

The general appearance of the crater was not at all like that which I expected. The surface of the earth was covered with a bright-yellow coat of sulphur, looking like little waves of gold-dust that had been suddenly brought to a halt. Little jets of hot steam were escaping through innumerable small crevices in the rocks, making it quite hazardous to walk among them, because the rocks were very hot. While I was intently gazing at the crater, I felt my left foot begin to burn, and I found I had been standing on one of the little fissures, and that the sole of my boot was badly damaged.

At short intervals—say once in every three minutes—large quantities of red-hot lava would be thrown high above the crater, some of which would drop back into its mouth, while portions would fall on the ground outside. Every discharge was preceded by a loud rumbling noise like very distant thunder, while the earth trembled violently. These signs are considered by the natives as ominous warnings of an approaching eruption.

As the vast lumps of lava flew upward, they assumed all sorts of fantastic shapes, constantly changing from one to another.

"Look at that elephant!" cried Effie, as a huge lump went hissing through the air. "Don't you distinctly see its snout and its legs?"

"Yonder goes a red dog," exclaimed Dick, pointing to the left. "Now it is a goat; see his crooked horns."

"Here is a donkey," said Miss Bell. "Don't you see it?"

"Now it's a camel," replied Miss Stevenson; "there is the hump on its back."

By a slight stretch of the fancy one could see a whole zoological garden of animals dancing, rolling, and tumbling high above the crater.

We got close enough to look down into the small crater, where we saw a sea of boiling lava constantly muttering, blubbering, and hissing, presenting to the eye a sight never to be forgotten. I cannot imagine anything worthy to be compared with it. It was like a stormy ocean suddenly changed from water into flaming fire.

"I am now convinced that there is a hell," exclaimed Dick, as he looked down on this turbid mass of boiling lava. "I never believed it before."

"Dis bees de hell hisself," cried Charley.

"Correct again," said the Judge. "The Court is of the opinion that you have a reliable judgment."

We kept inching along toward the grand crater against the advice of our guides, and, as the sequel proved, we triumphantly acted the fool. We had



THE FAMOUS RETREAT FROM MT. VESUVIUS.



reached a point within a few feet of the edge of the opening, when all of a sudden a noise like the discharge of a battery of artillery thundered on our ears, while the earth violently shook beneath our feet, and up went a thousand huge lumps of hissing lava twice as high as we had seen any go before. I am convinced that the speed I made in running away from that crater then would do to bet on in a foot-race. Dick said that a game of marbles could have been played on the skirt of my coat, that stood out behind as I ran. Up to that time I had been under the impression that I possessed a small amount of courage; that was a grand mistake. I shall always remember the thoughts that rapidly chased each other through my mind as I hurried away. "An eruption has begun; being a swift runner, I may possibly escape, but the rest are gone beyond question. I alone will be left to tell the heart-rending story." A lump of lava as large as a donkey fell within ten feet of Effie and Miss Bell, while smaller fragments came raining down thick in the midst of the brigade. The truth is, we were all badly frightened; it was a regular stampede.

The Judge promoted me to the head of the class for the gallant manner in which I led the retreat. Mrs. Greeno bravely stood her ground, but hoisted her umbrella to keep off the falling lava. Dick ran the wrong way, and would have plunged into the crater but for the tall rim of hot lava that bordered the abyss. He at first tried to make it appear that he stood his ground because he was not scared, but that fabric was too thin. Then he said he ran back toward the crater because he

saw that the shower of lava was falling away from it. This sounded a little better, but I do not think anybody believed a word of it.

As soon as information of the fact that Mrs. Greeno had hoisted her umbrella to catch the falling lava reached the ears of the Judge, he ordered her to go head of the class, which, of course, ousted me from that distinguished position. I had always, up to that moment, considered the Judge impartial, but I thought it was unjust to deprive me of the laurels I had won by making the best speed on record, and that, too, while leading the brigade out of danger, just as I used to lead my regiment out of danger during the last war.

The descent from the crater to the upper terminus of the railroad is the easiest thing in the world to accomplish. The side of the cone is covered with a loose quality of charred dirt and ashes, into which the feet would sink ten to fifteen inches every step. If you do not wish to walk down you can take a seat on the ground, hold up your feet, and slide down, without the slightest exertion. There is no friction whatever attending the operation, for when you take your place on a bank of dirt, it will at once start down, carrying you along with it.

The view of the scenery from the top of Mount Vesuvius is incomparably grand. The charming Bay of Naples, though seven or eight miles distant, looks as if it were almost within a stone's throw of us, while the innumerable little boats that glided about on the water could only be seen through a large field-glass. The distant city of Naples, with her tall marble pal-



aces bathed in a sea of gold, caused by the rays of the sun glancing down on them, presented a picture of exquisite beauty, while the broad, level plain to the right, thickly dotted over with shining villas and picturesque cottages, contributed no little toward the grand panorama. The roofless houses and the empty streets of Pompeii presented a scene of melancholy grandeur, while new-built Herculaneum sparkled on the verge of the bay like a diadem on the brow of a queen.

That portion of Mount Vesuvius called the cone has been formed during the present century by lava and other matter thrown up by volcanic action; the top is truncated, the diameter being something over two thousand feet. Twenty-four eruptions have occurred during the present century, some of which sent streams of lava as far as the town of Cercola, destroying a portion of the place, and causing the loss of many lives. The first eruption was the one that destroyed Pompeii, in A.D. 79. It is the power of steam that throws up the lava. A very small quantity of smoke rose from the crater while we were on the mountain, but an immense volume of white steam constantly escaped. During one of the eruptions a vast quantity of boiling water was cast up, which flowed into the sea. A steam-boiler could not be constructed so thick that it could not be blown to atoms under certain circumstances. Let a boiler be heated red hot, then turn a stream of cold water into it, leaving no place for the steam to escape, and it would burst if the iron was ten feet thick. Just so is it with Vesuvius. The fire under the earth is constantly extending its dominions, gradually eating its

way into new territory. When it strikes the bed of a subterranean river, the water instantly flows into the boiling ocean of red-hot lava, suddenly generating vast quantities of steam, which would split the earth wide open if it could not find other means of escape. In its effort to get out it moves every obstruction toward the mouth of the crater, coming up with such force as to throw huge rocks five thousand feet into the air. Solid bowlders a hundred feet in diameter have been cast up by this tremendous power. Ashes have been carried as far as Constantinople. In 1794 a stream of lava containing forty-seven millions of cubic feet was cast up, measuring twelve hundred feet wide and sixteen feet deep. We saw many fresh streams that we guessed to be one hundred feet deep and seventeen miles long. The lava runs very slowly, and the smallest obstruction will sometimes change its course. Standing on the mountain top and viewing the long black stream of lava, it looks like a colossal serpent winding and twisting its huge body in every direction among the rocks, while little short waves have overlapped one another, giving to it the appearance of the scales on his skin. The lava, when cooled, forms a dark-brown stone, much harder than ordinary limestone. While near the crater I dropped a sou on top of a small lump of hot lava, and pressed it down with the point of my umbrella, causing it to sink deep into the lump. The edges curled over, nearly covering the coin, and when the lava got cold, nothing short of a sledge-hammer could remove it. Those who did not manufacture these relics bought them at the price of

two sous each. It is my duty, however, to state the fact that these relics were manufactured before the grand retreat began.

If I ever have been near a lump of hot lava since I distinguished myself as the swiftest runner extant, I do not now remember it; and if such a thing had occurred, I do not think I would have forgotten it. Therefore I will, upon mature reflection, state it as a fact that I have never been near melted lava since that famous retreat. None but simpletons ever get singed twice with one flame.

When we returned to the little hotel at the base of the cone, we found an excellent luncheon ready, which we enjoyed very much, our appetites having been well sharpened by the labors of the day.

We went down the mountain at a sweeping trot, returning to town in time for me to meet my beggar-chief,—an incident previously related in this chapter.

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## CHAPTER XXI.

FLORENCE, July 9.

MANY extravagant expressions were uttered by the ladies as the shining battlements and the lofty towers of Florence burst on their view; indeed, the enthusiasm was not wholly confined to them, for Dick and I gave vent to a few eloquent remarks concerning the unusual beauty of the surrounding scenery. We all know it is

the prevailing fashion for tourists to indulge in highly-colored descriptions when writing or speaking about the grandeur and the beauty of this famous city and her matchless works of art. If there is a spot on earth whose charming scenes can justify extravagant language, that spot is here. The Arno divides the city into two parts of almost equal size, each bank neatly walled with substantial masonry, while two broad, well-paved streets run parallel with and close to the water's edge, affording a splendid drive to those who visit Cascine Park.

I have often heard Florence called the city of flowers, but I was surprised to see such vast quantities of them. The roads in the suburbs are bordered with spacious gardens teeming with fragrant plants, impregnating the air with a delicious perfume. I think the birds sing more sweetly here than in any other part of Italy; indeed, the art of making melodious music seems to be a natural gift enjoyed by men, women, children, and birds.

We left Naples on the afternoon of the 6th, arriving at Rome in time to enjoy a good night's rest, which we very much needed. The line of the railroad between Naples and Rome several times crosses the Appian Way, traversing a country thickly dotted with villages, elegant farm-houses, and vast fields of ripe wheat, which was then being harvested. It was a novel sight to me to see the harvesters cutting wheat with the old-fashioned reaping-hook, such as our ancestors used a hundred years ago. Most of the harvesting was being done by women; in fact, I did not see a

man in a field during the day's run. It would be no exaggeration to say that one man with an American reaper could cut as much wheat in a day as could three hundred women with their little reaping-hooks. The telegraph, the telephone, the sewing-machine, the steam-engine, and many other modern inventions are in use here, but it is a cause of real pleasure to be able to say that a large majority of them are the products of American brains. To prove that this is no vain boast, I can with truth assert that Michael Angelo's fruitful brain never enabled him to invent a plan by which he could reach the ceiling of St. Peter's Church, except by swinging himself down from the top with a rope, or by erecting an expensive scaffold. If he were there to-day, he might take his seat in a chair, and be hoisted to the lofty height in two minutes by means of an American ladder. It is an ingeniously constructed machine, folded up on a common wagon. The labor of two men can run it up to the height of four hundred feet in two minutes, and refold it snugly on the wagon in one.

We set out on our journey from Rome to Florence at an early hour on Saturday morning, traversing that part of Italy noted for its wild and romantic scenery. The line of the road most of the way lies near the Tuscan Apennines, the sight of which is surpassingly grand, while the valley spreads out like a beautiful panorama, and is covered with thrifty villages, vast fields of wheat, and rich vineyards.

The first move I made after reaching Florence was to call on Dante at his residence, No. 2 St. Martino



Street; but he was absent. The housekeeper said he had been absent about five hundred and fifty years. I apologized for not having called sooner, left my card, and straightway proceeded to the residence of Michael Angelo, No. 64 Ghibellina Street. A bald-headed man, who had but one good eye, met me at the door, and, in answer to my inquiries, told me that Mr. Angelo was absent. I had intended to pay my respects to Galileo, but my time was too valuable to be wasted in visiting the houses of men who were not at home.

If I did not have the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Galileo, I managed to get a peep at his famous telescope, invented and manufactured by himself. I went to Dante's tomb, and squandered a large quantity of tears over it before I discovered the fact he was not in it. I think it is an outrageous swindle to impose on unprotected strangers in any such way. After I had exhausted all my ready-made tears, I was told that Dante was buried at Ravenna. It is the style in Italy to erect a gorgeous tomb for a man at one place and bury him at another. It is also the prevailing fashion to kill or banish their great men, and then to rant and rave about their good qualities two or three hundred years after they are dead. Galileo and Dante were persecuted and tortured by their people,—one banished and the other imprisoned,—but now they feel honored to be allowed to weep over an empty tomb where the bones of Dante might have reposed but for the cruelty of his countrymen. The citizens of Genoa are continually boasting of the fact that Columbus was born on their territory, but they say nothing about the



cruel neglect with which they treated him while he was living among them. Florence enjoys the undeserved honor, though, of possessing the bones of Galileo. I felt highly pleased to be permitted to stand within a few feet of the mortal remains of this renowned astronomer, and gaze at the sarcophagus in which they repose. The house in which Dante dwelt while a citizen of Florence is yet in a perfect state of preservation. It looks more like a fortress made to keep enemies out than like a residence to shelter a poet. It was built over six hundred years ago, and if let alone it will stand until doomsday, unless that event should be delayed a very long time. I gave a lad a franc to show me Dante's monument. He conducted me to a barber-shop, and, pointing at a red-faced man with hairless head and hawk-bill nose, said,—

“Monimente Dante!”

“Shavee quickee, mightee soonee,” cried hawk-bill, as he pointed out a chair. “Seatee, pleasee; shavee nowee.”

I at once comprehended the fact that I had been deceived. I could not get at the real state of the case, but managed to learn that the barber's crooked nose was thought to resemble the one that adorned the face of Dante's image, which fact had won for him the nickname of “Dante's Monument.” If Dante's nose was like the one that did duty on that barber's face, Florence was justified in banishing him. It was a clear case of self-defence.

I offered the boy another franc to conduct me to the marble monument which had been erected to the

memory of the famous bard, but he did not know where it was. I, however, persevered until I found it. I might have put in my time more profitably somewhere else, for the monument fell far short of my expectations. It was unveiled on the six hundredth anniversary of Dante's birth.

Dick says he has discovered a real bonanza full of bones, as well as oceans of gold and precious stones. He referred to the Medici mausoleum, which contains the bodies of a family whose reputation for cruelty, meanness, and tyranny has no parallel in the pages of history. It was from this family descended Catharine de Medici, who planned the St. Bartholomew massacre at Paris, which resulted in the murder of fifty thousand people in a single night. One thing may be said in connection with the Medici mausoleum which cannot truthfully be asserted in regard to any other. It is the most gorgeous and the most costly one on earth, and contains the bones of the meanest family that ever lived. It is ninety-four feet wide, two hundred feet high, and the whole interior, ceiling and all, is lined with the most valuable stones, among which I saw large quantities of jasper, pearl, onyx, lapis lazuli, opals, chalcedony, sapphire, amethyst, crystal, and Oriental rubies. The frescos are composed of solid gold. Over twenty millions of dollars have been expended on this gaudy edifice. Dick says that he and Charley have determined to blow it up with dynamite, capture the valuables, and make tracks rapidly toward home. Charley says that the only thing that will thwart the scheme is the avariciousness of

Dick, who, because he invented the plan, claims two-thirds of the spoils, which he will never agree to. He says he will not consent to play second fiddle; he must have half or none. He says he will blow the whole scheme sky-high unless Dick consents to an equal divide.

I was an ardent admirer of Raphael until I saw to what depths of servility he had prostituted his lofty genius by representing Catharine de Medici as a purified saint associating on terms of equality with angels in heaven. I dare say he will be greatly mortified when he hears of my displeasure, but I cannot help it. His fame may, however, possibly survive my ill-will, as a few others have done under similar circumstances.

"What sort of material is that sarcophagus made of?" inquired Miss Stevenson, pointing to one of the gorgeous tombs in the Medici chapel.

"I don't exactly know," replied Miss Bell, "though I believe it is sapphire."

"Yes," said Dick, "that rascal's bones are encased in sapphire, and his soul in hell-fire."

"And unless you mend your ways, you will ere long have to endure the same fate," observed the Judge.

"Perhaps you think that the Medici family are all in heaven?" returned Dick, sharply.

"That is a matter known only to the great Creator," rejoined Miss Bell; "and one which we poor mortals should not meddle with."

"The Saviour pardoned a thief at the last moment," said Effie; "and He may have extended the same mercy to this wicked family before they died. Christ

did not die to save righteous people, but He suffered on the cross to save poor sinners."

"The court decides that Effie goes head," remarked the Judge, "and that Dick takes his position at the foot of the class."

"Very well," exclaimed Dick; "I obey the orders of the Court, but I am not the first great man who has been martyred for opinion's sake. Galileo was imprisoned for saying that the earth revolved, and while being led to jail said the earth moved, nevertheless. You degrade me for saying that a bloody assassin is in a warm climate; he is there, nevertheless. My case and that of Galileo are exactly alike. 'O Liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name!'"

From the mausoleum we proceeded to the Uffizi Gallery, which unquestionably contains the largest and best collection of paintings to be seen on the Continent. If they would pitch all the pictures of the hateful Medici class into the Arno, they would win my most profound gratitude.

If all the canvas that is covered with paintings attributed to Raphael's brush was sewed together, it would be nearly enough to cover Manhattan Island. They have the Arno bridged with them. This is no galvanized statement, but it is an eighteen-carat fact. The gallery not only runs across the Arno, but it makes an extensive journey on both banks. I did not measure the canvas that Raphael had wasted with the pictures of the Medici family, but I do not think it would exceed nine hundred acres. I despise exaggeration; hence I usually try to keep on the safe side of truth.

The Uffizi Gallery would be a delightful place for a young man, but I could not conscientiously advise old or even middle-aged persons to undertake to inspect it, for they would die of advanced age before they could get through with it. An industrious person, possessing physical strength and robust health, might get through with the Medici family in less than sixteen years.

I do not claim to be a connoisseur of pictures, but I am a true lover of art, though I confess I do not admire all the paintings in the Uffizi Gallery. One of the compartments, the contents of which seemed to be most admired by visitors, looked like a congregation of ladies at a picnic, who had forgotten to dress before leaving home. The Medician Venus, whose reputation for beauty is quite widespread, is by no means superior—in fact, I do not believe it is equal—to the image of Pauline Bonaparte at Rome. It is decidedly defective in height, being scarcely five feet, and the face has rather an idiotic expression, which mars the general effect.

Prominent among the wonders of Florence is the grand cathedral, whose dome is larger than that which crowns St. Peter's Church at Rome. This huge edifice was not entirely completed until five hundred years after its foundation was laid, though it was open to the public two hundred years before it was finished. The top of the dome may be reached by a broad flight of marble steps, which ascend by an easy grade, where the visitor can obtain one of the grandest panoramic views to be seen anywhere in Italy. The sparkling waters of the Arno, as they creep along among palaces, villas,

and flower-gardens, winding and twisting in every direction, look like a string of glittering diamonds, while the blue crests of the Tuscan Apennines rise one above another, apparently kissing the sky far away.

"Oh, is it not lovely!" exclaimed Effie, as she surveyed the delightful picture.

"Grand! indescribably grand!" replied Miss Bell.

"I could stand here and gaze at this charming sight a week without being tired," observed Miss Stevenson.

"Yes, but not without getting hungry," replied Dick.

It was with a feeling of reluctance that we withdrew from the spot for the purpose of seeing the wonderful store of relics and curiosities contained in the treasury. A truthful description of the enormous quantities of silver, gold, and precious gems exhibited here would sound like fiction. A silver cross, the height of which I guessed to be ten feet, and the diameter fifteen inches, is adorned with precious jewels. A baptismal font of solid silver weighs four hundred pounds.

I wonder how many heads John the Baptist really had? I had been led to believe that the one which Mrs. Herod had served for dinner was the only one he possessed; but that belief must have been a mistaken one. I have seen three blocks, on each one of which it is alleged that a head of his was chopped off. The proof of the truth of these allegations is indisputable, because the stain of blood is yet on the blocks.

After a thorough inspection of the Duomo, we took seats in the carriages, and went dashing at a rapid speed over a delightful road toward Cascine Park, two miles



below the city, on the banks of the Arno. In front of an elegant hotel, at the entrance of the park, was assembled an immense crowd of people listening to the music of a splendid band. The assemblage was largely composed of elegantly-dressed females who occupied seats in their carriages. The Florentine ladies display exquisite taste in the art of personal adornment, especially in the delicate colors of their costumes, which for beauty I have rarely seen equalled. The ladies all have large black eyes and are not at all afraid to show them, for they have a coquettish way of gathering up their veils with the left hand and peeping out at you with a fascinating gaze which has completely captivated Dick. I cannot understand why they are constantly taking deliberate aim at him with their destructive artillery, for I am sure it cannot be the beauty of his face that attracts them. A carriage containing four ladies halted near us, and at once they began to peer at Dick, when he threw kisses at them. Instead of becoming offended, as I feared they would, they bowed, smiled, and jointly threw kisses back at him.

The curious old house of Michael Angelo, with its splendid collection of pictures, quaint old relics, and other reminiscences connected with the renowned artist, attracts the attention of all lovers of art who visit Florence. It is said that the shoemaker always goes barefooted, and that a dairyman's wife never has cream for her tea. The same rule seems to have been applicable to Angelo, who spent a long life in beautifying the houses of others, but never adorned his own. I would say that he originally designed it for an oil-mill,

but history doesn't mention factories of that sort as being in operation at that early period. The architect evidently began it for one purpose and finished it for another. The basement would do very well for a fort, while the rest resembles a Dutch windmill. It is possible, however, that Angelo would not now recognize it, since the government has remodelled it. The mausoleum that contains his bones is a much finer structure than the house in which he lived.

Florence is a perfect clover-field for antiquarians to graze on. You can see anything you wish, from the true cross down to Lucretia Borgia's dagger. If you inquire for a certain object in a museum to-day, and fail to find it, call to-morrow, and it will be waiting for you.

While Dick and I were sauntering among the hills a considerable distance from Florence, late on Sunday evening, Dick met with a singular accident which has been the cause of no little merriment. We had lingered on the top of a hill gazing at the charming landscape by which we were surrounded until the shades of night had completely covered the earth. We had walked scarcely a quarter of a mile when we began to believe we were going in the wrong direction. We clambered up on the top of a stone wall where we could distinctly see the lights in the streets, but could see no road leading in that direction.

"Wait here a moment," said Dick, as he sprang down to the ground; "I'll go and make inquiries at yon house."

The edifice in question was not over a hundred paces

from us, and we could see lights moving about in it; but the space between us and it was completely hidden by the extreme darkness of the night. While waiting for Dick's return I heard an unusual noise, the meaning of which I was unable to divine; but by way of making an explanation, I will let Dick tell his own story.

"I had arrived," said he, "at a point within twenty paces of the house, when something flew up and struck me on the breast, stretching me flat on my back on the ground, and instantly sprang on top of me. I was not seriously hurt, but slightly panic-stricken, though I was by no means willing to die without a struggle. I instantly sprang to my feet, kicked my assailant off and started to run toward the house, when I was seized from behind and borne down on my face, while my mysterious foe leaped on my back. I was then completely demoralized. 'By what sort of a monster have I been attacked?' was a question that propounded itself to me. I at first thought that it was a bear that had escaped from the zoological garden, though it acted rather strangely for an animal of that species, for it never tried to hurt me, so long as I would lie still. Its whole aim seemed to be a desire to hold me a prisoner. I had heard of lions and tigers toying with their victims before devouring them, as cats will sometimes do with mice. You may be sure that such thoughts as these went flitting rapidly through my mind, and that they were by no means pleasant.

"I now resolved to make one more desperate strike for liberty. Rising to my feet with a sudden leap, I

gave the monster a quick push, dashing it to the ground, but as it went down it seized me in its arms and carried me to the earth with it, when a violent struggle ensued. I was sometimes on top, but most frequently on the under side. The strangest part of the mystery was the fact that when I would cease to struggle the monster would do the same, though it would not let me go. It seemed to be unwilling to hurt me, but determined to prevent my escape. At length my strength began to fail, and I was convinced that I could never regain my liberty without assistance.

“While I was lying on the ground face downward, with the monster quietly seated on my back, I began loudly to call for help. It was but a moment before a man came to my rescue, followed by a woman with a lighted lantern in her hand. The monster was at once taken off of me, when I was astonished, as well as angry, to hear my rescuers laughing heartily. Well, to cut the matter short and come to the gist of the story, I will let the cat out of the bag. I had been captured by an Italian wheelbarrow. Now, I never exaggerate, but I am convinced that if Napoleon could have had two thousand Italian wheelbarrows at Waterloo, he would have won the fight. He might have placed them in line, then begun a feigned retreat, so as to draw the enemy on to his wheelbarrows, which would have insured their destruction. Let any man get mixed up with an Italian wheelbarrow in a ten-acre field, on a dark night, and he can bankrupt me if he can get away from it without help. I would rather engage in a fist-fight with a Bengal tiger than to tackle one of

those monsters on a dark night. They have arms, legs, fingers, claws, ribs, feet, and teeth, as well as many other appurtenances too numerous to mention."

If Dick has exaggerated the facts of this case I am sure it is no fault of mine ; for I have merely repeated his very words. When he called for help, I at once dashed forward with the commendable intention of helping him, but fell into an old cellar six feet deep, which had the effect of quieting me for thirty minutes. Italian wheelbarrows are, indeed, curious vehicles. They are so made as to hold half a ton of hay, straw, or any other light substance, having long semicircular ribs, which can be folded together like the claws of a panther. I think I would be willing to join Dick in the bet that no man could escape from one of those monsters after it had fixed its grabbers on him, especially when it was so dark that he could not see his mysterious adversary.

I had the good luck to make the acquaintance of Arthur Walton, of Virginia, a young artist who is taking lessons under a famous painter here. While on a visit with him to the office of the American consul, on Monday morning, I met a lady who formerly resided in Baltimore. Her unhappy appearance at once attracted my attention. Her pale, beautiful face had a look of settled despair plainly stamped upon it, while every now and then she would hurriedly wipe the tears from her large blue eyes, evidently endeavoring to suppress and conceal her grief. She was plainly clad in faded silk, which, when new, had been of a bright crimson color ; but time and constant use had

deprived it of its original beauty, covering it with large spots of different shades. No jewels of any sort adorned her person, except a small finger-ring set with a diamond, which sparkled on her finger. She was tall, slender, and much emaciated, the ravages of sorrow having made deep impressions on her constitution. She spoke a few words in an undertone to the consul, and seemed greatly distressed at his reply. As she moved toward the door she staggered and would have fallen to the floor but for the wall, against which she leaned for a moment.

As soon as she passed out I requested Mr. Walton to tell me what he knew about her.

"A true, unvarnished history of that poor lady's wrongs," replied he, "would sound like extravagant fiction; in fact, not one in ten would credit the story. Her maiden name was Mollie Atherton; she is the daughter of Albert Atherton, of Baltimore, who died six years ago, leaving six hundred thousand dollars equally divided between two children. Mollie was quite a beauty then, whose hand was sought by many men of worth, one of them being a young member of Congress, who loved her devotedly. It was believed by many that they would marry, and I think they would have done so if she had never visited Europe. Three years ago she came here with her mother, and like a moth was caught by glare, and has like a poor moth been singed to destruction; for it does not require the eye of a surgeon to see the seal which death has set on her brow. She will be in her grave in less than six months from this day.



“The height of widow Atherton’s ambition was to marry her daughter to a noble title,—a thing by no means difficult to accomplish in this country, especially when the lady is backed by three hundred thousand dollars, as was the case with Miss Atherton. Penniless counts are as plentiful here as are wandering tramps in Pennsylvania, and they are as eager to capture American heiresses as are the tramps to catch a farmer’s chickens. Miss Atherton married Count Catchimaeli, who got possession of her money, flogged her once a month for two years, then divorced her by the help of hired witnesses, married his former mistress, and now lives in regal style, in a gorgeous palace, on the money of his discarded wife, who is dying of grief and starvation in the streets. Her mother is dead, and her brother was so disgusted at his sister’s conduct that he refused to assist her. She calls at the consulate every day to ask for letters, expecting money to be sent to pay her way home. I would gladly give her the necessary funds if I had them, but who ever heard of a third-class artist having any money. This is the third case of a similar character that has come within the circuit of my own knowledge during the last three years. It is my opinion that this unfortunate woman will never again see America, for she is declining very rapidly, and will not last much longer.”

It was with feelings of sadness that I listened to this melancholy story, and I have often regretted hearing it.

Twenty-five years ago the price of a count did not exceed ten thousand dollars, and all other titled idiots

in a like proportion ; but the late war produced so many rich shoddy contractors, whose daughters began to bull the market, that they have run it up to fabulous prices. A low, middling count will now command at least fifty thousand dollars, while choice articles are scarce at one hundred thousand dollars. Quite a brisk demand for barons has lately sprung up in the market ; indeed, second-hand articles are current at one hundred thousand dollars. The supply of dukes and earls is wholly inadequate for the demand ; in fact, it requires millions to reach them. A few old ones in a damaged condition were eagerly gobbled up lately by experienced dealers. The market is glutted with counts and barons, but the most favorable symptom indicating an early return to legitimate business is the rapid decline in prices. It is hoped and believed that as soon as the daughters of all shoddy contractors and members of the *Crédit Mobilier Mutual Aid Association* shall have been supplied, we may reasonably expect a rapid decline in all grades of titled asses.

It is feared that if the history of Miss Atherton's case should be made known to the public, it would create a panic in the count market, but I know our American girls are not to be frightened out of their wits by any such trifles.

## CHAPTER XXII.

VENICE, July 10.

THIS morning we bade adieu to the charming city of Florence and set out on our journey toward Venice. About eleven o'clock we began to climb the steep, craggy sides of the Tuscan Apennines, the grade of the railroad track rising at the rate of one hundred feet to the mile. The train wound around the overhanging cliffs like the meandering track of a serpent, now plunging under a high ridge, then creeping round the verge of a yawning abyss, the depth of which was five hundred feet. The superb grandeur of the scenery was indescribably charming. We could look out from the coach-window and gaze at the broad valley spread out before us, with its hundreds of white villas shining in the bright rays of the sun, making a picture that no artist could reproduce. When we reached the top of the mountain, we came down with lightning speed. The country between the Apennines and Venice is a vast level plain, thickly checkered with cosey little villages, canals, and farm-houses. In some respects it resembles the vast prairies of Illinois, especially in regard to the limitless fields of golden wheat, which is now ripe, and is being harvested.

We made a short halt at the famous little city of Mantua, where Romeo, upon hearing of the death of Juliet, purchased the deadly drug from the fleshless

apothecary, whose shop presented the "beggarly account of empty shelves." The drug-dealers are fatter now than they were when Romeo traded with them.

We came thundering into Venice at 4 P.M.; and, oh, what a novel sight for an American eye to look upon! Hundreds of gondolas, skating, dancing, darting, skipping, shooting, flying in every direction over the smooth blue waters of the Adriatic, resembling huge black serpents, with their heads reared high above the water. Two of these fantastic monsters were secured for the purpose of transporting the party from the depot to the Grand Hotel.

"Oh, I wish I had all the eyes of Argus!" exclaimed Effie; "two eyes are not enough to enable one to see the hundredth part of this beauteous scene!"

The vocabulary of adjectives was completely exhausted by the ladies, who were continually drawing heavy drafts on it. I looked wise and said nothing, being cognizant of the fact that language could not be found of a nature strong enough to express my amazement.

Our route from the depot to the hotel took us over the Grand Canal (street), which is thirty-seven yards wide, lined on each side with lofty marble buildings, many of them being the palaces of the nobility. The Grand Canal is the Broadway of Venice, on the surface of which the principal part of the traffic is carried on. There is a line of pretty little steamboats continually running along this street. They have no cabins, make no noise, emit no smoke, and make no waves, but they glide silently along, carrying hundreds of

people, who sit under a canvas awning to protect them from the sun. The gondolas are all painted black. In the days of the doges, the common people were not allowed to put gilded ornaments on their gondolas. This privilege was limited to the nobility. Plebeians were compelled to paint their gondolas black. The democratic element came into power, and they prohibited any one from gilding a gondola. Hence the universal custom of painting them all black. The body of the gondola, or carriage part, is upholstered in the most gorgeous style, and to ride in one produces a most pleasant sensation. Not a horse or a carriage is to be found in Venice, and scarcely a sound disturbs the usual quietude that always prevails. Occasionally a gondolier warbles a plaintive song as he hurries his romantic craft over the shining waters by moonlight.

VENICE, July 11.

We made an early start this morning, bent on seeing all the sights of this novel city. Venice is situated in the northeast corner of Italy, and has a population of eleven hundred millions; one hundred and thirty thousand of which are people, the rest being flies, mosquitoes, and gondolas. We first went by gondolas to the doge's palace, a spot made famous by the pen of Lord Byron. It is from this palace that prisoners were conducted to the dungeon across the Bridge of Sighs. The Bridge of Sighs is very different from what I had pictured it in my imagination. It is a little, short, narrow, dismal, stone bridge, with vaulted roof, across a canal, or street, not over twenty feet wide. The passage through which

so many unfortunate prisoners have been led is four feet wide, six feet high, and twenty-five feet long. It leads from one of the grandest palaces to one of the most horrible, dark, dismal prisons on earth.

We first made a thorough inspection of the palace, and then passed over the famous Bridge of Sighs, at the end of which we went down a narrow flight of stone stairs into a dark cellar. Then small lighted tapers were handed us as we entered the prison. The cells are beneath the surface of the sea, made of large blocks of stone, then lined with wood, and the inside covered with cork, so as to prevent the condemned from knocking out their brains against the wall. The prisoners were fed twice a day, through a little round hole six inches in diameter. This little aperture was the only opening in that awful den of death, except the iron door. Our lights were all extinguished in order that we might realize the intensity of the darkness.

I was forcibly impressed by Dick's remarks on that occasion, which were somewhat extravagant, though business-like and to the point. After a few moments' pause, he said,—

“A black cat in a back alley the darkest night that ever prevailed in Egypt would be as white as snow compared to the darkness of this dungeon. You might cut a square foot of atmosphere out of that darkness and scatter it broadcast over North America, and it would make the chickens go to roost in ten minutes.”

No prisoner has ever been known to survive longer



than six weeks after being thrust into this awful place. No wonder that the bridge that leads to this loathsome hell was called the Bridge of Sighs, because no one has ever come from its walls alive after having been condemned to imprisonment there.

In the palace there is a large room called the throne-room. Adjacent thereto is a smaller one, where the inquisitors usually met. They were called the Council of Ten, and a still smaller room adjoins it, where the Council of Three usually met. On one side of the wall appears a marble head of a lion with mouth open. In the mouth of this lion people usually slipped papers of denunciation. The secret information fell into an iron box, from which the inquisitors took it from the inside. The iron box which held the papers of denunciation is about fifteen inches square, and somewhat resembles the letter-boxes put up in cities by the Post-Office Department. There are two locks and two keyholes in the box, so that either one of the councils might take out the papers. When a man was denounced through the lion's mouth, the chances were ten to one his doom was forever sealed. One can scarcely believe that such horrible cruelties had ever been inflicted upon man by his fellow-men. In fact, we would not believe it but for the positive proof we have of the fact.

The doge's palace is built on piling; indeed, all the houses have their foundations made on piling. Twelve hundred thousand cedar piles were driven down to make the foundation to St. Mark's Church. This is one of the handsomest churches in Italy, except St.

Peter's. The top of one of the chapels is supported by four pure alabaster columns. They were brought here from Solomon's temple at Jerusalem. That is the statement of priests, and they are all honorable men. The columns are twelve inches in diameter and sixteen feet long. We took a lighted candle and held it near one side of the column, and it sent the light clear through it,—a most singular sight to behold. St. Mark is the patron saint of Venice. His body is buried in a gorgeous tomb in one of the chapels,—so say the priests. The bell-tower of St. Mark's is nearly twice as high as the Leaning Tower of Pisa, and has a better right to be classed among the wonders of the world than it has. It is here where may be seen the famous clock, where the bronze statue marks the time by striking a bell with a huge hammer. The hours are counted by one of the statues, while the quarters are counted by the other. For instance, let us suppose the time to be forty-five minutes past twelve. One of the iron men will strike the bell twelve blows with his hammer; then the other iron man will hit it three light blows with his hammer. The sounds are different, the hour-strokes being much louder than the others.

After investigating the palace, Bridge of Sighs, and St. Mark's, we visited the lace-factory,—a most novel sight indeed. Most of the work is done by females.

I had often heard the ladies talking of the cheap laces they expected to purchase at Venice. I had made up my mind to buy a quantity to carry as a

present to the lady who pours coffee for me at home. I wish it to be distinctly understood that I am a better judge of good coffee than I am of Venice lace. It is well known that when I undertake an enterprise I go it strong. I never do things by halves. I would not insult Mrs. F. with an insignificant present,—she should have bushels of lace. This was the prevailing idea that found lodgment in my brain as we entered the lace-factory. The ladies of our party began to buy rather sparingly. I watched and waited, while my soul swelled with emotions of pride at the thought of the cords of lace that would soon be mine. When I straightened myself up, and in an imperious tone ordered the entire contents of one of the drawers to be sent to my hotel, I supposed that lace was as cheap as Kentucky bagging. I had a right to suppose so, because the ladies had been in ecstasies on the cheapness of Venice lace. They talked cheap lace, they sung cheap lace, they looked and acted cheap, until they made me believe that I would be conferring a favor on the manufacturer if I would take a cord of his laces out of his way for nothing. I imagined that the amount of my order would only require a few dollars' outlay; but, alas! my sweet dream was abruptly terminated when the clerk arrived with my lace, and handed me a bill amounting to eighteen hundred dollars. I did not faint, I did not groan, I did not curse; the emergency demanded something of a higher order; I was equal to the emergency; strategy is my strong card, and I played my strongest card and won the game.

“Why did you not bring the lace I ordered, sir?” I demanded, in an angry tone.

“Dis be de samee he axie for; dis samee he tellee me to take.”

I denied it. I had two witnesses at hand. When I say witnesses, I mean business. I only had to intimate the sort of proof I wanted, and it was there. After some jabbering and cavilling we compromised. I took thirty dollars' worth of the lace. I made a note to this effect: “Don't listen to ladies when they are discussing cheap laces.” I hope the reader will be able to separate my jokes from facts; I mean no reflections upon the ladies. When I joke, I mean it; when I strike hard-pan, I dig for facts.

From the lace-factory we went to the Church of St. Maria. Here we were shown one of the tombs of Canova. He has over a dozen tombs. His heart is buried here, his left hand at Florence, his right at Naples, his head at Rome, and the rest of his body is scattered all over Italy. Most people would be satisfied with one tomb; in fact, I am by no means in a hurry to occupy one. It is not fair to scatter a man's remains in any such way. The day of judgment might be closed before the fragments could be collected.

Late this evening we visited the island where Lord Byron resided while here. We did not go into the house, being satisfied with a look at the exterior. We saw hundreds of men and women bathing in the beautiful waters of the Adriatic, their bathing-dresses verging close to the Adamic style.

Late yesterday evening I noticed that an unusual commotion was prevailing in and around our hotel. Upon inquiry I was informed that the heir-apparent to the throne of Portugal and his younger brother were soon to arrive. Carpets were spread over the hall floors, carpets were spread out on the veranda and down to the water's edge, in order to keep the royal feet from hurting the marble steps. It seems to be understood here that the ground will be injured if touched by the feet of royalty. Well, the royal guests came at last and monopolized a majority of the rooms on the first floor, though the sun has not gone out and the moon continues to shine as bright as ever. The royal guests are constructed in many respects like ordinary men; in fact, they eat and talk as if they were men, and I believe, after all, they are men.

We have done a hard day's work, and while I write, old Morpheus is plucking my eyelids down and urging me to rest in his arms. I have accepted his invitation, and hence will have to lay my pen aside.

VENICE, July 12.

We arose this morning, ate our breakfast, and renewed our sight-seeing in this quaint old city. I stole away from the party and wandered alone through the doge's palace. There is an indescribable fascination about this wonderful structure that induced me to pay it a second visit. To stroll alone through those silent halls, where the tortures of the Inquisition were inflicted on innocent victims, causes one's mind to stray far back through the dark vista of a thousand years,

placing us face to face with those who knew no pity, who were strangers to the Goddess of Justice, rejoicing only when inflicting pain on others. Thanks to the memory of the Emperor Napoleon, who upset the doge dynasty of Venice and destroyed the Inquisition.

While straying through the palace I had more leisure to examine the numerous paintings that adorned the walls of the council-chamber. One picture especially attracted my attention. It was the "Last Judgment," and it covered one entire side of the hall, being one hundred feet wide by one hundred and fifty feet in length, contained fifteen hundred figures, was painted five hundred years ago, and looks as fresh and new as if painted but a month since.

I returned to the little iron box, where a small bribe induced the keeper to open it. Although there was nothing but a little iron box to look at, I lingered there gazing at it for twenty minutes, while my imagination saw the fatal papers falling from the lion's mouth, and being taken out on the other side by the blood-thirsty tyrants of the Inquisition. I was led through a little dark passage large enough for only one person to pass at a time. This was the secret way through which victims were led from the inquisition to the torture-room.

We had one of the most accommodating guides here that we have met on the Continent. If you wish to see any imaginable sort of curiosity, name it to him, and he will show it to you.

Last night the entire party went gliding along the Grand Canal in two gondolas, while the surface of the



water looked like a vast lake of shining silver. Nothing is more charmingly beautiful than Venice by moonlight. Hundreds of gondolas flew in every direction, while the romantic song of the gondolier went echoing through the balmy air.

"Oh, my! what a beautiful sight!" exclaimed Effie.

"Charming! exquisite! heavenly!" exclaimed Miss Bell.

"I wonder if Paradise was as pretty as this?" said Miss Stevenson.

"It beats a circus," said Dick.

"It beats a Fourth-of-July barbecue," replied the author.

"Glorious!" says Chittenden.

"Muchee grandee Italee lunee!" cried one of the gondoliers.

"Yes," said Dick; "I understand you very well, but I don't know what you mean."

"He says that the moon shines only in Italy," answered Chittenden.

"He is a fool," exclaimed one of the ladies. "Does he think that we have no moon in the United States?"

It is my opinion that the honest gondolier never thought of setting up a pre-emptive claim to the moon. He was merely expatiating on the exquisite grandeur of the beautiful queen of night.

We halted at the Rialto, the bridge made famous by Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice." I can readily understand why this bridge was mentioned as the place where "merchants do congregate," because on each side and end of the bridge are innumerable little shops,

where, until this very day, may be seen many Jewish merchants plying their trade just as they did when Shylock and Antonio traded there.

You can see the Desdemona palace if you will take the trouble to ask the accommodating guide to show it to you. In the first place, no such person as Desdemona ever existed, but what cares the guide for that? It is his business to gratify curiosity-hunters. I know him to be a success.

Every evening about sundown a band of musicians, one-half of whom were women, would halt their gondola in front of our hotel and discourse sweet music. The females were pretty fair singers, and the music was made by violins, guitars, and clarionets. They had their gondolas lighted at night by various gay-colored lanterns. As they glided over the water with their bright lights reflecting their rays deep down below the surface, it presented a lovely sight, never to be forgotten.

Don Carlos, the pretender to the Spanish throne, resides in a grand palace on the main canal,—a palace formerly occupied by one of the doges.

We experienced much pleasure in bathing in the waters of the Adriatic. They have spacious bath-houses where one can find plenty of room for enjoying the refreshing salt-water swim. One franc will secure a ticket of admission and a nice bathing-suit especially suited to warm climates, because it consists of nothing, fastened about the loins with a twine-string. I like it very much, because it is the prevailing style in Italy. I always was a fashionable person. All the churches

here are ornamented with beautiful pictures clad in the same sort of bathing-suits.

To-morrow morning at an early hour we will move toward Verona and Milan.

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## CHAPTER XXIII.

MILAN, July 14.

SOON after breakfast yesterday morning the brigade, baggage and all, was placed in a couple of gondolas and carried to the railway-station, and in ten minutes we were rushing toward Verona at the rate of thirty miles an hour.

The historic old city of Verona, where the gentle Juliet lived and died, is indeed the very spot where we can imagine Cupid would like to erect his throne. The city is on the banks of a charming little river at the base of the Apennines, and looks like a bright jewel sparkling among a thousand costly stones. The tomb of Juliet (which, of course, is a myth) is usually pointed out to visitors; and if any one should be disposed to discredit the story, an Italian priest may be found who will settle the question. When he tells you that it is the identical tomb wherein rests the mortal remains of the lovely Juliet, you are bound to believe it. No doubt that the tomb contains the bones of the Capulets or the Montagues, and probably a dozen or two of their cousins and aunts.

It was at or near Verona where Dante resided when he wrote his "Purgatory." I could write a first-class "Purgatory" too, if Mark Twain's chamois would continue to dance in my boots, as they are doing now. Put fleas, flies, and beggars after a man, and he would be an idiot indeed if he could not get up a first-class Purgatory. I dare say that Dante (while composing the "Inferno") muttered many epithets that would not look well in print.

The spot where Juliet is said to have been buried resembles a stable more than it does a graveyard. The enclosure has a semicircular shape, and is made of large blocks of gray stone, the vaulted roof being covered with a thick layer of earth, on which grows a thick green mossy turf. Mind you, I do not say that this *is* Juliet's tomb, but the proof in favor of it is as good as that furnished to prove that Pilate's staircase, up which Christ was led to judgment, was in Rome.

After leaving Verona our route lay along the borders of a beautiful lake whose waters have that peculiar charming blue color only to be found here. We arrived at three o'clock, and soon found ourselves in a cool, clean, well-kept hotel, every one asking when dinner would be served.

Milan is the largest city in Italy except Naples; it has about three hundred thousand inhabitants. Tomorrow we will investigate the curiosities of the city.

Milan is the capital of Lombardy, situated on the pretty little river of Olona, which, notwithstanding its diminutive size, is navigable for a great distance. The

most noteworthy curiosity of Milan is the cathedral, built in the Gothic style. It is claimed as the Eighth Wonder of the world by the Milanese. It contains two thousand beautiful marble statues and some of the best paintings extant. The top of the dome is three hundred and sixty feet above the pavement; from it Mont Blanc and Mont Cenis can be plainly seen. Effie and four others made the ascent, but the writer accomplished the task by proxy. The interior of the cathedral is supported by fifty-two huge pillars, twelve feet in diameter, the summits of which are adorned with marble statues. The south sacristy is richly sculptured with Gothic decorations; the treasury is filled with massive silver statues and large quantities of candelabra, and contains a silver cross equal in size to the one on which the Saviour was crucified. Gems, jewels, sparkling diamonds, and all sorts of precious stones are to be seen on exhibition here. It would be folly to venture a guess as to the cost of this cathedral and its furniture, statues, paintings, etc. It would run into millions.

Where does the money come from that is expended on these costly buildings? Answer: From the poor, laboring classes, whose hard-earned pittance is taken from them under the forms of law and religion. One-half of all the land belongs to the church, one-third to the nobility, and only one-sixth belongs to the small farmers. No wonder, then, that the streets of every city swarm with beggars. I have the highest respect for religion, but I am of the opinion that God can hear the prayers of a poor sinner from an humble log cabin

as well as He can from a church costing millions. I believe it was Madame Roland who exclaimed, "O Liberty, how many crimes are committed in thy name!" "O Religion, how many crimes have been committed in thy name!" is a phrase I think quite *apropos* to this occasion.

VARESE, July 15.

Here we are, on this bright Sabbath morning, at Grand Hotel, Varese, located high up on the side of the Alps. We left Milan at 4 P.M. yesterday, and arrived here at 6.30 the same evening. We passed some of the grandest scenery in Italy. The plains of Lombardy, spreading on all sides as far as the eye could reach, presented a picture unsurpassed for beauty. The sky-piercing crests of the Alps could be seen far in the distance, while the broad plain over which we were being carried at the rate of thirty miles an hour was covered with ripening wheat, oats, and barley, and fruit-orchards of various kinds. The line of road skirted the shores of Lake Varese, whose bright blue waters looked like a vast fragment of sky that had fallen at the base of the Alps.

As we drew near the mountains a perceptible change of temperature was felt, which continued until we came near Varese. Overcoats and shawls were now in demand. A deep layer of ice covered the ground, while a cold, biting winter blast came stealing through the coach-windows. When we left Milan the weather was oppressively hot; when, after a two-hours' run, we arrived at Varese, we met a medium-class winter.



Varese is a little city of five thousand five hundred inhabitants, situated on a charming lake, not at the base, but high up on the side of the Alps. The hotel where we are stopping was formerly a villa, owned by an Italian count, who sold it to its present owner, who runs it as a hotel. It is a famous summer resort, where people come to enjoy the cool mountain-air and the charming scenery by which it is surrounded. The snow-clad peaks of the Alps can be seen from the window of my room. They seem to be below us, and probably they are. It would be impossible to paint such a beautiful picture as the one now before me.

CADENABIA, July 16.

As the bright rays of the morning sun came stealing over the Alpine peaks we found ourselves seated in an open carriage drawn by spirited steeds, who skimmed the earth at the rate of eight miles an hour. The road was level and very smooth, being composed of gravel cemented so as to form a compact surface as bumpless as a parlor floor. The atmosphere was cool and exhilarating; the sky was clear, bright-blue, and lovely; the majestic Alps were high and splendid. After an hour's ride the lovely Lake of Lugano could be seen quietly resting between two lofty Alpine ranges.

Our party was here transferred from the carriage to the deck of a cosy little steamboat, and away we flew over the calm, blue bosom of the lake. At eleven o'clock we landed at the little city of Lugano. The streets were gayly decorated with thousands of pretty little flags, representing the colors of all nations. The

streets were crowded with visitors, who had come to witness a shooting-match,—a contest between two crack teams. We saw the Star-Spangled Banner proudly floating from the prow of a little boat.

After inspecting the wonders of this quaint little old city, we again placed ourselves aboard of the boat and set out for the end of the lake, where we arrived at three o'clock. Here we again took carriage, and proceeded on our journey toward this place. At four o'clock a picture presented itself before us which for enchanting beauty could not be surpassed. You will find many contradictions in my descriptions, but circumstances that caused them will plead for my pardon. I thought and said that nothing could equal the beauty and charm of a gondola-ride on the Grand Canal at Venice by moonlight; I now take it all back, and award the prize to Como. When we first caught a glimpse of the lovely lake we were on the top of a lofty mountain, at least three thousand feet above the water. The top of the crag on which our carriage stood seemed to stand perpendicularly above the town of Cadenabia.

"How on earth are we going to get down to the town?" inquired Effie.

"Shut your eyes, let all holts go, trust to luck, and you are there," said Dick.

"It is certain that the carriages cannot go down this mountain," said Miss Bell.

"The easiest thing to do in the world," replied Miss Stevenson, "provided we could hire some hands to sweep the fragments together after we got there."

The author had the good sense to keep quiet. He considers nothing impossible since he was mistaken for an Egyptian mummy.

Well, we came down at last, and that, too, so gently that one could not feel a jolt. If you wish to understand how this wonderful feat was accomplished, take a sheet of foolscap paper, make a dot on the upper left-hand corner, one inch below it make another, and so on until you come to the bottom. Then begin on the upper right-hand corner. Make the first dot just half an inch below the upper right-hand corner. Then make another dot one inch below it, and so on until you come to the bottom. Then draw a line from the upper dot on the left-hand corner to the upper dot on the right-hand corner. Then run your line back to the second dot on the left, then back to the second dot on the right. Keep a line until you get to the bottom. In making your line from the upper left-hand dot, run it by a short, gentle curve around the first dot on the right, and continue this line until the last lower dot is reached. Suppose the width of the sheet of paper to be half a mile, and its length three thousand feet, and the pencil-line the road, which was cut in the perpendicular side of the mountain; then you will at once comprehend the process by which we made the descent. The grade was gradual, the ride pleasant, and the novelty indescribably curious.

It is not alone the beauty of Lake Como that has won for it its world-wide fame; it is the peculiar charm which Nature has given to the grand scenery by which the shores are bordered. The grand snow-clad crests

of the Alpine chain that kisses the bright blue sky on each side; the dark-green foliage that covers the base of those lofty mountains; the many charming little villages that shine like bright gems in a diadem on each shore; the gaudy palaces, whose marble walls glitter like burnished silver in the soft rays of the moon; the cosey villas that are half concealed among the blooming magnolias and the ripening lemon; the ravishing odor rising from the vast sea of fragrant flowers that appear on every hand; the plaintive song of the nightingale that is heard every night mingling its music with the gentle murmur of the waves,—all contribute much to the rich treasures of enchantment that have made Lake Como famous. Virgil, Bulwer, and many other renowned poets have sung the beauties of Como, but no pen can do justice to a charm that may be felt, but not described.

JULY 17.

The brigade was ready to follow its famous leader at an early hour this morning. The first movement was a raid on Villa Carlotta, the property of Duke George of Saxe-Meiningen. He is a German prince who usually resides here during the summer. We took the castle by storm, and held it against all opposition for two hours. It is the opinion of the author that Bulwer had this villa in his mind's eye when he described the mythical palace of Claude Melnotte. No lover's dream could create a sweeter charm, no poet's pen describe a lovelier sight. The grand old magnolia-trees—twice as large as any in America—stand close about the white

marble walls of the palace, thrusting their huge white blossoms into the windows. Scotch fir, German pine, cedar, palm, sycamore, lemon, orange, olive, and various other sorts of beautiful trees, are thickly grouped about the grounds, making a canopy through which the rays of the sun can never penetrate. Innumerable shady walks meander in every direction, leading us from rural grotto to bubbling fountain, from green, mossy arbors to sweet seas of pretty flowers. Thousands of feathered songsters managed to keep up a constant melody of delightful sounds. White marble statues half covered with dark-green woodbine stand like angels at every turn. Terrace rises above terrace in front of the house, covered with odorous flowers. If one had any poetry in his soul, a view of the Villa Carlotta would extract it; but, as one doesn't happen to be suffering with that complaint just now, he must knuckle down to prosy facts. When a shrub or a plant in Italy makes up its mind to be green, it can be greener by many degrees here than in America. The same may be said about blue lakes, blue sky, and blue mountains. Lake Como would make Prussian blue ashamed of itself; a week of Italian sky would make a first-class August out of an American February. The atmosphere in this country does not mince matters. If it takes a notion to warm up the population, it stews them first, then it bakes them, then it parches them. Presto! change! then it freezes them.

We had a pleasant sail across the lake this evening, and most of the party ascended one of the small moun-

tains on the other side, where a splendid view of the lake is to be had.

FURCA, July 18.

Immediately after breakfast this morning we boarded a boat and set sail for the city of Como, situated at the end of the lake. Here we took the train for Goschenen, passing through the St. Gothard tunnel. I regard the construction of this railroad as one of the grandest results ever accomplished by an engineer, the Suez Canal and the Mississippi jetties not excepted. In making this remark, I do not refer alone to the tunnel. It is the scientific engineering that was necessary to make a road here, so as to reach the point where the grand tunnel begins.

I know of no better way to describe this wonderful work than to tell you to take a common wire mattress-spring, set it on the ground, and imagine it to be one mile in circumference. Suppose the wire to be the line of the railroad, all the while gradually rising toward the top, crossing itself, at the end of each circuit, at least two hundred feet above where the last crossing was made. This would perhaps not appear so very wonderful if the meanderings were made on the sides of the craggy mountains, but you must remember that the line of the road makes most of these circuits underground. The train runs around and around under the mountain, but all the time coming gradually up until a point midway up is reached; then the final plunge into the grand tunnel is made. An elevation of five thousand feet is reached by this road. An air-line from



the point where the grade begins to where it ends would not exceed six miles. Therefore you understand that no small amount of meandering is necessary to accomplish this wonderful feat.

When we got through the tunnel, we found ourselves at the village of Goschenen, where we took carriages for this place. We now began a journey which for wild grandeur of scenery could not be surpassed.

Furca is nothing but a commodious hotel perched high up on the summit of the Alps. It, however, is by no means the highest point on the Alps, being only about ten thousand feet above the sea.

I never experienced a colder day than this one has been herè. The snow is ten feet deep within fifty yards of the table on which I am writing. Vast fields of ice may be seen in every direction, while a biting wind whistles and howls around. The idea of being nearly frozen to death in the middle of July is as novel to me as it is unpleasant. We had concluded to spend the 19th on this mountain, but it required no urging to induce every one to consent to get away as soon as possible, therefore we will hasten down the mountain in the morning.

The road from Goschenen to Furca is a curiosity that I should like very much to describe, but that indeed would be an impossibility. We travelled at least twenty miles between the two places, yet they are not over four miles apart. The road winds round the surface of the mountain, every now and then closely skirting the verge of a yawning abyss, the bottom of which

is a thousand feet below, the carriage-wheel all the time running within ten inches of the brink. It makes one feel slightly uncomfortable to look down into one of these deep gulfs as the horses jog along. If a horse should stumble or a strap break, an inquest might be necessary a quarter of a mile below. In fact, such a thing did happen on the Tête-Noire Pass three years ago. A family consisting of husband, wife, two daughters, and an infant son, occupied seats in a carriage; one of the horses shied slightly, but enough to throw one wheel over the brink, and down went horses, carriage, driver, and family. Nothing but an unrecognizable mass of flesh and bones was ever found. No one can imagine the joy we felt when crowding around the bright blazing fire at Furca after making this perilous ascent.

The road from Goschenen to Furca passes over the Devil's Bridge,—a most wonderful curiosity. I do not know by what means it obtained this name, but I am sure that a sight of the boiling whirlpool to be seen beneath the bridge causes one to think of the devil's dominions. A picture of his Satanic Highness is painted on the face of the vast cliff that overlooks the bridge. The artist made a success of the devil's tail, but failed on the horns. Then he only gave him two eyes, while, according to the Raphaelistic theory, he was entitled to three.

MARTIGNY, July 19.

At seven o'clock this morning we made an early movement toward a warmer climate, having been

slightly disgusted with the prevailing weather at Furca, cloaks, blankets, shawls, overcoats, and gloves being immensely demanded. Notwithstanding the discomfort by which we were besieged, we halted at the Rhône glacier, which lies near the road. This was the first glacier I ever saw. I had expected to see a vast field of white smooth ice, but I beheld nothing of the sort. The Rhône glacier resembles a broad strip of a stormy ocean that had suddenly turned to blue ice, but still retaining the shape of the waves and the peculiar color of the waters. The surface of the glacier is thickly intersected with innumerable deep ravines, or crevices, the sides of which have that beautiful deep-blue color peculiar to Italian lakes. The crests of the waves are white, but not so with the sides. If one looks at the Falls of Niagara, he sees that deep-blue color. Now, if that vast quantity of water was suddenly converted into ice, it would still retain its blue color. Just so it is with the Rhône glacier. The ice seems to be broken into ten thousand uniform slices, or waves, standing on their edge, with bottomless caverns between the slices.

The line of our road from the Rhône glacier to Brieg was similar to the one we travelled over yesterday from Goschenen to Furca. We, however, had the advantage of this road, being at the upper instead of the lower end of it. After a tedious ride of nine hours we came dashing into Brieg, where we took the train for Martigny.

I am not prepared to furnish a sensible reason for crossing the Alps again the very next day, which we

have resolved to do. Perhaps if I tell you of a joke that was indulged in by a crowd of mischief-making Swiss at Brieg, you may be able to guess why we have determined to recross the Alps. Every member of the party was talking at the same time, each one endeavoring to speak louder than the other and gesticulating in a very boisterous manner. I heard the Swiss jabbering in a low tone, while the manner in which they pointed at us convinced me that their conversation referred to us.

"What are those men talking about?" I inquired, addressing our courier.

"They say that an American lunatic asylum has been struck by lightning, killing a few inmates, and that the survivors are travelling with their keeper in Switzerland until a new one can be built for them."

"Good!" said Chittenden.

"It's our treat!" cried Dick.

"They think they are *very* smart," said Effie.

"I think so, too," replied Miss Bell.

Martigny is a charming little village situated at the foot of the Alps, near the lower end of the Tête-Noire Pass. Here we occupied apartments at a splendid hotel, and to say we ate a hearty dinner would be but a feeble expression, considering the fact that we had fasted and travelled eleven hours through a nipping atmosphere. Only two meals a day are furnished by the hotels on the Continent,—breakfast at nine (unless ordered earlier), and dinner at six. If you want lunch, you can order it and pay for it. In Italy the people



THE JUDGE.





have studied the American tourist well. They measure him, they weigh him, they know him, and they "go for him." They can set thousands of seductive little traps to catch him. I know of what I speak, for I have often been caught. Did you ever hear of the tricky speculator who gave the man a ramrod and a percussion-cap, and then induced him to purchase a gun, in order to utilize the cap and ramrod? Something similar to it is the way American tourists are bamboozled by Italians.

For instance, ask the proprietor of a hotel how much he will charge per day to board and lodge you.

"Two dollars," is the usual answer.

You strike a trade at once, deeming the price very reasonable. Breakfast is announced; you are furnished with a cup of coffee and bread and butter. Nothing else is in sight; nothing else is to be had. You must subsist on sad thoughts until six o'clock P.M., or pay seventy-five cents for lunch. Suppose, while taking lunch, you imagine that a cup of coffee would stop your headache. You whisper to the waiter an order for coffee; it comes in an incredibly short time. Well, you don't like coffee without milk, and so inform the waiter; the milk comes promptly. Everything looks lovely and seems to glide smoothly on. You call for ice, and ice comes as if by magic. When you go to settle your bill, you find the items beautifully specified on a little slip of gilt-edged note-paper reeking with rich perfume. It would read like this:

"*Item* 1. Board and lodging one day, \$2.00; lunch, 75 cents; coffee, 25 cents; cream, 20 cents; ice, 10

cents; candles, 15 cents; soap, 10 cents; attendance, 50 cents."

We have all been victims to this peculiar mode, but it is safe to say that we are growing wiser as we grow older. Who can fail to learn useful knowledge under such circumstances?

We experience no little amount of inconvenience in keeping ourselves supplied with current funds, owing to the fact that we pass so often and so quickly from one nation to another. I attempted to pay for some fruit at Lugano with Italian money, which was rejected, the vender informing me that we were in Switzerland. A broker gave me Swiss silver for a ten-franc coin, charging a franc for exchange. Before I could buy the fruit, the boat-whistle blew the signal for departure. At the end of an hour's run we landed at a village on the other side of the lake, where my Swiss money would not pay for a lunch, because we were in Italy. If you stump your toe in a kingdom you fall on a republic, and by the time you get up you are in an empire.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

CHAMOUNIX, July 20.

WELL, here we are at last, snugly housed in a good hotel, from the windows of which may be had a splendid view of Mont Blanc. I had not been here thirty minutes before I was making my way to the top of this majestic mountain. I accomplished the ascent in less than twenty minutes, without encountering any obstacle whatever, except a few impertinent clouds that seemed bent on retarding my journey. I went up by Mark Twain's lightning-express line,—a delightful route which was invented by Mark himself. A fee of one franc is the only cost incurred by this line. It was formerly called the telescope-elevator until Mark added his amendment.

The route from Martigny to Chamounix lies across the Tête-Noire Pass, which differs but very little from the one we travelled when coming over the Furca Pass. We did not suffer quite so much from cold weather to-day as we did at Furca, because the top of the Tête-Noire Pass is not so much exposed as was the other.

Chamounix is quite a small village, located in a beautiful valley at the base of Mont Blanc, and has a population of two thousand. It is a manufacturing town, doing a thriving business. The principal articles produced here are alpenstocks, pack-saddles, and lazy mules, with all of which I have had a sad experience.

We have crossed over the top of the Alps twice, and under them twice. We went under at Mont Cenis and St. Gothard; we went over at Furca and Tête-Noire. I am gorged with Alps, I am sick of the Alps, and I am anxious to get out of sight of them.

JULY 21.

This has been a day that I will surely never forget. If sore feet, aching bones, and starvation don't make an indelible impression on my mind, the recollection of lazy mules, impertinent guides, and alpenstock peddlers certainly will. We have performed the hardest day's work to-day that has been done since we arrived on the Continent. Twelve lazy mules, twelve lazy guides, and twelve American tourists, crawling up a zigzag path, where an American goat would be afraid to go! An elevation of ten thousand feet to be climbed before we could reach the glacier which we were bent on seeing!

Effie's mule was as tame as a cat, but his nature resembled that of the American mule. He amused himself by kicking every one who came near him. They had a little cannon on top of the mountain, which was frequently fired so as to let the visitors hear the extensive echo. The report would rebound from side to side, making as many reports as a dozen shots would make on low ground. Effie's mule kicked at the first report, and then kicked at each echo. If a rock started to roll down the mountain, that mule would kick at it if it was a thousand yards from him. When we got up near the top of the mountain, a little

cloud came stealing along below us; that mule kicked at that cloud as long as he could see it. I heard some one cry, "Oh!" and, looking back, I saw one of the guides rubbing his shin. I think he was cursing mules, though I could not understand what he said. His gestures were of a vigorous nature, and he was shaking his fist at the kicking mule. Each mule was led by a guide.

At the end of four hours we arrived at Mer de Glace. Here the mules were sent back, while the brigade made preparations to march across the frozen sea. Each member being armed with an alpenstock,—an indispensable weapon,—we mounted the glacier and moved forward. An alpenstock is a pole eight feet long, and an inch and a half in diameter, with a hook on one end and a sharp spike on the other. The spike, when driven into the ice, prevented one from slipping into those yawning caverns that are so plentiful. The hook is used in climbing up the mountain. By catching hold of a rock or a tree with the hook, one could pull himself up over places that he could not pass without it.

We crossed the glacier in twenty minutes; it is about half a mile across it. The most perilous part of the trip was encountered while descending the mountain after crossing the glacier. At one place, our path ran along the brink of a precipice, where an iron rod was fastened, to which the tourist had to cling in order to keep himself from slipping over. Little notches, only ten inches wide, were cut in the rock, where we might plant our feet. The slightest mistake

in planting the feet would produce an inquest. Here is where the guides made themselves useful. Each one clung to his employer tenaciously, crying, "Courage! courage! No danger!" etc. When the brigade reached the base of the mountain, it (the brigade) was in a dilapidated condition, and I was afraid that a hospital would be necessary, but I am happy to be able to report the entire command ready for duty now.

The French language is spoken in all parts of Italy and Switzerland.

We will go to Geneva to-morrow.

GENEVA, July 23.

We have to-day accomplished a task that required no small amount of labor. At an early hour we placed ourselves under the command of an experienced guide, who promised to show us the sights of the city. That promise has been in all respects complied with.

Geneva, although not by any means a populous city, covers a large area of ground, which to inspect thoroughly requires much travel. The city is nearly equally divided by the Rhone, which runs out of Lake Lemman near its centre. The population is fifty thousand. The houses are all built of stone, neatly polished. The streets in the new part of the city are broad and pretty, but narrow and ugly in the old part.

We visited the church where Jean Cauin (commonly called "John Calvin") thundered forth his denunciation against the Roman Catholics. The old building, the walls of which are composed of large blocks of dark-gray stone, looks as if it would last until the end



of time. The chair occupied by the great reformer over three hundred years ago was shown to us.

Immediately in the rear of the church stands the stone house in which Calvin resided for twenty-one years, and in which he died in 1564. His great theological victories obtained for him almost sovereign power, but it is a deplorable fact that he used it in a most cruel manner to punish his enemies. It was by Calvin's order that Michael Servius was put to death. It is to be regretted that one who had done so much good should have been guilty of such cruelty. The victim of this tragedy was not a citizen of Geneva. He was merely a visitor, temporarily residing here, and was arrested, tried, and burned, because he differed with Calvin upon theological questions. The spot where this martyr was executed is shown to tourists. It is on a little hill south of the city.

Madame de Staël and Jean Jacques Rousseau were born here; also many other persons of literary renown. The Musée Rath contains many things worth seeing. A picture of Marie de Medicis, by Thailier, is a splendid piece of work. A look at the splendid marble statues is well worth the attention of visitors.

There is a delightful absence of beggars in Switzerland, and one may uncork a bottle of champagne without hitting one with the cork. The churches here are not gaudy and costly, but God is devoutly worshipped nevertheless. The people of Switzerland don't pray by proxy; they kneel down in their little rock cabins on the mountains, and send up their petitions by a direct line.

The Swiss are a frugal, industrious, sober people, who love liberty and admire heroism. They keep everything clean and neat, and excel the world raising pretty flowers. The most charming gardens are to be seen on every hand, filled with the greatest variety of plants. The windows of every house are full of geraniums of different colors,—a favorite flower among the Swiss. Every available spot of ground on the mountain-side is utilized. Innumerable little rock huts may be seen perched so high among the crags that one would imagine that a Rocky Mountain goat could not climb to them. Nevertheless, these huts are inhabited by a happy people, who make a good living where an American would starve. Indeed, an American would be afraid to risk his life in an attempt to reach the fearful height. I judge others by my own feelings.

I found quite an interesting story floating around without an owner the other day, and have appropriated it to my own use.

“Once upon a time (thus runs the story) a man who lived in a little cabin near the summit of the mountain, while seated in the back door, dropped asleep and fell out of the door, which produced an inquest in another canton (county), four thousand feet below. The lower canton paid the funeral expenses, presented the bill to the upper canton, and demanded payment, which was refused. The lower community captured a gang of goats belonging to the upper one, and sold them to pay the funeral expenses. The upper canton retaliated by seizing a drove of cattle belonging to the lower one. A company of soldiers attempted to take their cattle,

but were driven back, and three of them were killed. War ensued, blood flowed like water, hundreds of lives were sacrificed, all because one man fell out of one county into another."

This story was not sworn to by my informant. If the man did not fall, he missed a good opportunity, for all the surroundings are favorable.

JULY 24.

At eight o'clock this morning we boarded a pretty little steamboat and set out on our journey to Chillon. So many charming descriptions of Lake Lemman have been written, so many poets have sung of its beauties, that the best thing I can do is merely to keep quiet on that subject.

The lake, from one end to the other, is bordered with many bright, beautiful villages, ensconced beneath the long blue mountain-range that rises majestically in the rear. The shadiest parks, the prettiest gardens, the most fragrant flowers, the cleanest streets, and the most cosy houses greet the beholder on every hand.

A run of three hours brought us to the town, and then a fifteen-minute walk landed us at the famous Castle of Chillon, where I had looked for a prison, but in less than thirty minutes I had settled the question satisfactorily. It is a prison and a palace combined. Many centuries ago it was occupied by the Duke of Savoy, whose tyrannical deeds furnished the theme of Byron's beautiful poem.

We have ample proof that the Castle of Chillon was built over a thousand years ago. Its sombre walls

rise up from the bosom of the beautiful lake like a colossal ghost grinning derisively at the onward march of science and civilization. It is a monument of tyranny, the sight of which makes us shudder, but increases our love for liberty. What a horrible story we should hear if the ghost of Francis Bonnivard could rise up before us and tell what he suffered within those dismal walls. The flinty rocks of the floor of his dungeon bear the marks of his footsteps, where he paced back and forth for six long years, chained as he was to a large stone column that rises in the centre. A large iron ring is fastened to a bolt that runs through the column; the ring is about fifteen inches above the floor. To this ring Bonnivard was fastened with a short chain, which allowed him a walking space only two feet wide by four feet in length. The floor is made of huge blocks of blue limestone, and a sort of a trough about four inches deep and two feet wide has been worn out by the footsteps of the prisoner, who trod back and forth there for six years. I had often read Byron's poem, "The Prisoner of Chillon," but I did not really comprehend its full meaning until I saw where the rock had been worn away by Bonnivard's feet.

"Chillon, thy prison is a holy place,  
And thy sad floor an altar; for 'twas trod  
Until his very steps have left a trace,  
Worn as if the cold pavement were a sod,  
By Bonnivard. May none those marks efface,  
For they appeal from tyranny to God."

One could scarcely believe that sad story, were it not

for the ample proof, both positive and circumstantial, to be found in the prison and at Geneva. Francis Bonnivard was a heroic soldier, a true Christian, and a classical scholar, who was hated by the tyrannical Duke of Savoy. He defeated the duke in many battles, compelling him to make peace on humiliating terms. After the war was ended, the duke by treacherous means captured Bonnivard, and imprisoned him in the castle.

The Castle of Chillon is built in the water of Lake Lemman. The walls are six feet thick. A tall tower rises in the centre, reaching far above the body of the castle. Six smaller towers rise on the sides, and the whole building is enclosed by a huge stone wall. Three sides of the castle are washed by the waves of Lake Lemman, while a deep moat protects the other side. The entrance is made by crossing a narrow bridge, and going through a huge iron gate. We were conducted down a dark flight of stone steps, which ended at the torture-room, where many of the implements may be seen. A block and tackle hung upon a wooden cross where the victims were drawn up, so as to bring them four or five feet above the floor. Many black charred spots may be seen on the wooden post; they were made by red-hot irons while burning the feet of victims. Immediately above this horrible place, and not more than fifteen feet from it, is the sleeping-room of the duchess. No doubt she often chatted, laughed, and feasted with her friends while the screams and groans of the tortured victims sounded on her ears. In a little dark cell near Bonnivard's prison

may be seen a large wooden beam, each end of which has been worked into the wall. To this beam the victim was hung when the death penalty was to be inflicted.

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## CHAPTER XXV.

LAUSANNE, July 25.

WELL, here we are at the charming little city of Interlaken, at the close of a hard day's work. After a thorough investigation of the prison of Chillon, we boarded a boat and set sail for Ouchy, a little town situated on a sloping hill near the lake. As we approached the village, the golden rays of the setting sun danced over the smooth surface of the lake, giving it the appearance of a vast field of burnished gold. As the swift-sailing boat disturbed the calm waters, causing it to break into a thousand diminutive waves, it presented a sight of exquisite beauty. The waves seemed to leap over the dancing rays of the sun, mixing the two colors, while each wave appeared to be fringed with a wreath of sparkling diamonds. No wonder is it, then, that poets have so often sung of the enchanting scenery of Lake Lemman. It was on the shores of this lovely lake that Byron composed some of his best poetry. He often wandered alone among the rugged mountain-crags that overlook the lake. Seating himself on some lofty point, he would set his mighty mind



to work, and thrill the world with the products of his wonderful brain. It was on the shores of this romantic lake that Gibbon composed and wrote a work that will cause his name to live forever. About all Swiss villages there is a peculiar fascination which to be appreciated must be personally witnessed. Ouchy looks like a thousand square towers of ice half buried in a sea of flowers, while an army of green woodbine vines seem bent on smothering everything to death, and a host of feathered songsters are singing a sweet requiem over the dying beauty.

Madame de Staël's villa is situated on a sloping hill, about a thousand yards from the water's edge, on the right bank as we go from Ouchy to Geneva. This is the charming spot where she sought inspiration and, no doubt, found it; for her name occupies no insignificant position on the tablet of literary renown.

A wave of inspiration came over me yesterday evening, and the world would have been delighted with a collection of brand-new ideas but for an unlucky incident which prevented me from committing them to paper. My brain was painfully crowded with lofty ideas; charming poetry streamed through every vein and struggled for permission to escape. Pen, ink, and paper were sought and secured. I seized my pen and began thusly :

On Lemman's flowery shore  
Sat a half-famished sinner ;  
Like Twist, he wanted more,  
As he watched and waited for dinner.

Of mutton-chops did the hero dream  
As a fair maiden crept to his side;  
She startled him with a wild scream,—  
“Dinner is ready, papa!” she cried.

Just at this moment the dinner-bell rang, and Effie came running into the room and in an ecstasy of joy cried,—

“Come quick, papa! They’ve got ice cream and apple-tarts for dinner!”

My Pegasus fled in disgust. The fit of inspiration afflicted me no more. My Pierian spring went dry, and I have nothing to do but to curse the inventor of *table-d’hôte* dinners. Where is the cruel father that could resist the cry of “ice cream and apple-tarts,” when uttered by a hungry daughter? Let it be distinctly understood that I am not one of them. This unfortunate event has deprived the world of one of the sweetest of songs. The fit of poetic inspiration has never attacked me since; but if the disease should return, I will finish the song.

The road leading from Ouchy to Lausanne is smooth and beautiful, though a continuous up-grade all the way.

Soon after the boat landed at Ouchy, the brigade, baggage and all, was crammed into an omnibus, and began to climb the mountains at a snail’s pace. The ladies occupied seats inside, while the men took a rough-and-tumble ride on top.

By the time we reached the hotel at Lausanne, we were surrounded by a large crowd of boys, who frequently asked when the show would open.

"What do they mean?" inquired Dick, addressing our conductor.

"They think we are a travelling menagerie," was the reply.

"How could they think otherwise, with Dick on the front seat?" exclaimed Chittenden.

"And an African gorilla by his side," replied Dick, pointing at Chittenden; "and an Egyptian mummy in the rear," pointing at me.

Lausanne is the capital of the Canton de Vaud, and has a population of thirty thousand. It occupies an elevated plateau on the sloping side of Mont Jorat. The old castle, whose gray towers almost pierce the clouds, is prominent among the curiosities of the city. The cathedral, built nearly seven hundred years ago, is yet in a good state of preservation, and looks as if it would stand a thousand years longer. It was in this building that Calvin, Farel, and Viret raised the great religious row that caused the separation of Vaud from the Romish Church and the suppression of supremacy of Savoy. What a pity it is they did not suppress the inventor of the *table-d'hôte* dinner system, while they were in the suppressing mood!

There is nothing very attractive in the city of Lausanne, but the splendid view of the adjacent mountains—which may be obtained by a few minutes' walk above the town—is superb. Many of the grandest Alpine mountains may be seen from here, while the panoramic view of the surrounding country is charming. Thousands of grape vineyards green with growing vines, hundreds of shining villages dotting the distant hills

like jewels in a crown, vast herds of cattle, sheep, and goats quietly browsing on the mountain side, the shepherdess with her tricolored costume,—all go to make up a romantic picture, beautiful to behold and difficult to describe.

The people of Switzerland deserve the highest praise, for they are industrious, sober, economical, religious, and honest. They have the finest roads, the prettiest villages, the cleanest hotels, the most charming gardens, the best-cultivated farms, of any nation through which we have travelled. Their government is to all intents and purposes democratic, and in many respects resembles that of the United States. Their president is elected every three years by the popular vote, without being hampered by the electoral college, as in the United States. Each canton has its separate government, and any attempt of the general government to encroach on the rights reserved for the cantons would be attended with no little danger. The severest punishment is inflicted on parents who permit their children to beg; consequently no beggars are to be seen.

This morning, at an early hour, we boarded the train for Friberg, where we arrived after a delightful ride over a country thickly dotted with bright villages and white farm-houses. We first paid our respects to the famous suspension-bridge. When I say "famous" I mean it, but how and why it got its fame is a question now open for debate. To compare it with the Brooklyn bridge would be like comparing a wheelbarrow with a railway locomotive.

We were eager to hear the grand organ, which was

to be played upon at one o'clock. The payment of a franc was necessary to secure a ticket, which amount each one disbursed and we walked in. It is a misnomer to call that organ a musical instrument. If I were under bond requiring me to invent a new-fashioned tornado, I would consider my bond cancelled if I could rent or buy that organ. It is as large as Noah's ark, and doubtless cost twice as much money. It has over seven thousand pipes, some of which are over thirty feet long. The amount of air required to run the machine would be enough to start a respectable hurricane.

While we were all sitting on a hard bench waiting for the music to commence, my mind fell into one of those day-dreams which often waylay me. I was thinking of earthquakes, tornadoes, shipwrecks, and many other delightful things, when all of a sudden my ears were greeted by a noise like distant thunder as the building began to tremble from roof to floor. I made a dash toward the door, being frightened half to death by the belief that I was in the midst of an earthquake. Just as I was in the act of leaping into the street the skirt of my coat was seized by the sexton, who brought me to a sudden halt.

"Stop!" said he, "it is only the organ you hear."

After a short scuffle he succeeded in replacing me on the bench, where I managed to keep quiet until the show closed.

Of all the soul-scraping sounds that ever tortured the nerves of mankind, that made by this organ is the most horrible. A railway-train running over an iron

bridge at the rate of fifty miles an hour would make sweeter music. Many years ago, I saw a tornado strike the shop of a boiler-manufacturer in the suburbs of St. Louis. A thousand sheets of iron and a score of half-finished boilers were snatched up and dashed violently against one another, and as they went rattling and tumbling over the rocks they made music in all respects similar to that produced by the Friberg organ.

I drew a long breath of relief when the concert closed. I will not go there any more while I am sane.

In a small square at Friberg stands an old-time tree fourteen feet in circumference, partially supported by stone pillars. Tradition has interwoven an interesting legend with the history of this venerable tree. As the story goes, the tree sprung from a small twig brought from the battle-field of Morat, in the year 1476, by a youthful courier who was sent to carry the news of the great victory to the citizens of the city. He fell on the ground where the tree stands and expired from the loss of blood, occasioned by wounds received in the great battle. With his last breath he cried, "Victory! victory! victory!" and in his dying struggle stuck the twig in the ground and watered it with his blood. The twig took root, grew, and flourished, and soon became a gigantic tree. Now, we are bound to believe this story, because the tree is there to show for itself.

When we first entered the city and began to march toward the suspension-bridge, I was startled by feeling my leg seized and a slight pinch inflicted. The first thing that I thought of was rabid dogs; but, instead of seeing a dog when I faced about, I beheld a pretty



little girl, not over four years old, with a bunch of flowers in her hand, which she asked me to purchase. By way of attracting my attention, she had given my leg a vigorous pinch. Admiring her energy and beauty, I bought the flowers and passed on to the bridge, then to the cathedral. After a two hours' stroll about the streets, I felt the same pinch on my leg. Looking around, lo, and behold! there stood the same little girl with a bunch of flowers, which she urged me to purchase. Dick and Chittenden had stolen my flowers and given them back to her, and had assisted her in selling them to me the second time.

Having effectually investigated the sights of Friberg, we took the train for Bern, where we arrived in time to make an excursion through all the streets worthy of notice before night. Most prominent among the curiosities of this city is the wonderful old clock perched on the tower of the corn-hall. A wooden cock flaps his wings, stretches his neck, and crows. This is a signal given exactly three minutes before the end of every hour. As soon as the signal is given a troop of bears begin to march around a seated figure. At the end of three minutes a Harlequin counts the hours by the number of strokes on the bell. The cock then crows again, which is the signal calling a bearded old man to work. The old man now turns an hour-glass and counts the hours with his staff, which he moves up and down once for each hour, at the same time opening and closing his mouth as if counting them with his lips. One of the bears bosses the job and bows his head at each stroke, as if verifying the correctness of

the count. The cock then crows the third time, which announces an hour recess; and the show closes, to be reopened by the usual signal.

Bern is the capital of Canton Bern, and has a population of forty-five thousand. Bears are as plentiful in Bern as priests are in Rome; but it must be remembered that the bear is the heraldic emblem of the city, and, to judge from the vast number of those animals to be seen there, one would imagine that they were held in high esteem by the inhabitants. Stone bears, wooden bears, marble bears, iron bears, mud bears, porcelain bears, brass bears, and all sorts of bears are to be seen in every street in the city. A large den of living bears may be seen just across the Aar, a charming little river that meanders through the lower portion of the town. This den contains many of the largest-sized bears, as well as many cubs. The shop-windows are filled with miniature bears, made of ivory and wood.

"Why do you people love the bears so much?" I inquired of a shopkeeper.

"The bear is our patron saint," was the prompt answer.

This was indeed a higher office than our American bears had ever aspired to.

The day was well gone when we again boarded a train and left Bern *en route* for Interlaken, where we arrived at eleven o'clock last night. We are in the very midst of some of the grandest Alpine scenery.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

INTERLAKEN, July 26.

THE little city of Interlaken is as pretty as a Kentucky belle clad in silk. The beautiful blue Lake of Thun lies on one side, and Lake Brienz on the other, while the little river Aar runs dancing and foaming through the very heart of the town. The Jungfrau, with its snow-covered crests, rises majestically above the valley, presenting one of the most imposing views to be seen in Switzerland. It is about fifteen miles from Interlaken, but on a clear day it appears to be less than two.

The old Castle of Unspunnen occupies the crest of a lofty eminence on the right side of the road leading from Interlaken to Jungfrau. This grand old ruin, like many others, has its romantic history. I wandered alone among its crumbling walls and rugged towers, and silently listened to the melancholy murmur of the wind as it blew through the loopholes. My imagination filled the castle with gallant knights and charming ladies such as dwelt there a thousand years ago. If it is true that ghosts occasionally obtain furloughs, enabling them to visit the earth, I would most respectfully call their attention to this magnificent ruin, as a suitable place for them to enjoy their nocturnal revel; I think I can safely promise them undisturbed possession of the castle every evening after the close of business hours in the city. Under no circumstances

will they be disturbed by me, nor by the citizens of Interlaken.

While wandering in the neighborhood of Unspunen, I met a first-class legend which appeared to be an orphan; I, like a Good Samaritan, took it in, and resolved to be its father:

In the days when Lord Grabembetter was the owner of Unspunen Castle he had a beautiful daughter, whose charming disposition, gentle manners, and goodness of heart caused scores of brave knights to make fools of themselves about her. Each one was ready to swear that if the fair damsel did not marry him she never should be the bride of another. In fact, it is rumored that several such oaths were actually placed on file; but they must have been lost or mislaid, as, after diligent search, no such documents can be found among Lord Grabembetter's papers. While the army of suitors were preparing to cut one another's throats about the fair Addeldeen (that was the maiden's name), she was having a good time with a lover of low degree, who had supplied her with chewing-gum and peppermint-candy during all the days of her childhood; indeed, he had been her inseparable companion while she wore short dresses and bib-aprons, but when her mamma caused her to be clad in long silk robes with extensive trains trimmed with Venetian laces she was commanded to give up her youthful lover. An extensive lecture was delivered to Addeldeen by her proud mamma, in which she expatiated on the brilliant prospects her daughter had of winning a desirable husband, provided she would show a respect

for the rules of propriety by cutting the acquaintance of her low-born lover. Addeldeen listened attentively to the eloquent speech, and no doubt meant to govern herself accordingly ; at least, such was the opinion of the mother. But, alas ! where is the heartless maiden who can be untrue to the man who has spent the best days of his youth in robbing birds' nests for her ? Addeldeen's pretty head was as full of brains inside as it was of golden hair without, but her heart was full of " what she believed to be sympathy," but it was with love for Richard Splugermud.

It was decided by Lord Grabembetter and his proud wife that Addeldeen might have one farewell interview with her plebeian lover for the purpose of delivering to him an unlimited leave of absence. My informant told me that the lovers met by moonshine on a moss-covered stone outside of the castle walls. Moonshine is a dangerous substance under which to shelter two ardent young lovers who are commanded to part forever. I have the best authority for saying that Richard was no booby ; in fact, he was every inch a man,—brave, sensible, handsome, well built, and in all respects worthy of any lady's love, but he had the misfortune to be born poor, and I am informed that many other men have been born in the same way. I can make an exhibit of one melancholy example.

Richard Splugermud was a shepherd who loved sheep, but who loved Addeldeen more. He was ambitious like Cæsar, and had a mind to quit the sheep business, marry a lord's daughter, and run a castle of his own. Old Grabembetter resolved to

thwart his little scheme, swearing by Jupiter, Juno, and several other distinguished deities that he would cut off Dick's head if he did not immediately leave the country. Dick very correctly concluded that, having already lost his heart, he could not conveniently part with his head; therefore he promised that if Lord Grabembetter would grant him a parting interview with Addeldeen he would relieve the neighborhood of his presence. This contract having been signed, sealed, delivered, and properly filed among the valuable records of Unspunen, the charming Addeldeen was permitted to meet her lover as aforesaid.

"Oh, Dick!" she cried, as she sank down on the cold stone by his side, "I am commanded to bid you adieu forever! Oh, cruel father, how could you do so? Fly, Dick! Fly from this hateful place. That pretty neck of thine will feel the edge of the executioner's axe if thou stayest here."

"Ah, my dear Addeldeen," exclaimed Dick, with considerable warmth, "let them cut off my head. I cannot, I will not give thee up. I promised that I would go if they would let me see thee once more, but I will not leave thee, my angel. No! no! never! I'll fight it out on this line if it takes all summer. Thinkest thou I'm afraid to die? I have seen too many sheep die to be afraid of death myself. Canst thou with tearless eyes talk of an unlimited furlough? Hast thou forgotten the mud-pies we used to make in the road together a dozen years ago? Dost thou not remember how I used to let thee stand on my shoulder and pluck the cherries from the tree? Have I



not robbed a thousand birds' nests for thee? Have I not stolen cords of candy for thee? Have I not kept thee in chewing-gum for a dozen years? Oh, faithless, heartless, cruel Addeldeen! If thou canst repudiate me now, I would rather die than live. If thy father will kill me, he will confer upon me a favor which I shall ever remember with sentiments of the profoundest gratitude. If he will not murder me I will barter myself off for a dog and hire some one to kill the dog, and then you will be rid of me. In point of fact, I will do all sorts of rash things if my angel forsakes me. Dost thou remember we used to play with the pretty little lambs when we were only thirty-five inches high? Did I not drown nine blind kittens at thy bidding,—little innocent things that never harmed me? Did I not chop the old cat's tail off to please thee?"

"You did; you did, Dick, my dear! Take me, Dick; take me; I am thine, and only thine. Live or die, survive or perish, I will follow thee! The fact is, I would rather be severely crippled than to part from thee!" Then, with a hop, skip, and a jump, she tossed her exquisite form into Dick's arms, and nestled her face on his breast. "Now stop that nonsense, Dick," she gently whispered,—“you are tickling me.”

The exact length of-time this nonsense was indulged in is not definitely stated, but it was abruptly terminated thusly:

"Come, darling," cried Dick; "fly with me. My steed is tied to a sapling over there some twenty or thirty yards from the spot where we used to manufacture the mud-pies. He is quite lean, I am bound to

admit, for he has had nothing but grass to eat for a month, though he is game. He will carry thee,—not quite so swift as the wind, but as fast as any horse in his condition could be expected to do.”

“Enough, Dick, my dear,” cried Addeldeen. “Say no more; I’ll follow thee to the topmost peak of the Jungfrau. Thy sheep shall be my sheep; thy hut shall be my hut; where thou goest I will go, unless it is too cold for a female of my delicate constitution. But, by way of making a long story short, I beg to say that through thick and thin I am thine.”

“Not this evening,” thundered old Grabembetter, as he emerged from a brier-patch, where he, with a dozen knights, had been engaged in the respectable business of eavesdropping. “Cut! slash! bind, kill, and destroy the traitor!” cried the old sinner, as he rushed toward Dick.

Now, Dick was not at all disposed to prove a martyr, since Addeldeen had so unanimously promised to be his through thick and thin. In fact, his mind had undergone a radical change on the subject of death. As I have heretofore said, Dick was brave. His conduct on that occasion was such as to justify me in repeating the remark. He had fallen into the foolish habit of carrying his shepherd staff—a formidable weapon with a long, sharp, steel-pointed spike on the end—everywhere he went. The twelve knights who were backing old Grabembetter were the identical men who had been trying to cut one another’s throats about Addeldeen. In point of fact, they were all suitors for her hand, and were willing to make common cause

against the daring youth who had won her love. Old Grabembetter saw the sharp-pointed steel glittering in the bright light of the moon; his attention was also attracted to a certain look of desperation plainly visible in Dick's handsome countenance. He had the good sense to halt before he got close enough to meet the aforesaid sharp steel point.

As soon as Dick had become cognizant of the fact that his designs had been discovered he determined to fight it out like a man. Throwing himself back against the castle-wall, he thus addressed his enemies:

"My Lord Grabembetter, that I love your daughter I will not deny; that thy fair daughter loves me I have not the remotest doubt. I have her word for it, and we all know that ladies do not lie. My love is honorable, and my intentions are of a kindred nature. I have never murdered any man, and I have never stolen anything except a few trifling articles not worth naming. The blood that runs in my veins is as red as thine, and blamed if I don't stick this spike in the first man who makes a pass at me!"

"Slay him! slay him!" cried old Grabembetter, as he took the precaution to place his ponderous body behind the platoon of gallant knights.

One bold knight imprudently undertook to execute the order, but Dick bored a hole in him of sufficient dimensions to let his soul out. Three more knights began to advance with a view of attacking Dick in front and on both flanks at the same time, but the dying knight commanded them to halt,—

"It is true that this brave boy has given me my

death, but he has only given me the same that I offered to him. None but cowards will double-team on him. He has fairly won the victory." Then, addressing Addeldeen's father, he continued, "I have loved thy daughter with an unfeigned devotion, and fondly hoped to win her heart; but the run of the cards was against me, and I am under the necessity of quitting the game. If I had a daughter, I would consider that brave youth a good catch for her. Permit me in this the last moment of my earthly career to make a proposition in the shape of a compromise of this vexatious question. Let a day of trial by combat be fixed. Let all of these brave knights who are willing to risk their lives for Addeldeen enter the lists. After they have tested one another's skill and strength, he that shall be declared the champion shall on another day enter the lists with Richard Splugermud, the hand of Addeldeen to be the victor's prize. Speak, my noble lord: shall this my last request be granted?"

"It shall! it shall!"

"Swear an oath that you will keep your word when I am gone."

The affidavit was made and sworn to before a magistrate, who, hearing the row, had hurried over with a view of commanding the peace.

"Now," said the dying knight, as he kissed Addeldeen's hand, she having just recovered from a fainting-fit, "I can quit the world not entirely without regret, but partially so."

Then the brave knight gave a few violent jerks and went to that station for which round-trip tickets have

never been sold. The dead knight was buried with the honors of war, while the funeral procession marched round the grave singing,—

“Wake up, Jacob, and come to taw;  
Face the Judge and hear the law.”

In compliance with his oath, Grabembetter caused proclamation to be made that the combat should begin on the 16th instant, it then being the 4th.

As might have been expected, this proclamation created quite a sensation in the vicinity of Unspunen. The aristocracy, however, were greatly offended when they heard that a low-born shepherd was to be allowed to enter the lists on equal terms with a true knight. They swore that they would not witness any such a disgraceful proceeding; but they lied, for the last man of them not only came himself but he brought his wife, daughters, cousins, and aunts along with him. The crowd of spectators was estimated by eye-witnesses at ten thousand, not counting children and horses. When the pool-selling began the bets were two to one in favor of the red plume against the field. That color was worn by Timothy Tugmurton, a famous knight who had filled one medium-sized graveyard with victims, and had lately purchased a lot of ground with a view of starting another.

Meantime, Addeldeen fervently prayed for the success of her gallant lover. She had faith in his courage and strength, and was strongly tempted to purchase a pool or two, especially when the odds were fifty to one against Dick. But she possessed a pious mind which

enabled her to resist the temptation. The bets were running fifty dollars to one that Tugmurton would vanquish the ten knights, send Dick to the earth, marry Addeldeen, and become the lord of Unspunen.

Three days before the combat was to be fought Dick sought and obtained a clandestine meeting with Addeldeen. After exchanging the customary greetings, such as were usually indulged in by lovers in those days, Addeldeen embraced the occasion to ask Dick what he thought about his prospects of winning the fight.

"But for one unfortunate circumstance," he replied, "I would be sure to win. My horse, Clipper, has not tasted corn in a month, and you know a grass-fed horse cannot manœuvre against a corn-fed one."

"Alas! too true!" sighed the lovely creature by his side, as she brushed a tear from her large blue eyes. "My darling Dick, why do you not feed Clipper on corn?"

"Ah, my angel, there's the rub. How can I give corn to Clipper when I have none?"

"Buy it, of course."

"There is where the other tug comes in: I have no money."

"Now, Dick," she exclaimed, as she glued her lips to his, "I have a good mind to give you a downright scolding. If I did not love you so hard, I would certainly do it. Why did you not tell me that you were needing money? Here is my purse. Go buy corn: let Clipper have what he can eat."

"Heaven bless you, my angel!" cried Dick, as he pressed the lovely form to his fond heart; "you have



not only saved my life, but you have conferred on Clipper a favor which he will always remember with a feeling of profound gratitude."

Clipper improved rapidly on the corn-diet, but the time was too short for him to get in a first-class fighting condition. Nevertheless, he was game to the backbone, and managed to get up a respectable prance when it came his time to enter the lists. Clipper was of blooded stock, who could boast of a long line of illustrious ancestors, whose names were famous on the turf as well as in the lists. He was of a flea-bitten gray color, with slim, bony body, long legs, a head and neck like a deer, active as a cat and twice as tricky.

The result of the combat between the eleven knights bankrupted the bulk of the aristocracy, for they invested their last dollar in pools on Tugmurton, who bit the dust in the third fight. The plebeians struck a bonanza by taking pools against Tugmurton; and when that famous knight was knocked out of time, such a shout as then rent the air never before was heard in that vicinity. The show continued from early morn until fifteen minutes past five in the afternoon, when the Blue Knight was declared the champion; three of the other knights having given up the ghost, the other seven were sent to the hospital.

Lord Grabembetter informed the audience that on the next day the Blue Knight and Richard would contest for the prize, and that the gate-money should go to the winner as a part of Addeldeen's dowry.

The second day's audience was twice as large as the first had been, while many thousands failed to secure

tickets. Pool-selling began at an early hour, and it was soon discovered that the Blue Knight was the favorite by four to one, the aristocracy still backing him. The aristocracy, having lost heavily on Tugmorton the first day, were compelled to borrow from their friends in order to back their favorite.

Promptly at eleven the tap of the drum summoned the heralds to the field. The first herald marched into the centre of the arena, bearing a blue flag with a skull and cross-bones painted on it, and in a squeaking voice said,—

“Sir Edward Spun, Knight of the Blue Plume, who now wears the champion belt of the world by right of conquest, offers to bet his last cent that he can whip any man who dares to set up any claim to the heart and hand of Miss Addeldeen Grabembetter. I, as his authorized agent and attorney, dare any one to meet him in the lists.”

Another fellow moved to the front, bearing a black flag, and thus replied,—

“I, as the bosom friend of Richard Splugermud, am requested to state that he will undertake to combat with Captain Spun. The aforesaid Richard Splugermud, being under the impression that Miss Addeldeen Grabembetter is in love with him, has the temerity to set up a claim to her heart and hand, and is willing to back his claim aforesaid in any manner that may suit the convenience of Captain Spun. He hopes by the grace of God and a steel-pointed lance to establish his claims. As for the champion belt, he directs me to say that he doesn’t care a copper for it, but he proposes to fight for his own darling Addeldeen.”

"Talk enough!" cried the other fellow; "bring in your man."

Then the Blue Knight, all covered with shining armor, sitting erect on his large black steed, came dashing like a thunderbolt into the arena.

Great was the astonishment of the audience when Dick made his appearance without armor of any sort, riding Clipper, who appeared to be asleep. But Clipper was not quite so sound asleep as his personal appearance indicated.

Dick had doffed his coat and rolled his sleeves up above the elbow, displaying a long, well-shaped arm. A red sash encircled his waist, and as he sat erect on Clipper, his handsome form was a goodly sight to look upon. Dick had no armor of his own; and when his friends offered to loan him a suit, he declined, saying that armor was made for cowards. When this became generally known, pool-selling ceased, as no one would back Dick, though the odds were one hundred to one.

When the fighting signal was given, Captain Spun put spurs to his steed and dashed forward as if he meant to knock Clipper down with the mere weight of his horse; but old Clipper suddenly woke up and planted both of his heels on the other horse's forehead, causing him to take a seat on the grass eight or ten yards in the rear. As quick as thought Clipper faced about and charged on his fallen foe, enabling his master to bore a dangerous hole in Spun's left shoulder, where the grooves meet to make the joint in the armor.

"First blood for Richard!" cried the spectators, as a crimson stream spouted from Spun's shoulder.

The wounded knight now lost his temper, and, instead of plunging his lance into the body of Dick, he gave Clipper a painful cut on the hip. That was a fatal mistake, for it caused Clipper to lose his temper, too. He was a high-mettled steed, who was in the habit of resenting wrongs, therefore he began to use his heels with a vigor that showed he meant business. Every time Captain Spun would make a thrust at Richard with his lance he or his steed met the heels of Clipper, which never failed to make an impression. As soon as Clipper had planted his heels on his enemy, he would instantly face about, thus affording his master an opportunity to puncture Spun's body with the lance.

The tide of public opinion now began to change, and Dick's friends promptly took all bets offered without asking odds. Excitement ran up to fever-heat. Loud shouts rent the air, women screamed, drums beat, bugles sounded, dust flew, boys yelled like demons, while blood flowed from both horses as well as their riders. Old Clipper's blood was up, and he began to use his teeth as well as his heels. He bit off the left ear of Spun's horse, which rendered that animal unmanageable, giving Dick great advantage over his adversary.

Spun was bleeding from a dozen wounds, Dick from two; both horses were covered with blood. At last Spun reined his steed back eight or ten yards; then, plunging the spurs deep in his sides, he came thundering down on Dick like an avalanche.

"All is over now!" cried the friends of the Blue Knight.

Dick's friends turned away and held handkerchiefs to their eyes, not wishing to witness the downfall of their favorite. Addeldeen gave utterance to a heart-rending scream, and sank into her mother's arms.

"Oh, Dicky, my darling; is gone now!" she cried.

And Dick would have gone had it not been for the agility of Clipper. The gallant old horse suddenly sprang to one side, and as the black steed went by he planted both heels in his side, then suddenly wheeled around, giving Richard an opportunity to make a home-thrust. The point of Dick's lance found lodgment in Spun's neck, inflicting a mortal wound, and the Blue Knight rolled on the ground and gave up the ghost. The very earth trembled as Dick's friends unanimously shouted. Addeldeen leaped from her seat and fell fainting in Dick's arms. Let the curtain fall slowly.

I will embrace the occasion to state that Richard and Addeldeen were married. They lived happily together, had many sons and daughters born to them, died at a good old age, and are now sleeping side by side near the castle of Unspun.

This castle was never called Unspun until Richard became its lord. It was known as the castle of Sutler-bangen until the downfall of Captain Spun. The peasants, in speaking of the fight between Dick and Spun, would say, "Dick unspunhim," meaning that Dick had killed Spun. Hence, in talking about the castle, they began to call it Unspun, until strangers began to think that it was its proper name; in fact, Richard himself began to call it Unspun. How

the "en" got hung on to the latter end of the name is not definitely stated, but it is certain that it was called "Unspun" until after Dick's death. Since that time it has been known as "Unspunen" castle, which name it bears until this very day.

I have in my possession three affidavits properly sworn to and subscribed by respectable citizens of Interlaken vouching for the truth of this legend, which I expected to publish, but, upon reflection, I thought it would insult the reader to encumber the records with proof when the truth of the story gushes out of every line and stares the reader in the face from every page. What better evidence could anybody want than a sight of the old castle of Unspunen, whose gray walls and lofty towers have withstood the storms of a thousand years? The citizens of Interlaken were anxious to make a unanimous affidavit as to the truth of this wonderful story.

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## CHAPTER XXVII.

INTERLAKEN, July 27.

THIS has indeed been a day of delight to every member of our party, notwithstanding the fatigue endured and a few trifling accidents encountered. At an early hour this morning three open carriages drew up in front of the hotel for the purpose of conveying the party to Staubbach, which in English means "dust brook." It is a famous waterfall, where a little brook



plunges over a projecting cliff, making a single leap of nine hundred and eighty feet. Before the water strikes the valley below it is converted into a silver mist, presenting one of the grandest objects of beauty imaginable. The road from Interlaken to Staubbach is hard, smooth, and nearly level, and runs along on the brink of a charming little river, whose waters roar, foam, and dance as they dash among the innumerable rocks that cover the channel. On the right of the road the towering crags of Breithorn Mountain rise almost perpendicularly to a height of seven thousand feet, overshadowing the valley so as to hide the sun shortly after noon. One would naturally conclude that a horn of any sort held a high position in the affections of the Swiss people, for the name of every mountain-peak (so far as heard from) has a "horn" tacked on to the end of it. For instance, there is the Schilthorn, Laubhorn, Finsteraarhorn, Mittelhorn, Rosenhorn, Wetterhorn, Schreckhorn, Grumenhorn; and Mark Twain mentions the dinner-horn, but that is an article not often met with in these parts.

Speaking of horns reminds me of one belonging to an idiot who resides near the road leading from Interlaken to the Jungfrau. This horn is over fifteen feet in length, and is blown by this idiot every time he sees a carriage approaching. The echo would be charming if it was not deafening. When he begins to blow his cheeks turn red and swell to an enormous size, his left leg moves up and down, while his shoulders rise and fall as if pumping air into his lungs. I dare say he might run a valuable windmill with the air he squan-

ders on that enormous horn. As our carriage approached he doffed his hat and pompously demanded pay for the serenade. Each one of the party gave him a sou, with the express understanding that the concert should close immediately. It is said that this idiot uses this horn for a residence when not torturing travellers with it. This statement, however, is not reliable.

On the right-hand side of the road, somewhere about two miles from Interlaken, may be seen a large bronze plate bolted on the face of a smooth rock. On the surface of the plate is an inscription containing eight or ten lines neatly engraved. I would undertake to translate these lines for the benefit of the reader, but since I made such a blunder in my attempt to curse the beggar-chief at Naples I have lost confidence in my ability as a linguist. I, however, had read Mr. Baedeker's guide-book of Switzerland, and here is what he has to say about this inscription: "At a spot in this defile, marked by an inscription on the rock, and named the Bosenstein, a baron of Rothenblut is said to have slain his brother." Being myself somewhat of a sensation-hunter, I set to work diligently to dig up the facts connected with this case, and take the liberty of giving them in a lump to the reader. As usual in such cases, a woman was at the bottom of the mischief.

The brothers were twins,—so much alike that the closest inspection was necessary in order to enable their most intimate acquaintances to distinguish one from the other. They both became enamored of the same lady, an orphan girl, possessing many personal charms, as well as a large fortune. She resided with her uncle,

who was her guardian. It is not stated which the young barons loved most, the girl or her fortune, but according to the new style, fortune would go ahead. The young lady fell in love with one, and through a mistake promised to marry the other, believing she was talking to her lover all the time. When she discovered the awkward blunder she undertook to correct it, but increased the entanglement by telling her real lover that she loved the other one, and begged him to release her from the engagement which she had made to him by mistake. Now, lest the reader should get the matter tangled, he must remember that she had not at all engaged herself to the one from whom she sought to be released. He was the very man to whom she wanted to be engaged, but when she flatly told him she loved the other one, it would be but natural to suppose that if he did not curse aloud he did mentally. Number one, to whom she had really engaged herself, procured a license and a minister, and presented himself as the lady's accepted lover. She now, after making a minute inspection of number one, emphatically denied that she had ever promised to marry him, furthermore declaring publicly that she preferred number two. Number two then took the field in person, swearing boisterously and charging his brother with duplicity and fraud. High words passed; so did a challenge. Number one killed number two. Number two died on the spot where the bronze plate is fastened on the rock. Number one then presented himself, with his bloody sword as a valuable relic, which he hoped would prove acceptable to the young lady. But here

was where the gravest mistake of all was made. When the bloody sword was held up before her eyes she uttered a wild cry and fled toward Jungfrau, her mind evidently being unhinged by the great shock. Climbing to the top of a high spur of the mountain, she threw herself back the revolving stone a thousand feet below. The young lady's mangled body was buried near Interlaken. The atrocious murderer became a prey to an increasing conscience, and wandered for many months among the mountains, excluding himself from the society of men, and subsisting all the while on the raw flesh of the birds and animals which he would capture. One bright Sabbath morning he was found dead, with his body lying across the grave of his murdered brother. He was at length buried by the side of his victim.

We interviewed the Grindelwald glacier on-foot, making the tedious ascent on horseback, which few attempt the second time. A beautiful armed avenue has been cut in the ice a distance of a hundred yards, at the end of which we found a spacious grove in the glacier, occupied by half a dozen women, who were making dismal music on as many stringed instruments that sounded like the noise made by an American pig with his head fast in a fence crack. The walls of the grove had that deep bluish-green color peculiar to Italian lakes. I do not consider the climate of these ice groves quite so wholesome as many other places I have seen, though I admit they are very beautiful.

This glacier has on its surface numerous yawning caverns that are bottomless, so far as anybody knows.

A trip across it is attended with no little danger, as the slightest misstep or slip would lessen the population, the only advantage being the saving of the funeral expenses. Here is where the alpenstock shows its friendship for its owner. If he will be careful to stick the sharp point in the ice every step, he may make the trip across with some degree of safety. But the best way is to hire a guide to walk across, while you sit on a rock and watch to see it well done.

My horse's legs were too long for his body, and he often managed to get them very badly tangled as we climbed the mountain in a zigzag path. On one occasion he got them so badly mixed among the shrubbery that his body undertook to move on without them; the result caused me to embrace Mother Earth several yards farther up the mountain. I made the rest of the journey on foot, in a damaged condition, every now and then muttering profane language against long-legged horses. If I can find a purchaser, I mean to sell out my interest in glaciers and take stock in Swiss lakes.

We will go from here to Lucerne, where I hope to find a warmer climate than this. I am tired of kicking mules, clumsy horses, snow-clad mountains, and fields of ice, and will rejoice to be rid of them.

I managed to-day, as I have often done before, to involve myself in a ridiculous entanglement with a restaurant-keeper, by attempting to speak a language which I did not understand. I came out of the scrape rather crestfallen, as I deserved, however; but it is to



be hoped that I have learned a wholesome lesson. If sad experience is worth anything,—and I believe it is,—I shall in the end be the winner. I approached the restaurant proprietor, and, in what I thought good French language, told him I wanted two broiled mutton-chops wrapped in paper, and that I would call for them in an hour. He hesitated a moment, looking somewhat bewildered, as if he didn't understand the order. I repeated it, at the same time pointing to a flock of sheep that quietly browsed in a meadow hard by, holding up my thumb and finger to indicate that I wanted chops for two. A cheerful smile instantly spread over his face, as he politely bowed and hurried away to execute my order. Promptly at the end of an hour I called for my mutton-chops. I permit the reader to imagine my astonishment, if he can, when the proprietor pointed to a cart standing in the yard, to which was hitched a mule, a boy seated in front, whip in hand, while two full-grown fat sheep lay tied hard and fast in the cart.

“Where are my mutton-chops?” I demanded.

“In the cart, as you directed,” was promptly replied in good French.

I laid aside French for the time being, as I could not do the subject justice in that language. I shall not repeat here what I said there, because—when not crazy with anger, as I was on that occasion—I have a high regard for the rules of propriety. The restaurant-man smiled blandly, evidently not understanding a word I said, but it was the eloquent manner of its delivery that charmed him.



A large crowd of spectators, being curious to know what the row was about, collected near me. A collision might have ensued, but Charley, our conductor, happened to arrive in time to prevent it.

"What's the trouble here?" he inquired, addressing the restaurant-man in French.

The man replied in the same language. Charley instantly became convulsed with laughter, which I thought was ill-timed, to say the least of it, and said so in plain English.

"I cannot see anything to laugh at," said I, scornfully. "I ordered two mutton-chops broiled, and this idiot proposes to fill the order with two live sheep."

"In what language did you give the order?" interrupted Charley.

"In plain French," I answered.

"Please repeat the order as you gave it to this gentleman."

I did so without hesitation. Then the whole crowd joined in the laugh.

"You are in for it," said Charley. "You have ordered this gentleman to tie two sheep and put them in a cart for you, promising to call and pay for them at the end of an hour."

"Is that so?"

"Undoubtedly," replied the conductor; "and you are in honor bound to pay for the sheep, unless you can beg off."

"Ask him how much money will release me from the trade," I requested.

In answer to the inquiry, the restaurant-man said

that if I would pay the cart-boy two francs for the time he had lost, two francs for the man who had caught and tied the sheep, and set the wine up for the crowd, I should be honorably released. I accepted the terms, paid the money, and treated the crowd, according to agreement.

I made the following note in my diary: "Don't undertake to order mutton-chops in a language you do not understand. If you hire an engineer to run your boat, don't try to run it yourself. A man that is wise in his own conceit is a fool in fact; of which I am a melancholy example."

In consequence of my silly blunder to-day, I have been unanimously invited to take my seat at the foot of the class, but I hope to be able to regain my place in a few days.

The day was wellnigh gone when we returned to Interlaken, and every member of the party was completely worn out with the fatigue of the trip. We found a pretty good dinner ready for us on our arrival, and the manner of the attack we made on it convinced the landlord that there was not much money to be made by feeding American tourists.

LUCERNE, July 30.

This morning at seven o'clock we took the train at Interlaken, and at the end of a thirty minutes' run were transferred from the railway train to a steamboat, and soon we were sailing across the lake of Brien.

The superb mountain scenery, as viewed from the deck, presents a picture of beauty rarely equalled.

Each side of the lake is bordered with lofty wooded mountains, rising rather abruptly, while in the background on the southeast rises the magnificent Thierberg. The Giessbach Falls rank high among the wonders of this part of Switzerland.

Saturday night Charley invited me to take a seat with him in a carriage, promising to show me a sight that would compensate me for the annoyances I had encountered during the day, including the mutton-chop blunder.

"Where are you going?" I demanded.

"Jump in, follow me, ask no questions, and you shall see a show that will eclipse anything you ever beheld," was his reply.

I leaped into the carriage without further parley, supposing that Charley was merely going to take me to see a circus or some third-rate theatre.

"To the railway station," said he to the driver. And to the station we went, and in two minutes thereafter we were on the way to Giessbach.

In less than an hour after leaving Interlaken we were seated on the veranda of a hotel that occupied an elevated position on the mountain. This hotel is reached by an inclined railway, somewhat similar to the one at Vesuvius. It is run by a stationary engine planted on the shore of Lake Brienz, the cars being drawn up by wire ropes. One car goes up as the other goes down, passing each other midway.

On arriving at the hotel, we found a large crowd of people assembled there. The night was as dark as

Egypt, while a single lamp gave out a sickly light which vainly tried to penetrate the surrounding darkness. A deafening roar continually thundered on the mountain-side above and in front of the hotel, making a noise like the Falls of Niagara.

"What on earth did you bring me to this dismal place for?" I inquired.

"Keep quiet; be patient," replied Charley.

He had hardly finished the sentence when a rocket was fired from the mountain-top, which was the signal for the show to open. In an instant the whole face of the mountain was converted from a field of darkness into a panorama of refulgent light, as brilliant as the rays of the sun, revealing a sight unsurpassed for grandeur and beauty. The falls were illuminated with thousands of Bengal lights of a dark-red color, making it look like a river of blood pouring down from a precipice, the top of which is eight hundred feet above the hotel. Ten minutes had scarcely elapsed when out went the lights, and darkness again prevailed. The transition from one extreme to the other was so sudden as to startle and distress the beholder. But I scarcely had time to pay for the cigars (which I consider fairly earned by Charley), when another rocket went up from the mountain-top. Presto, change! and, instead of a river of blood, I saw a sea of bouquets fantastically rolling and dancing over the lofty crags. By a peculiar combination of colors made by the Bengal lights and concentrated on the falling water, this enchanting illusion was produced. The borders of the falling cascade were fringed with dark-green foliage, which caught up

and reflected the variegated rays of light against the white front of the hotel, making a picture which the brush of an artist could not imitate. After gazing at the rolling sea of flowers for ten minutes, the scene again changed from light to the darkest night. Up went the third rocket, when every color of the rainbow blazed forth at once. Deep-green, light-green, deep-blue, dark-red, light-red, yellow, orange, pink, and all other colors known to man, could be seen mingling with one another, all apparently falling in vast showers immediately in front of us.

It was half-past twelve when we got back to our hotel at Interlaken, and soon thereafter I was dreaming of Paradise. It was filled with cascades, Bengal lights, and Dutch angels, who continually threw mutton-chops at my head. The blunders of the day and the delights of the evening had somehow got themselves badly mixed in my much-worried brain.

We crossed the Alps to-day at the Brunig Pass, climbing the mountain by a smooth road that wound about in every conceivable direction, but gradually leading us toward the top. Every now and then the carriage-wheels would approach within ten inches of the verge of some perpendicular cliff, causing one's head to grow dizzy while gazing at the bottom of the fearful abyss, two thousand feet below. Farther down the valley hundreds of pretty white cottages glittered in the bright rays of the sun, while many fields of ripening wheat added beauty to the picture. The view of the distant mountains, lakes, and valleys from the top of Brunig Pass is very grand. The road from the

top of the pass down to the lake on the Lucerne side is not so crooked as that on the other side, and, although the scenery is picturesque and wild, it by no means equals that on the Brienz side.

After a long day's ride in carriages we were glad to get aboard the boat which was to take us to Lucerne.

The Lake of Lucerne, though beautiful, has nothing to distinguish it from others, so far as scenery is concerned, but it is the historical and romantic incidents connected with it that lend to it a mysterious charm. The sweet music of Schiller's harp that used to charm the world was first heard on the bosom of this lovely lake. The materials with which the charming story of William Tell was constructed were gathered by Schiller from the shores of this romantic lake. Every Swiss child that can read knows the Tell story by heart, while every man and woman of Switzerland would despise one who expressed a doubt of its truth. The very tree against which the son stood when the heroic father shot the apple from his head is pointed out to travellers. A pretty little chapel has been erected near the water's edge on the spot where Tell killed Gessler. Over the door of this chapel is painted an inscription giving a history of the transaction. The picture of an ugly devil adorns the front also. The reason for thus honoring his Satanic Majesty is not stated. It was probably done under the belief that he was a leading member of the firm of Gessler & Co. Near the base of the Rigi, on an elevated plateau, may be seen the crumbling ruins of Gessler's castle, where he entertained his followers sumptuously with stolen



wealth. The castle was destroyed five hundred and eighty years ago.

Another chapel adjacent to Gersau is called Kindlimond, which in English means "infanticide." This chapel derives its name from a bloody tragedy that is said to have transpired where it stands. A poor fiddler, returning from a wedding where he had failed to strike a bonanza as he expected, dashed out the brains of his infant daughter because she cried for bread when he had none. This is a novel but an effectual way to stop the cry of a child for bread, and a patent ought to have been awarded to the fiddler for his invention. If he could have given the child a roll of Italian bread, it would never have cried to him for bread again.

We will make the ascent of the Rigi to-morrow and spend the night among the clouds, if not a mile or two above them. This trip will close the mountain part of our entertainment. After a short recess, affording us time to shift the scenes, we will put a lake or two on the boards, with a score of romantic old castles in the background. I have half a dozen first-class Rhine legends in reserve.

We have crossed over the Alps three times, passed under them twice, and charged them on both flanks front and rear, but they stand exactly where they did when we made the first assault. We crossed at the Furca, Tête-Noire and Brunig Passes, and under them at Mont Cenis and St. Gothard. I did not lead the brigade over the Simplon Pass, because I would have been charged with an attempt to tarnish the fame of

Napoleon. This was his pass. He found it first, and I could not think of interfering with his well-earned glory. In fact, I never could be induced to play second fiddle at a concert. I must be first or be nothing. I am most usually classed among articles last aforesaid mentioned.

The city of Lucerne is the capital of the canton of the same name, and contains a population of seventeen thousand. It is situated at the northwest extremity of Lucerne Lake, and in sight of the snow-clad Alps of Schwyz, the majestic peaks of which present a grand picture to the eye from the city. The grandest curiosity to be met with at Lucerne is comprised in the bridges that span the river Reuss immediately in front of the long line of marble-fronted hotels that border the lake. The walls of the covered bridges are adorned with paintings, some of which are well executed. One, representing the dance of death, particularly attracted my attention. This picture, though greatly damaged by time, is enough to send a thrill of horror through the mind of the beholder. If Satan's domains become crowded with new recruits (the prospects of which seem to be very flattering just now), he might rent this bridge for their accommodation. I am sure he could inflict no punishment more dreadful than imprisonment in that bridge.

All my readers have heard of the Lion of Lucerne, no doubt. If they have not, it is high time for them to bestir themselves about a matter of such magnitude. It is not a living lion, nor is it a dead one, but it has been trying to die for the last sixty-two years. This

colossal work is cut in the face of a towering rock that rises perpendicularly above a large pool of clear, cool water. The figure represents a dying lion transfixed by a broken lance, the point of which is sticking in his body. The lion is twenty-eight feet in length, reclining, with its head resting on its fore-paws, beneath which is sheltered the Bourbon lily. The artist who executed this work had evidently met with lions before he undertook the job. A beautiful grotto is cut in the front of the cliff; the lion is then chiselled from the floor of the grotto, so that the symmetrical form of the dying animal stands out from the walls.

Lucerne is crowded with tourists, and we encountered some difficulty in securing rooms; in fact, we failed to obtain lodgings at the hotels, but by consenting to scatter the brigade we managed to find the necessary accommodations.

I am the most scattered institution just now that ever visited Switzerland. My trunk dwells in the baggage-room of a distant hotel, being used as the mud-sill of a magnificent castle built of Saratoga trunks. My valise has been claimed by a lady who declares it is hers and says she has lost the key. I could convince her that it is mine, by producing the key and opening it, but it contains articles that I would not be willing to claim in the presence of witnesses. My sleeping apartment is somewhere in the canton of Lucerne, but I cannot say it is inside of the city limits. I think it is near the top of the dome of a cathedral, as the ground cannot be seen by moonshine. If I get dinner this evening, I shall be forced to hire a guide to

conduct me to the hotel, because Charley does not know where I am, neither does anybody else, myself included. Was there ever a man so badly scattered as I am just now? There is only one familiar face to be seen from the small window of my room. That is the laughing face of the charming lake, shining like a field of glittering silver as the breeze gently disturbs the water. If I should be so fortunate as to get myself collected by to-morrow night, I will endeavor to describe the rest of the curiosities that abound in the vicinity of Lucerne.

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## CHAPTER XXVIII.

LUCERNE, August 1.

YESTERDAY morning a mighty stir was perceptible in front of the long row of marble hotels that face the lake. Men, women, children, and poodle-dogs were running in every direction, the boat-whistle screamed like a wild curlew, announcing the arrival of the starting-hour. Dutch, French, German, Swiss, Italian, and English languages commingled on every side, making a perfect Babel of incongruous sounds. The English language won the contest, owing to the fact that all the dogs barked in English and all the children cried in the same dialect. A little bobtailed, one-eyed terrier especially attracted my attention. When his mistress attempted to catch him, he darted up-stairs, took his stand on the second floor, and barked at her

in plain English. She spoke to him sweetly in French, urging him to come down; but he stood his ground. She started to the boat; he followed her, but took especial care to keep at least twenty yards of territory between himself and his mistress. She barely had time to step aboard before the boat backed off from the quay. The lady begged the captain to wait for her darling Hugo (that was the dog's name); but the commander did not appear to appreciate the situation. The boat did not wait for Hugo, nor any of the other *people* who were making energetic signals of distress on the shore. I think the lady would have fainted, if she had not been so busy abusing the captain for his heartless cruelty. Note No. 1 in my diary: "Those who travel with poodle-dogs can appreciate the song, 'Jordan is a hard road to travel.'" The lady did not go into fits about her dog, but it is certain that the day was one of misery to her, instead of a day of joy, such as it was to the dogless passengers.

Our party managed to get aboard in good time, and away we went sailing over the calm blue bosom of the lake. Amity between air, earth, sun, and sky seemed to be completely established for the purpose of contributing to our pleasure during our voyage. A dark-gray cloud with a snow-white border crept slowly along the side of the Rigi, cautiously feeling its way among the overhanging crags, like a colossal serpent. The rays of the morning sun suddenly struck it full in the face, instantly giving it the appearance of a river of yellow gold. On our right rose a tall range of mountains, whose crests were bathed in a sea of gold,

caused by the glancing rays of light from the sun which was then just rising above them. On the left rose the majestic Rigi, whose bald head glittered like polished silver, five thousand feet above us. The lofty battlements and towers of Lucerne stood high and grand behind us, like huge sentinels guarding the city.

Both shores of the lake were lined with shining villages, snugly ensconced beneath overhanging rocks, while a thousand vineyards waved their dark-green vines, as if Nature was giving us a friendly salutation. The invigorating climate, the bracing breeze, and the cheerful rays of the morning sun went into copartnership with the mountains, lakes, and villages for the purpose of presenting to our eyes a scene of enchantment surpassing anything previously witnessed. The firm made a grand success of the entertainment, and the audience will always remember it with sentiments of the profoundest gratitude.

A short time after leaving the city of Lucerne, we met another boat coming up from Fluellen, with a large crowd of passengers aboard. As the boat came gliding along within a few yards of us, I saw a man jumping and prancing about, swinging his arms in every direction, and screaming like a maniac.

"There is a madman," said I, addressing Dick.

"Look there," he replied; "that's what's the matter with him."

Looking toward the point indicated, I saw the American flag gracefully floating from the staff at the stern of our boat. Dick always carried the flag wherever he went, and on this occasion he had hoisted it



without asking any one for permission. The passenger on the other boat was an American whose patriotism boiled over as soon as he saw the beautiful banner of his beloved country. The enthusiasm was of a contagious nature; in fact, it became instantly epidemic. Men, women, and children began to shout; hats, handkerchiefs, and napkins waved triumphantly. Dutch, French, Swiss, and English,—all joined in the shout. The few poodle-dogs that had not imitated Hugo by getting left joined in the shout. The American flag should always feel proud of its reception on the Lake of the Four Cantons. There is nothing that will increase an American's patriotism more than a tour on the Continent, and it will also increase his love for "home, sweet home."

Somewhere about midway between Lucerne and Fluellen the Schiller monument, a gray stone pyramid eighty feet high, rears its sharp crests out of the water near the right bank as you go towards Fluellen. The inscription may be plainly seen from the deck, as the boat sails by. On the left may be seen the pretty little Tell chapel, which marks the spot where the arrow from Tell's bow quivered in Gessler's heart. The scenery in this vicinity is incomparably beautiful. The mountains rise almost perpendicularly above the lake at this point. Viewing them from the deck of the boat, they seem to thrust their gray crests through the sky. Their sides are covered with dark green foliage which, viewed from a distance, resembles a huge ocean wave that had come to a sudden halt. Every now and then we would make a short curve, making us think

that we had arrived at the end of the lake, but a few more revolutions of the boat-wheels would bring us to the turn where we could see a long stretch of blue water.

While we were gliding past this beautiful panorama, intoxicated with delight, straining our eyes to catch a glimpse of every item, a dozen tourists were snoring on the bench that lined the upper deck. I heard one of them at the hotel that night giving a glowing description of the sights of the voyage, which to my certain knowledge he had not seen.

At one o'clock we arrived at Fluellen, where we remained an hour, at the end of which we embarked on another boat bound for Vitznau, a cosey little city on the right shore of the lake as you go from Fluellen to Lucerne. This is the point from which passengers make the ascent of the Rigi by the inclined railway. We arrived at Vitznau at four o'clock, and in less than ten minutes we found ourselves seated in a crowded coach, where all the languages were retailed in a fashion that would make old Babel ashamed of herself. Poodle-dogs did not fail to put in an appearance; they never do, especially in crowded coaches. I love dogs and children, but not those that bark and cry all the time. It becomes monotonous after the first three weeks and makes me feel lonesome. There is, however, one consoling thought appertaining to dogs and children,—they always cry and bark in the English language. I don't mean to say that children bark at all. They cry, while the dogs do the barking, but you never fail to understand them. It is very clear to my mind that the English language was spoken by all

people on earth prior to the erection of the Babel Tower. A Swiss cow moos exactly like an English cow; they speak the same language. A Swiss mule brays in the same language that an English mule does. In fact, he kicks and brays exactly like our American mule does,—they understand each other. Put an American goat in the company of a Swiss goat, and they would both utter the same bleat, which each would understand; put an English and a German together, and they would not come to an understanding in six months. When God confounded the language of men, He did not interfere with that of animals; hence they continue to speak English. A Dutch baby cries exactly like a French baby; a Swiss cat mews like an Italian cat; an Italian mocking-bird sings precisely like an American mocking-bird. An unbeliever in my theory might say that the proof would be as much in favor of any other language as it would be of English. My reply would be a question like this: How could a Swiss baby cry in English, or a Swiss cat mew in the same language, unless that language prevailed when cats were originally created? It may be stated as a fact that no amount of teaching or persuasion can induce a dog to bark French, or a cat to mew Swiss. You may place a French kitten by the side of a Dutch kitten, and they will at once scrape up an acquaintance and mew in the same language.

As soon as all the dogs, children, and other passengers got aboard, the engine gave a scream, a column of black smoke shot skyward, and up we went climbing a grade which at many places was as steep as thirty de-

grees. The engine groaned, trembled, and hissed, like some hideous monster in the agonies of death, but kept moving up the tortuous road at the rate of eight miles an hour. On our right the perpendicular rock rose to a height of three thousand feet immediately above our heads, while on the left a yawning abyss opened its capacious mouth ready to receive the coach and contents in case of an accident. This road is a great curiosity, and may be classed among the prominent wonders to be seen on the Continent.

Midway between Vitznau and the top of the Rigi we halted at a little hotel, where I got out and began to inspect the machinery by which this road is operated. The outside appearance of the engine is very much like the ordinary railway-engine, though you see no driving-wheel; in fact, it has none. There are four rails in each track, two on the side and two in the middle. The two in the middle are four inches apart, held together by iron bolts an inch square. These bolts are four inches apart. There is a large iron cog-wheel in the centre of the engine, with four-inch cogs, which catch between the bolts that holds the two middle rails together. The weight of the engine rests on the four outside wheels which run on the two outside rails. When the iron cog-wheel begins to revolve, the cogs grab the bolts that hold the two middle rails together, and thus pulls the engine up the steep grade. There is an automatic brake attached, which would prevent the engine from running backward if any of her machinery should be disabled.

When we started up from Vitznau, we were in the

midst of a hot summer; when we reached the Hotel Kulm we were in the middle of a first-class winter. Why doesn't the government send exploring expeditions here to search for the north pole? It would be less expensive than the "Jeannette" expedition, or any other sent in the same direction, and the chances of finding the pole equally as good. All the climatical influences necessary to support a north pole may abundantly be found here. They could have men frozen or starved to death according to the most approved system. The proprietor of the Hotel Kulm can starve a ship's crew to death in a month. This statement is backed by the writer's experience. Nothing but an ably-conducted retreat prevented the destruction of myself and friends.

I was overwhelmed with admiration for the landlord of the Hotel Kulm, captivated by his skill and ability, charmed by his scientific attainments, fascinated by the depths of his inventive capacity. I always did admire genius; I have an affection for a man of energy. I love to bow down and worship a gigantic intellect. The proprietor of the Hotel Kulm possessed all those attributes of greatness that I have mentioned, as well as a thousand others, of which I cannot find space or time to speak in such terms of praise as they deserve. He had reduced rascality to a perfect system. I always admired a systematic person. I despise an indolent man. He could insult a guest in a fashion that I have never seen equalled. There was a peculiar style in the manner of his insults which ought to be copyrighted for the benefit of the snobbery in general. He could invent more scientific schemes to torture and annoy his

guest than I could describe in a week. He owned both the railroad and the hotel, which enabled him to carry out his plans of petty meanness in a satisfactory manner.

When the train stopped a cold torrent of rain was pouring down, which drenched us to the skin before we could clamber up the steep hill to the hotel. The entire party crowded around the only stove in the house, shivering with cold. There was not a hatful of fire in the stove. Charley requested the proprietor to have a fire made.

"Plenty of fire there," was the deliberate reply, as the brute turned on his heel and walked away.

I then asked if he would have a fire made in my room.

"We don't make fires in private rooms," was all the comfort he gave me.

"Can we get luncheon?" inquired a shivering guest.

"We don't furnish luncheon at this time of day," was the reply.

"You don't seem to care much for the comfort of your guests," I ventured to observe.

"They have my permission to leave the house at any moment they may choose."

"Now, my dear, generous friend!" I exclaimed, as I grasped his hand, "how can I sufficiently thank you for this manifestation of liberality? You have indeed overwhelmed me by this exhibition of goodness. I shall endeavor to profit by this unexpected privilege."

He smiled sweetly as he strode away.

I lost no time in making known to my friends the



permission given us to leave as soon as we might wish. Every member of the party was deeply impressed by the liberality of our host, and it was unanimously decided that we should show our appreciation by quitting the house at once. But, alas! our magnificent air-castle came tumbling down when we were informed that no train went down until next morning. No wonder that our host could smile so sweetly while giving us permission to vacate. From that moment I became demoralized; in fact, I was panic-stricken; and I grieve to say the same feeling became epidemic among the rest of the guests. We were Philistines in the hands of Samson, sheep in the shambles, frogs in the hands of cruel boys, mice in the paws of cats; in point of fact, we were orphan children at Tewkesbury. We mourned in captivity, shivered and gnashed our teeth, cursed the Hotel Kulm and its proprietor.

I ventured to inquire at what hour dinner would be served. Eight o'clock was the hour named, it then being only five. My knees grew weak and smote against each other like Belshazzar's when he saw the mysterious handwriting on the wall.

"For heaven's sake," said I, "get me a sandwich. I am an orphan five thousand miles from home, starving among strangers. Please don't let me die when you can so easily prevent it."

Nothing but the wish to avoid the expense of a funeral induced the proprietor to order me a sandwich. I eagerly separated the thin slices of stale bread, vainly expecting to find a slice of ham between them, but I beheld it not.

"Why did you not put a slice of ham in it?" I asked.

"I did," replied the waiter.

Then I became alarmed lest my eyes were failing. I showed the bread to Miss Bell, who declared there was no ham on it.

Miss Stevenson brought her large field-glass to bear on it.

"The ham is there," she said.

Sure enough, there was a slice of ham so thin that it was not visible to the naked eye.

"I'll wager the cigars for the party that I can read the Constitution through that slice of ham," exclaimed Dick, as he made a grab at it.

I anticipated his intentions, and ended the matter by despatching bread, ham, and all.

The sun pitied our forlorn condition, and showed it by dispersing the clouds and covering the mountain with a flood of warm golden rays. This slice of good luck afforded us an opportunity to behold one of the grandest sights we ever saw. Many tall Alpine peaks could be seen bathed in a sea of golden light, notwithstanding the fact that they were two hundred miles from us. Eight beautiful lakes slumbered undisturbed within the circuit of our vision, apparently a stone's throw of where we stood, though the nearest one was six miles from us. Cities, towns, villages, and castles dotted the valley on every side, while yellow fields of wheat spread out like a picture beneath us. As the sun approached the verge of the horizon it grew to an enormous size, resembling a huge globe of dark-red fire. The mind can imagine nothing so superlatively

grand ; mountains, lakes, fields, and valleys for a distance of two hundred miles in every direction were tinged with that peculiar dark-red color, which grew darker as the shadows of the mountains began to march across the lakes. This charming scene amply rewarded us for the sufferings we were forced to endure.

When I requested the proprietor to have me called in time to see the sun rise next morning, he told me that he was of the opinion that the sun could rise without my assistance, and sure enough it did. However, I do not state it as a fact within the limits of my own knowledge ; it is a mere matter of opinion, because nobody saw it rise. Acting upon the friendly suggestion of my host that the sun could rise without my assistance, I remained in bed until breakfast. Those who got up early to see it rise were disappointed, as the sky was effectually concealed by the clouds.

When I was ready to depart from the Hotel Kulm I grasped the landlord's hand, and thus addressed him :

“ For the scientific manner in which you have tortured us, and the systematic plan you have invented to render us miserable while in your house, I beg you to accept my profound thanks. I have many enemies whom I want to punish ; if I can persuade them to visit your house, my revenge will be sweet, complete, and satisfactory.”

I heard one of the guests say that if he owed a man half a dozen petty rascals, he would consider the landlord a legal tender for the whole debt. As we left the detestable place, I overheard a man muttering something like this :

“Who knows thee well must quit thee with disgust,  
Degraded mass of animated dust.”

I am much obliged to Lord Byron for these expressive lines.

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## CHAPTER XXIX.

LYONS, August 6.

WHEN we left Lucerne we went to Zurich, where an international exhibition was being held. The grounds and buildings were first-class; the various articles on exhibition compared favorably with those that I have seen at other points.

The drollest show I have seen on the Continent was a Swiss circus, which was delighting the denizens of Zurich while we were there. Six fat steers, as white as snow, served as ring-runners. They would gallop around the ring as swiftly as a horse, leap over one another's back, jump the rope, and go through all the evolutions in a manner calculated to astonish those who never saw the like before. A platoon of Turkish cavalry came charging in from one side, while a like number of French came from an opposite direction. A miniature battle ensued; a French soldier and his beautiful white steed were shot down, apparently dead. The Turks retreated, the French pursuing. As soon as the field was cleared the wounded soldier began to revive, bound up his own wounds, then made a band-

age of his coat, and bound up the wounds of his steed. He pulled out a flask and took a drink, and then presented the flask to the horse, who eagerly swallowed the liquor. Then the horse kneeled down, so that his wounded master could mount his back, and then went limping out of the ring. Take it all in all, I never witnessed such manifestations of intelligence in a horse. Dan Rice's famous cream-colored stallion could not beat it.

Zurich is the capital of a Swiss canton of the same name, which in 1870 had a population of three hundred thousand,—probably as much as four hundred thousand now. It is a beautiful city, whose inhabitants are a sober, industrious, religious people, three-fourths of them being Protestants. It is located in the valley of the Rhine, and surrounded by a vast area of the best quality of agricultural and pasture lands. It was at Zurich that Zwingli preached the Reformation three hundred and sixty years ago. The old cathedral where he used to proclaim his new doctrines to thousands of willing believers still stands there, looking as new as it did three centuries ago.

During the reign of Bloody Mary of England, when the flames of persecution were continually devouring the Christian martyrs, Zurich furnished a safe refuge to many thousands who fled from Great Britain. The first English version of the Bible ever printed made its appearance at Zurich in the year 1535. It was translated by Miles Coverdale, an eminent Greek scholar, who resided here. He personally superintended the printing, and it is confidently asserted by many theo-

logians that until this day no improvement has been made on his translation.

On Thursday night a grand torch-light procession paraded the streets. Six thousand men, each one holding a bright-blazing torch, marched through the streets from six until twelve o'clock, converting night into daylight. Three bands of splendid music and two regiments of dragoons contributed much to the attractiveness of the pageant. All the windows were crowded with gayly-clad ladies, whose dark hair and rosy cheeks (all the Swiss ladies have rosy cheeks) made a picture that was pleasant to look upon. The city was thronged with a vast number of visitors from all parts of Europe who had come to see the grand international exposition. Everybody, his wife and daughters, sons, cousins, and aunts, had on their best clothes, and seemed to be anxious that everybody else should see them. I have rarely seen such a lively multitude of humanity as that I beheld at Zurich.

On Friday morning, at an early hour, we took the train for Schaffhausen, where we arrived at eleven o'clock, and took luncheon at the Hotel Bellevue, which stands on an elevated plateau, affording the guest an excellent view of the falls of the Rhine. I had read many highly-colored descriptions of these falls, which I am now prepared to pronounce the merest gush. To those who had never beheld Niagara this insignificant cataract might appear wonderful. By the side of Niagara it would rank as a pilot boat would by the side of the largest ocean steamer.

I asked a lady where the falls were. Laughing



heartily, she wanted to know if I expected to have them handed to me on a dish.

"Can you not see them very plainly over there, just to the left of that hotel?" she continued, pointing to that which looked more like a mill-dam on Fall River than anything else. The Rhine at this point is not over one hundred yards wide, and the main abrupt fall is not more than thirty feet.

After satisfying ourselves with Schaffhausen and the famous falls we retreated to Zurich, had a good night's rest, and early Saturday morning set out for Geneva, arriving there at four P.M. We left the train at Lausanne, where we boarded a steamboat and enjoyed a delightful sail on Lake Lemman.

While standing on the deck gazing at the delightful scenery, a gust of wind lifted my hat from my head and tossed it into the water a hundred yards away. A few days afterward Dick declared that he saw my hat on exhibition at Chillon; they were showing it as the identical hat worn by Francis Bonnivard while he was a prisoner three hundred years ago. It was looked upon as a wonderful curiosity by antiquarians. Many remarks were made about the quaintness of the style of hats worn in those days. Now, I am ready to admit that when that hat was new I was many years younger than I was when I parted with it; I further admit that the style of it differed somewhat from those now in fashion, but it has not been out of fashion quite three hundred years. I do not know what sort of a hat Bonnivard wore when he was a prisoner of Chillon, but I don't believe it was at all like mine. At Geneva I was

forced to buy a new hat, which the ladies say was exquisite, etc.

The more I see of the Swiss the better I like them. They are always courteous, kind, and attentive to strangers. With one solitary exception we found all the hotel-keepers to be liberal, the servants polite and attentive, bedding good, and everything clean, orderly, and splendid. As a matter of self-defence the hotel-keepers of Switzerland ought to unite and drive the landlord of the Hotel Kulm from the country. I deem it my duty, however, to tell the reader that that contemptible wretch who disgraces his avocation on the Rigi is not a native of Switzerland. He is an interloper, an excrescence, a wart on the face of the hotel avocation, a fraud on travellers, a cancer on the nose of the Rigi; in fact, he is the seven-year itch on the hotel-keepers of Switzerland. I advise them to scratch him to death or smoke him out with sulphur.

LYONS, Monday, August 6th.

Here we are at last comfortably located in one of the very best hotels in the beautiful, brilliant city of Lyons. We arrived here at ten o'clock last night, after a long, dusty ride from Geneva.

The line of this railroad traverses that portion of France so famous for its wild romantic scenery. Every now and then we could catch a charming view of Mount Blanc, whose snow-capped crest was bathed in a sea of shining ice. As the rays of the sun glanced down on the vast banks of snow and ice, it looked like a solid wave of burnished silver. On our right was

spread out a boundless plain, dotted over with pretty villages, churches, and farm-houses, all painted as white as new-fallen snow. Two rows of tall trees bordered both sides, the tops of which were trimmed to a uniform size and height, presenting a picture of incomparable beauty. Long lines of well-trimmed hedges encircled the cultivated fields, while a rich golden harvest of wheat was falling before the scythe of the husbandman. I do not think I ever saw a French peasant who was not clad in a light blue blouse or overshirt, flowing loose about his body, with trowsers of the same uniform color. The women all wear gowns of the same kind of cloth, and usually assist the men in cultivating the farms. The sanctity of the Sabbath does not seem to be appreciated by the French. I saw hundreds of them cutting, binding, and hauling wheat on Sunday as we came from Geneva.

The city of Lyons is one of the wealthiest as well as the gayest in the dominions of France. I have rarely beheld a more enchanting spectacle than that which presented itself to my eyes as I drove through the streets last night. Such blaze of bright lights, such crowds of gayly-dressed ladies, such strains of sweet music, such a throng of pretty girls, such gardens teeming with fragrant flowers, such charming fountains, spouting water high in the air. It was a gorgeous scene of the "Arabian Nights" materialized to all intents and purposes. Everybody seemed to be happy; everybody seemed to be at a universal picnic; everybody appeared to be glad that everybody was alive. The streets were so light that it made me sorry to see

the sun rise, as I thought it would mar the exquisite beauty of the picture.

One would think that gas was cheaper than daylight in the city of Lyons. It is considered an evidence of ill-breeding for any one to leave his bed here before ten. The fashion is to run all night and sleep all day.

I squandered two or three hours in trying to find Mr. Melnotte; I wanted him to introduce me to Mrs. Melnotte, the lady of Lyons. I expect the reader has heard of her. She treated Claude very shabbily, but in the end made ample amends for it. When she discovered that he had money and fame she went into his arms just like some other ladies do under similar circumstances. I was absolutely disgusted when it was confidently affirmed by a hundred citizens of Lyons that no such a man as Claude Melnotte had ever resided there. I have Bulwer's word for it, and I will not allow the ignorant people of Lyons to knock the foundation from under such a magnificent castle of romance.

The city of Lyons is situated on a broad peninsula of land between the Rhone and Saône, two of the most beautiful rivers on the Continent. From the dome of Notre Dame, the height of which is three hundred and sixty feet, a most delightful picture may be seen. The tortuous course of the two charming rivers, as they go winding and twisting along among the mountains, hills, and valleys, can be distinctly seen to the utmost limit of the vision. The white towers, domes, and lofty battlements of the city glitter in the sunlight be-

neath, while far away to the east and south a panorama of undulating farm-lands, teeming with ripe wheat, looks like a slumbering lake of molten gold. Hundreds of cosey white villages may be seen sticking close to the rising hills like bright jewels, while vast herds of fat cattle quietly graze on the fields of green clover that fringe both banks of the Rhone and the Saône.

Prominent among the wonders of Lyons are her silk-factories, which to-day we took the pains thoroughly to inspect. The number of looms now employed in the manufacture of silk is estimated at one hundred thousand, and the annual value of silk made here is estimated at eighty millions of dollars. We were conducted through one of the largest factories by a courteous superintendent, who was kind enough to explain to us the intricate machinery used in the establishment. I saw some of the operatives weaving pictures of Washington and Lincoln with various colors in silk. The superintendent showed us a dozen pictures of prominent men that were woven into the cloth. Those of Gambetta, Clay, Lincoln, and Washington are as perfect as if made by the brush of an experienced artist. A goodly number of francs that accompanied us from the hotel to the factory were not with us when we started back. The temptations were of a pocket-emptying sort that were absolutely irresistible. How could an inexperienced female be expected to take money into a silk-factory and be able to carry it away again? None but idiots would expect such an absurdity. Here is a small slice of good advice, which

I offer to the reader without extra charge: Don't take young females where silk is manufactured, unless you have been a prominent stockholder in the *Crédit Mobilier Mutual Aid Society* or a shipbuilder for the United States Navy. A whiskey-ringer or an Indian agent couldn't stand it.

After having made satisfactory perambulation through all the mechanical part of the factory, we were ushered into the parlor, or salesroom, which was elegantly furnished with sofas, divans, soft-cushioned rocking-chairs, lounges, foot-stools, and a hundred other articles calculated to captivate lazy men, one of which truth compels me to confess I am. I deposited myself on a sofa the cushions of which were covered with pea-green silk better suited for the robe of an empress than the use to which it had been put. I had no sooner taken my seat than half a score of pretty girls, handsomely clad in gay-colored silk, began to urge me to purchase a dozen dress-patterns. One threw three bolts of pink silk on my head as I reclined on the sofa, another tossed six bolts at my face, another pitched a dozen bolts on my shoulders. This brought me to a sitting posture, when a tornado of silk swept over me, burying my body beneath a Niagara of fine fabrics.

"Dis is ze exquzique textee ze empress weare at ze Victoree gran' ball," cried a pretty blue-eyed blond, as she excavated me from the gorgeous ruins.

A curly-haired brunette said,—

"See! Ze Grand Dutcheese of Austree wedding trousseau ze same like as dis. Take him at sanque francs."





CHARLEY.



With considerable exertion I managed to poke my head above the surface of the silk sea, when a perfect cyclone of new colors began to fall upon me. I surrendered at discretion, fell back on the sofa and waited for the *dénouement*. I grieve to say that there is something about my personal appearance that justifies strangers in taking me for a first-class dunce. Dick declares there is no mistake about it. He says that a simple schoolboy could read and interpret the evidence that Nature has so plainly written on my countenance. I am a wiser man this evening than I was this morning. If they ever get me in a silk-factory again, they will have to convert my body into a cannon-ball and shoot it through the wall. I beg to include lace-factories in this constitutional amendment too.

To-morrow we make the run of three hundred miles to Paris, where we expect to remain a fortnight interviewing the wonders of the French capital. If I have any dreams to-night, it will be about purgatory where fallen angels keep up the fires with burning silk.

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## CHAPTER XXX.

PARIS, Sunday, August 12.

"ALL aboard for Paris!" was the welcome sound that rung through the air as we entered the depot at Lyons on Tuesday morning. I suppose that was what

the conductor said, though I could not understand him. Anyhow, he first pointed at me and then at a white board suspended on the side of the coach, with "Paris" plainly painted in black letters on it. Six of our party pre-empted the compartment, but we had scarcely taken our seats when a large man with short legs, long body, red face, and colossal nose thrust his head through the door and said a hundred words to the second. When he stopped to inflate his lungs preparatory for another recitation, I threw a broadside of Cherokee epithets at him; then Dick immersed him with a reservoir of Dutch jargon. Chittenden then shot him with a dozen Latin sentences. The Frenchman exhibited evidences of courage. He returned the fire with redoubled energy, but we all continued to shell him with Dutch, Latin, and Cherokee at once. At length he called for the agent.

When that officer approached, the Frenchman declared that he had engaged the compartment before we got into it.

Charlie, who had been superintending the baggage, now marched up and inquired the cause of the row.

"This man says he engaged this compartment before we got into it."

"He don't can tell me dot," exclaimed Charley. "I tell him dot he bees von,—what you call him?"

"Liar."

"Yes, he ish dot, and I tell him so."

And, sure enough, Charley told him in his own language that he had lied.

Things by this time began to assume a wakeful

appearance, and propositions of a hostile nature were interchanged, but war was prevented by the sudden departure of the train. Charley leaped into our compartment, and the Frenchman went into another. The whole matter was amicably settled when we got to the next station. The trouble originated from a mistake made by the Frenchman in regard to the number of the compartment which he had engaged.

Charley is the embodiment of politeness and generosity, but I consider it unsafe for any one to trespass on his rights. He is German by birth, Swiss by adoption, and a brave, kind gentleman by nature. He has been well educated, has read much history, speaks seven languages, and has travelled extensively on the Continent. He is our agent, guide, interpreter, commissary, quartermaster, train-manager, baggage-master, cashier, commanding-general; in short, he is our *factotum*, and right nobly has he performed all the duties appertaining to his various departments. It would not be proper to call him a courier, because he is not by any means a servant. He purchases tickets, arranges hotel bills, overlooks porters and waiters, and sees that we receive the proper attention. He owns a considerable estate at Chamounix, and travels for pleasure and not for wages alone. I dare say that we might have made the trip without an interpreter, but the petty annoyances and the exorbitant charges to which we would have been forced to submit would have necessarily, to a great extent, marred the pleasure of the trip. One feels completely comfortable at a hotel when there is nothing to do, no baggage to look after,

no time-table to examine, no tickets to purchase, no cavilling with carriage-drivers, no danger of being left; in fact, no thinking to do,—no work of any sort. How delightful it is to know that your agent will be sure to attend to everything at the proper time. If anybody speaks to you about business, how pleasant it is to have an agent to whom to refer him. If you feel that it would relieve your mind to scold an indolent servant or an obstinate hackman, how delightful it is to be able to do it by proxy. You can indulge in all sorts of wickedness with impunity, for the agent is your scapegoat. If you overdo the business and get involved in trouble with the police, your interpreter extricates you by telling the officer that you are an American general whose mind has been unsettled by seeing a wife and nine children killed and scalped by Comanche Indians, while you were tied to a tree, and that the United States government had sent you abroad, hoping to restore your reason.

Charley's imagination was fertile and eminently productive; it never failed to answer a demand that the exigencies of any case required him to make of it. He rarely failed to secure the best apartments at hotels and railroads for his party. I was surprised on one occasion when a polite landlord bowed so low that his nose came within ten inches of the floor, as he said,—

“Hope ze genereel feel welle zis morning! Ze staff waittee for ze genereel at ze breadfast tabeel.”

Charley had been palming me off on the credulous host as a distinguished American general who was



travelling with his staff on the Continent. You may be sure that I did not feel disposed to raise a row with him for perpetrating this innocent fraud, which had secured for myself and companions the very best rooms in the house.

The line of the railroad from Lyons to Paris runs through a country of incomparable beauty. Every foot of land as far as the eye could see was cultivated like a beautiful flower-garden. No rank weeds or thorny briars, no ugly sprouts or monotonous sedges, no dog-fennel; indeed, nothing grew in the soil except that which was useful or ornamental. Innumerable little canals filled with pure, clear water, whose banks were bordered by two rows of trees of uniform height, checkered the face of the country in every direction. Hundreds of gayly-painted little boats glided over the shining water laden with the products of the rich-yielding soil. No cow-catcher was attached to the engine, because there were no cows to catch. Live-stock doesn't run at large in France. A railroad accident is rarely heard of here, though greater speed is made than on any other part of the Continent. The roads are perfectly smooth, and the train glides along like a sleigh, scarcely making any noise. In the United States it is no uncommon thing for two trains to attempt to run past each other on the same track. How frequently do we read articles in the morning papers something like this:

“Trifling accident on the Split Flint Railroad. The 2.40 express collided with the 3.50 lightning mail at

twenty-three minutes past seven this morning, three miles east of Stony Point. Only forty-seven passengers were killed and sixty-three wounded; the rest of the passengers, seventeen in number, were transferred round the wreck in wagons and continued their journey to St. Musktine. An extra train, loaded with surgeons and their amputating instruments, started for the scene promptly at 7.47. The ladies deserve the highest praise for the promptness with which they prepared lint and bandages for the wounded. We understand that an investigation into the cause of the accident will be made at an early day. It is intimated that the train-despatcher had been spiritually influenced by a mysterious substance known in Ubedam as 'bust-head,' which caused him to order the express to pass the mail between Stony Point and Salt Creek. He had evidently overlooked the trifling fact that there was only one track and no switch between those points. The company will no doubt suspend the despatcher for at least a month, a punishment none too severe in his case."

We invaded Paris at six o'clock Tuesday evening. What shall I say about the French metropolis? Everybody goes into ecstasies about beautiful Paris. In point of fact, it is fashionable for tourists to make fools of themselves about it, unless nature has saved them the trouble.

I like the French people very well, indeed, because they are so uniformly polite and kind to visitors.

Strange as it may sound to the reader, I must tell the truth: I have been smitten with a spell of politeness

since my arrival. How could a reasonable man be impolite when everybody else is smiling and bowing at him as if he were an emperor? I have fallen into the habit of lifting off my hat to every man I meet. I do not allow a dray-driver or a street-sweeper to pass without bowing low with uncovered head. The habit has become so deeply embedded in my nature that I not unfrequently lift my hat to a passing dog in my absent-mindedness. Yesterday I found myself bowing and scraping to a marble statue of Apollo, in the garden of the Tuileries. I did not refuse to recognize him merely because somebody had stolen his clothes.

Discarding all jokes, I do most seriously say that the French people can, and do, surpass all others in their uniform courtesy and politeness to strangers. If there is any rudeness in a man's nature, a constant association with them will make him ashamed to show it. They are especially kind and attentive to Americans. They take particular pains, and never fail to make one feel at home among them.

Paris is the best-governed city on the Continent, and has the most efficient police. If a ruffian breaks your head, he is put in the station-house, and you have your head mended in the hospital. If a man breaks your head in London, you are put in the station-house, and the other man is reprimanded. In Rome the police don't interfere with either party, because they are asleep.

Yesterday we had a delightful carriage-ride out to Versailles, over a charming road that penetrated a wilderness of pretty shade-trees. Artificial lakes, whose smooth waters were covered with innumerable aquatic

fowls, fountains spouting silvery spray high above the earth, broad acres of fragrant flowers, umbrageous vines, and rural grottoes appeared on every side. Gay equipages of every imaginable style, filled with the *élite* of the city, dashed past like an express-train. Buggies drawn by bobtailed trotters went by with electric speed; male and female equestrians darted along with a speed that would win money on a race-course.

The ladies have a strange habit of springing up ten or fifteen inches above the saddle every jump the horse makes. They evidently do more work than the horse. I think a lady would make a better show if she would sit erect in her saddle and let the horse do the jumping.

Of course everybody that goes to Paris visits the Grand and Petite Trianon, at Versailles. None but dull people can fail to appreciate a visit to those places where so many historical incidents have had their origin. It was in the Petite Trianon where the beautiful, frivolous, but unfortunate Marie Antoinette spent the happiest days of her girlhood, surrounded by a score or two of her female attendants. Here it was where she had a little theatre built, and employed the happy days in managing and training her amateur troupe, often appearing on the stage herself in the *rôle* of a lovesick milkmaid. It was here where the young queen played the dairymaid,—not on the stage, but in reality. All the implements which she used in her dairy are to be seen there just as she left them a hundred years ago; among them is a milk-strainer that must have cost more than a thousand francs. All

the pails, pans, and other vessels which she employed in her miniature cheese-factory are lined with either gold or silver. The furniture in her bed-chamber stands there just as it stood when she occupied the apartment. The initials of her name are wrought in gilt letters on the chairs, while the silk counterpane that was made one hundred years ago still covers the bed where she slept the happy sleep of youth. A dozen cosy little rooms, where she used to lodge her frolicsome associates, may be seen, with all the furniture preserved, which as yet shows no signs of age. Her sleigh, a quaint-looking thing, gorgeously wrought with gold and shiny brass, silk cushions, and gay trimmings, was pointed out to us.

A melancholy interest seems to cling to every article that once belonged to Marie Antoinette. The sad fate that eventually overtook her, the romantic incidents that intermingled themselves with her history, will naturally carry our thoughts back to the time when she was a happy girl, an honored queen, and a contented wife. She was the daughter of a king, the wife of a king, and one of the most beautiful women in Europe. When she was married to Louis XVI. twelve hundred people were crushed to death by the vast crowd that had assembled to honor her. How short was the brief space of time after that when her head rolled in the dust under the blade of the guillotine, on the very spot where the multitude collected to worship her. That broad, white brow, on which a crown of diamonds so often sparkled, fell into a pool of blood and dirt, amid the hisses and the groans of a

frantic multitude. No doubt that multitude was largely augmented by the very men who had trampled others to death while endeavoring to see the young bride. She was the daughter of Maria Theresa, of Austria, who, when embracing Marie Antoinette at their parting, said,—

“My mind is troubled with a mysterious foreboding of coming evil that is to overtake my beloved child. What the French love to-day they hate to-morrow. What they hate they destroy.”

How true did the mother's predictions prove.

It was the influence of Marie Antoinette that induced the king to give his sanction to the treaty of alliance with the American colonies during the struggle for independence. Her execution has cast a dark stain on the fair fame of France. She was executed in the name of liberty, under circumstances that would cause the Goddess of Liberty to bow her head and blush to see such vile crimes committed in her name.

The secret staircase through which Marie Antoinette made her escape, when the grand palace was attacked by the revolutionary mob, was shown to us by our guide. There were more than one of those mysterious passages through which entrances and exits could be made. I dare say that if those marble blocks could speak they would reveal many a strange secret that has slumbered undisturbed for over a hundred years.

Marie Antoinette's carriage stands in an old stone building near the Petite Trianon. It is a stylish little vehicle, completely covered with burnished gold. The wheels, hubs, springs, and body looked as if



they were made of solid gold, though they are only embellished with it. The State carriage in which the Empress Josephine rode from the palace when she was divorced from Napoleon I. stands by the side of Marie Antoinette's.

We were conducted through the apartments occupied by Josephine when the emperor had his headquarters in the Grand Trianon. Her rooms still contain the furniture which she used while occupying them, all apparently untarnished by the hand of time. The cosy chamber where she was wont to retire with her most intimate female friends and spend the time at needlework, is an exquisitely-furnished little cage. Her work-table, thimble, scissors, needle-case, and a few unfinished scraps of embroidery are there just as she left them nearly a century ago. The divorcing of Josephine by Napoleon fixed a blot on his fame similar to that which the murder of Marie Antoinette fastened on the fame of France.

In one of the chambers of the Grand Trianon the guide showed us a table which he said cost over fifty thousand dollars. It was not more than four feet square, but it contained a small piece of every sort of precious stone known to the world,—porphyry, agate, lapis lazuli, green, yellow, brown, and black garnet, sapphire, onyx, pearl, mother-of-pearl, grandmother-of-pearl, great-grandmother-of-pearl, the cousins, aunts, and nieces of pearl, and, in fact, all the lineal descendants and collateral relations of pearl. I consider that table intrinsically worth fifteen dollars, and not a cent more.

The apartments that had been occupied by Napoleon consisted of two large rooms and one small one, the latter being his bed-chamber. The bedstead, with all its costly paraphernalia, stands exactly where it did when the conqueror of Europe slept on it. His *escri-toire*, containing his inkstand, pens, paper-cutter, sand-box, is preserved intact. His chairs, bath-tub, bureaus, and every article of furniture, are to be seen where he left them. I was rather surprised at the diminutive size of his bed. It was not more than thirty inches wide and five and one-half feet in length.

Another room in the palace was set apart for the accommodation of Queen Victoria, who visited France while Napoleon III. occupied the throne. This room was supplied with a lot of furniture unsurpassed for gorgeousness and beauty. The bedstead looks like a solid mass of exquisitely carved gold, while the trappings are made to correspond with it, so far as beauty is concerned. We were informed by our guide that not an article of any description had been removed from the room since the English queen was entertained there.

We were conducted into the spacious ball-room, the walls of which were covered with Terpsichorean pictures painted in gaudy colors. The guide said that the last grand ball that was given here was given in honor of Queen Victoria, who opened the dance with the emperor for her partner. The next set Napoleon danced with Count von Moltke, while Bismarck played the fiddle.

We went from the Trianon to the grand palace,

which is by far the largest one we have yet seen. It requires three hours' walk merely to pass through all the rooms, without stopping to examine the vast number of pictures that adorn the walls. The paintings are of the best quality, many of them being the work of the most famous artists.

It is a noticeable fact that a majority represent Napoleon I. as the grand constellation around which revolved a thousand smaller planets. One might get a complete history of all his great victories by an examination of the pictures, but no intimation of his defeats.

We were quite worn out when we got back to the city, but, taking it all in all, we enjoyed the day admirably.

I had a particular object in view when I came to Paris. I kept my object a profound secret; I did not wish to divide my fame with others. My soul was filled with ambitious thoughts; my heart swelled with pride, as I matured a plan that would make me the observed of all observers. My brain fairly throbbed with pain, so thick was it crowded with new ideas. I could not bear to hear frivolous conversation. I had seriously damaged my appetite by constant study, for I could not eat more than four meals per day. I was working out a problem that was to startle Europe, astonish America, and make Victor Hugo blush for his stupidity. I came here purposely to do it, and I have done it. Yes, I have accomplished that which has baffled all the scholars of Europe. I am the only man that could unravel a mystery that has puzzled

the universal world for many years. I had no other object in view when I visited Paris, but the accomplishment of this wonderful feat. I came here with a firm resolve to find out who wore the Iron Mask. I have found him out. I will tell the whole story in the next chapter.

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## CHAPTER XXX.I

PARIS, August 12.

WHO was the man that wore the *Iron Mask*? This is the question that I have promised to answer. I never break a promise unless it is inconvenient to keep it whole. In revealing this wonderful secret, justice and truth compel me to say that I have been greatly assisted by a venerable Frenchman; indeed, I ought to state further that without the valuable information furnished by my ancient friend, it is more than probable that my plan of discovery would have failed.

Many years ago, while on a visit to Mount Vernon, I saw the key of the Bastile lying on a little table in Washington's house. It was presented to General Washington by the Marquis de la Fayette. I had an extensive conversation with that key, though most of the talking was done by me. I made particular inquiries as to the identity of the man who wore the Iron Mask, but must confess that no satisfactory answer was received in that respect. That old rusty key was a

ponderous article, with a hollow barrel as large as that of an ordinary-sized musket. I dare say it could have imparted to my inquiring mind many startling secrets if it had possessed a conversational disposition. While gazing abstractedly at that old relic of a tyrannical age I vowed a vow that I would unearth the iron-mask mystery if it took ten years and all the money I could borrow. Whether I have succeeded or not is a question to be settled by the reader after hearing the evidence. If I have accomplished the task in a manner satisfactory to an indulgent constituency, it is my intention to tackle the Junius mystery at an early day. It would be as well to make a clean sweep of the whole business while my hand is in. Junius wrote the Duke of Grafton from office, sent him home in disgrace, made George III. tremble like Belshazzar, quashed Judge Blackstone, annihilated Lord Mansfield, threw the British government into spasms, and then had the impudence to die without revealing his real name to the world. But never mind; wait a little; see what you shall see. But I digress; let Junius sleep in his nameless grave, while I work on the Iron Mask. I will first state the case as it was known to the public, then as it was known to the nobility, and then as it was generally thought about by the commons; after which I shall proceed to show that they knew nothing at all about it. I will then deliberately tell who wore the Iron Mask.

History tells us that the Bastile was built in A.D. 1362, and destroyed by a popular mob in 1789. It had eight colossal round towers rising far above the

main body of the building, the entire wall being composed of huge blocks of solid stone. The average thickness of the wall was twelve feet, though from the basement to the second story it was thirty feet thick. Innumerable dark dungeons were built below the surface of the earth, where many an unfortunate victim sighed his life away in solitary confinement. The Bastille was surrounded by a ditch or moat twenty-five feet deep and fifty feet wide, which could be flooded with water at a moment's notice. It was usually guarded by one hundred soldiers, commanded by a reliable officer, all under the immediate supervision of a governor, who received his commission directly from the king. The battlements were well supplied with artillery, so planted as to be able to rake the streets in every direction. The Bastille was generally used as a political prison, wherein were confined the enemies of the sovereign. It was no uncommon thing for a man to be thrust into the Bastille to spend his life in a dungeon upon the mere fiat of the king, without ever knowing the cause of his arrest. The justice or the injustice of such a proceeding was never questioned or inquired into.

This being the case, it serves to increase the mystery connected with the Iron Mask, because it is very strange that such precautions should have been taken to conceal the identity of a prisoner, when the king's authority was completely supreme. It has been asserted by some, and believed by many, that the Man in the Iron Mask was the twin-brother of the king, but that theory was at once exploded when it was clearly



proven that the king had no twin-brother. Another class believed that it was the Duke of Monmouth; others that the Man in the Iron Mask had crossed the king's path in a love-affair; but if that were true, where was the necessity of concealing the prisoner's identity? He might have been thrust into a dungeon and remained there until the crack of doom without any notice whatever. I am merely mentioning these circumstances to show that they knew nothing whatever about this singular mystery. To use a military phrase (a new one never heard of before), I am clearing the field for action, for I am about to attack this gigantic secret. I am not unmindful of the fact that it has baffled many a man, but I mean to baffle it.

As soon as I arrived in Paris, I set about the arrangement of my plans to discover who the man was that wore the Iron Mask. I procured a list of the names of a score or two of the oldest residents in the city, first having secured the services of an intelligent guide. I had resolved to spare neither pains nor money (having none of the latter article to spare) in my researches. The first ancient person I approached was a blind old woman who insisted on telling me all about Marie Antoinette, saying that her grandmother had been one of the maids-of-honor to that unfortunate queen. On cross-examination she broke down, developing the fact that she had never seen either her mother or her grandmother, but she referred me to a neighbor, whom she thought could give me some information.

The seventeenth man I met proved to be my bo-

nanza, for that was a nickname by which he was generally known among his acquaintances. This sobriquet was given to him on account of the enormous price which he had been demanding for certain information which he claimed to possess in regard to the Iron Mask. I knew he was mine as soon as I had conversed with him five minutes, and I further knew that he was the very sort of an individual for whom I had been searching. He was tall, hump-shouldered, one-eyed, and could not see well out of the other; one leg was missing, but cork supplied its absence. His nose was partially bitten off, likewise was his left ear; his left arm hung useless by his side, being paralyzed. The wrinkles in his face were deep and numerous, and the few straggling locks that clung to the lower edge of his cranium were long, white, and silky. His voice squeaked like an asthmatic fiddle. He had no teeth, and his chin embraced his semi-nose every time he shut his mouth. When he opened his mouth his lips tumbled in, having nothing to support them while standing up. An ugly scar, the result of a sabre-cut received in battle, ran diagonally across the summit of his bald head. He was ready and anxious to make an affidavit that he was a hundred and thirteen years old, and that his father had lived to be seven years older than he then was. It took but a little while to convince me that I had a wily customer to deal with, and that the greatest caution would be necessary to enable me to negotiate for the information he possessed. It would occupy too much space and time to recount the mode and manner of the proceedings adopted by me to

attain the object of my visit, but it is enough to say that when I mentioned the fact that I had seen the key of the Bastile at Mount Vernon, the old man's best eye was fixed intently on me for a moment.

"It was I who gave that key to La Fayette," said he. "It was I that killed the officer that kept it. It is I that am the possessor of a secret in connection with the Bastile that is worth a bonanza. I was afraid to offer it for sale while France was under the rule of kings and emperors, because I very well knew it was a secret they did not want made public; indeed, my head would at once have been chopped off if I had been suspected as the possessor of that secret. Since the establishment of the republic no one seems to care a copper for my secret; in fact, they look upon me as an old idiot and laugh in my face, when I propose to sell my information. It is the style now to curse and ignore old forms, old customs, and old men, and I suppose my secret will soon be buried in the grave with my old body."

If I was prodigal in making promises, I am sure there lives not a man better qualified to make them than I. I have had abundant experience in that line, and can furnish articles of that sort ready-made, of the most seductive nature. At all events, I managed to possess myself of the secret, and herewith present it as it was imparted to me by old Bonanza:

"My grandfather was a gardener at the palace during the reign of Louis XIV. Prior to the marriage of my grandmother with my grandfather she occupied the position of companion and confidential friend of Mademoiselle de Montfort, where she became the possessor of

certain state secrets, the disclosing of which she knew would cause the chopping off of her head. The information that I am now about to impart to you came from my grandmother to my mother, and from my mother to me. The circumstances are so completely corroborated by history as to remove all doubts of their truth.

"It was on the bright sunny evening of September 18, 1698, that a covered palanquin, closely guarded by a platoon of mounted soldiers, marched into the city of Paris. The procession was headed by St. Mars, the governor of the island of St. Marguerite, who commanded the soldiers. This mysterious cavalcade slowly wended its way in the direction of the Bastille, coming to a halt at the outer gate. A large crowd of people, whose curiosity had been wrought up to the highest pitch by the appearance of this singular show, stood at a respectful distance wondering what on earth it meant. At length a man whose face was concealed behind a black velvet mask stepped down from the palanquin. The mask was fastened behind his head with massive steel springs held together by a silver padlock. Men and women spoke in whispers to one another on the street-corners as they pointed at the mysterious prisoner, whose dress and majestic carriage convinced them that he was a person of exalted rank. As the masked prisoner marched through the open gate, a soldier with cocked musket walked on each side, while St. Mars, pistol in hand, marched immediately in the rear.

"There is one circumstance connected with this affair that it would perhaps be well for you carefully

to store away in your memory, for it may prove useful while weighing the evidence which I am about to produce. St. Mars had been governor of the island of St. Marguerite for near half a century, and just one month before his arrival in Paris with the Iron Mask he had been appointed governor of the Bastile. Why, then, did he transfer the masked prisoner from St. Marguerite to the Bastile, when it is known that said prisoner had been confined at the former place for over forty years? Answer: Because he had been intrusted with a secret connected with the identity of the Iron Mask, —a state secret, known to none but those who knew how to keep it. No one was allowed to speak to the prisoner but St. Mars himself. The guards were not permitted to hold converse with him, neither did they know who he was, but they had positive instructions to shoot him if he spoke to them or to any one else. That the prisoner was a person of distinction is evidenced by the treatment he received. Instead of thrusting him into one of the dismal dungeons, two spacious apartments were elegantly fitted up for his accommodation. They were furnished in a style no less gorgeous than the king's palace, while no luxury was withheld from him. His clothing was cut from the most costly fabrics and his food prepared by the most experienced cooks, and the governor always sat at table with the prisoner when he took his meals. Lest he might communicate his secret by writing it on his clothing, his soiled garments were burned instead of being sent to a laundry. The utmost precaution was observed in order to prevent him from procuring pen, ink, and paper In

fact, nothing was neglected that the rigid old governor considered necessary to keep the prisoner's identity from being discovered. The iron-masked prisoner was permitted to attend mass, and when ill a good physician was allowed to visit him; but the guards had orders to shoot him down at once if ever he attempted to speak to the priest or to a doctor. He would state the nature of his complaint to St. Mars, who would repeat it to the attending physician. In other words, the governor of the Bastile would make a diagnosis of the case and give it to the doctor, who was then permitted to examine the prisoner's pulse, tongue, and so forth.

"On one occasion the mysterious prisoner managed to scribble a communication on a piece of a dish, which he threw out of a window. It was picked up by a man who could not read it, and was handed to an officer, who delivered it to St. Mars. On another occasion he tore off a part of his cuff and wrote a few words on it with blood from a vein he opened in his arm for the purpose. He threw this to a girl in the street; she, being unable to read it, took it to the governor, who questioned her about its contents until he became satisfied she knew nothing about it.

"‘Your ignorance has in this instance saved your head,’ he observed.

"The governor had unlimited means placed in his hands with which to defray expenses. Indeed, his private fortune suddenly grew from insignificance to an enormous estate. When men sought preferment from the crown, St. Mars never failed to secure it for them when he tried. Why did he wield such powerful in-



fluence with the king? How did he accumulate such an immense fortune from so small a salary? I answer without hesitation that it was because he was the custodian of a secret that involved not only the right of Louis to the throne, but also the very life of that individual. If the Man in the Iron Mask had been an ordinary citizen, or even if he was a duke, a marquis, or a count, it would not have been necessary to conceal his identity. The justice or the injustice of any order emanating from the throne to imprison any person, no matter how high might be his rank, was never discussed or inquired into.

“Louis XIV. was born September 16, 1638. History tells us that he died at Versailles, September, 1715, but that was not a fact. He did not die there, for the best reason in the world: he died somewhere else. That Louis is dead I do not deny; but if he ever saw Versailles, it was over thirty years prior to his death. He was the son of Louis XIII. and Anne of Austria. And right here let me make a side remark: His mother was married twenty-two years before she had any children. She was detested by her husband, who shamefully misused her. They lived apart for over twenty years, during which interval the king lavished his affections, according to the prevailing fashion, on innumerable concubines. Finally a temporary reconciliation was patched up between the king and his hapless queen, and September 16, 1638, a son was born, which event caused the useless waste of a large quantity of gunpowder and tallow-candles, no gas being then in use. I beg to say right here that it would be

well for you to believe me when I say that the new-born prince was not the only boy-baby born about that time. Do not for a moment think I mean to suggest twins, for no such an idea is in my mind. But there was another son born in that neighborhood, near about the same time of the birth of the young prince. This child was *nulius filius*, but he had a mother nevertheless. That mother, although not a queen, possessed infinitely more brains than did the wife of the king. She was one of those Minerva sort of women who don't faint at sight of a bug. She was able and willing to nurse her own nameless little son, which caused him to wax strong and grow apace. Being somewhat disgusted with high-sounding names, the strong-minded mother concluded to, and did, name her son Trotter. Many literary men have contended that Trotter was a nickname given to the child by his classmates at school, which name was suggested by his ability to outrun and outjump all the boys there; but the best authorities admit that Trotter was the name given him by his mother.

I have the very best authority for saying that mothers of illegitimate children always hate the lawful offspring of their children's father, and Trotter's mother was no exception to that rule. She was ambitious like Lady Macbeth, and very much resembled Shakespeare's description of that estimable woman. Her study by day and her dreams by night referred principally to unmatured schemes, the ultimate purport of which was to be the promotion of her hopeful son. When a strong-minded woman concentrates her

thoughts on mischief that article is very apt to be hatched in abundance. This is a self-evident fact that is able to stand alone unsupported by proof,—a fact which does not wear an iron mask, as did the mysterious prisoner of the Bastile.

“Trotter’s ambitious mother continued to think and dream about her plans until she at length succeeded in erecting a castle of no insignificant dimensions.

“‘Why shall my son grovel in poverty and obscurity while his half-witted brother wears a crown? My boy is the son of a king, and, though not the son of a queen, he is better suited for a king than his puny, idiotic brother.’

“These and a thousand other thoughts of like description constantly disturbed the brain of Trotter’s mother. She possessed an ambitious soul associated with an unscrupulous conscience,—the attributes necessary in the make-up of a successful schemer. She belonged to that class of women who never do things by halves, but who after maturing their plans allow nothing to prevent their accomplishment. She watched with a delighted eye the rapid development of Trotter’s mind, which, albeit, was exceedingly satisfactory. Nature, having determined to make amends for the injustice done by sending him into the world without a name, gave him a vigorous constitution, a handsome body, and a first-class intellect. The best teachers were employed to train his young mind, but they were required to do their work at the private residence of the mother, who pointed out the lessons to be taught, and who usually made the climate too warm for those who dared

to disobey her orders. Especial attention was bestowed on his military education, and large sums of money were expended in securing teachers of experience in war. Trotter's belligerent disposition began to develop itself at an early stage of his existence. He could cut off a cat's head with his little sword before he was five years old,—a feat which he never failed to perform when feline victims could be found. He had the courage to attack dogs occasionally, as many a poor tailless dog could prove merely by making an exhibit of his mangled body. He had the temerity to attack a certain vagabond-billy-goat one day, when he met with such resistance as might have been expected by men of experience. It is a fact (which I dare say is not unknown to you) that goats have very short tails; in truth, it may be safe to assert that none but expert swordsmen could cut off the tail of a billy-goat without endangering that animal's body. Yet Trotter did it with a skill and neatness which could not have been surpassed by an army surgeon. The wounded goat acted as goats usually do under similar circumstances; that is to say, he planted his forehead on Trotter's ribs with sufficient force to send him to grass at a distance of ten feet away. Suffice it to say that a regular battle ensued, in which Trotter got considerably worsted. His little sword was broken into a dozen fragments; his nose was bleeding profusely, his tri-colored coat torn into a hundred tatters, his left ear was damaged, yet he did not run; he fell back calling for his artillery to come to the front. There is no telling what horrible slaughter would have ensued if Trotter's

mother had not come with reinforcements. She sent Trotter to the hospital and ordered the brave goat to be executed on the spot. But Trotter swore that if Billy was put to death for no other crime than that of fighting in self-defence, he would not survive him.

“‘I was the aggressor!’ cried Trotter; ‘I made the first assault, and he merely fought in his own defence!’

“Billy’s life was spared. He and Trotter thereafter became the best of friends. It is strange but true that men will love and admire each other after they have fought and then made friends. They seem to have a higher respect for each other after breaking each other’s heads.

“But you will probably ask, What has this rigmarole to do with the Iron Mask secret? It is the very gist of that mystery, which you shall clearly comprehend ere long. The father of Louis XIV. died when that individual was only five years old, leaving him in possession of a throne which had been disgraced and rendered contemptible by a long line of profligate kings. Louis XIV. ascended the throne of France by proxy. In other words, Cardinal Mazarin, a penurious trickster, seized the reins of government as prime minister under the regency of Anne, the mother of Louis. History tells us that this woman had quite a small intellect, which in plain English means she was an idiot; howbeit, Mazarin managed public affairs just as he pleased, the same as if he was the real king. He was an unscrupulous bulk of vanity, a conscienceless hypocrite, who treated the young king more like a slave than like a lawful sovereign. He kept the lad concealed



from the eyes of the public, brought him up among low-bred scullions, and clothed him in rags, while the idiotic mother was deceived by the belief that this was the necessary discipline to make a warlike king.

“The power of France has never been at such low ebb as it was then. Her treasury was empty ; her laws were not enforced ; rebels boldly defied the government ; powerful combinations were entered into for the purpose of enriching the nobility at the expense of the people ; the life of the young king was threatened ; war existed with Germany and Spain ; indeed, the enemies of France were wrangling about a division of her territory, while they eagerly watched and waited for her dissolution like hungry vultures watch the dying steed. The deadliest foe to France could not have expected or desired to see her travelling the downward road at a greater speed than that at which she was then going. Matters hurried on from bad to worse until the last faint hope of the patriot began to expire, when all of a sudden Paris was startled by the news that the young king had at the tender age of thirteen declared his minority at an end and seized the reins of government with his own hands. Now, I state it as a fact (which every one versed in history knows to be true) that from that day until the death of Louis XIV., in 1715, France never had a better king. He was justly called Louis the Great. He astonished all Europe by the exhibition of qualities not before possessed by his supposed ancestors. His career was as brilliant as, and in the end more successful than, that of Napoleon I. Indeed, the history of one is the history



of the other until Napoleon's star began to wane, which that of Louis never did. Who was this bright, particular star? Was he the same puny son of Anne? No. Then, who on earth was he? I will tell you in the next thirty minutes.

"I hope you will not censure me for beating around the bush while I am dissecting the body of the iron-mask secret. I have heretofore stated that Mazarin kept the young king concealed from the eyes of the public, but I neglected to say that he seldom saw the lad himself; indeed, it is a fact that he did not see him so often as once a year. Trotter's mother resided at a charming villa but a short distance from Versailles, which had been built for her by the late king, Louis XIII. She wielded a powerful influence over him as long as he lived. When he died, she at once began to arrange her plans for the capture of Mazarin,—a task by no means difficult to accomplish. How could it be difficult for a pretty woman, possessed of large brain, a charming eye, tall, shapely form, a profusion of long curly hair, a set of symmetrical limbs, a proud, queenly walk, a bust like Diana, a complexion like the rainbow, lips like the blushing rose, and teeth whiter than Parian marble, to fascinate such a compound of vanity and deceit as Cardinal Mazarin? This remarkable woman had subdued a king, holding him as her abject slave until death released him from his bondage; howbeit, she brought Mazarin down as easy as a hawk brings down a sparrow. She was a first-class artist, and from experience and study she had made herself mistress of all those little fascinating snares that are supposed to be

the inventions of Cupid. She was in the meridian of life, but had cheated time out of at least fifteen years by her scientific attainments in the art of dress and the preservation of health. At the age of thirty-five she looked like a modest maiden of eighteen.

“It was on the 13th day of May, 1644, that Cardinal Mazarin received the following highly-perfumed *billet-doux* written in a neat fine hand on pink-colored paper, at the upper edge of which appeared a white silver dove in the agonies of death, while a barbed arrow was transfixed in its breast :

“‘ VILLA FRANCONA, May 13, 1644.

“‘ If the Lord Cardinal would graciously condescend to honor Villa Francona with his august presence this evening and sip a cup of tea with his most humble friend at eleven o’clock, it would be a favor more esteemed than she can find words to express.’

“The monogram was stamped in pure gold, representing a bleeding heart being crushed beneath the foot of Cupid.

“‘ Ah! ha!’ exclaimed Mazarin, as he surveyed his swarthy complexion in a huge mirror, ‘it has come at last. You sly old dog you!’ then, shaking his clinched fist at the aforesaid swarthy countenance, he thus continued: ‘By Jove, old boy! though I cannot see it, there must be a mysterious attraction about this face that women cannot resist. Ha! ha! ha! Well, since fortune is resolved to overflow me with her favors, why should I resist? In point of fact, I’ll not resist.

Let her deluge me with her smiles; let it rain such favors on me for forty days and forty nights. I'll charter this beautiful ark and defy the flood.'

"Promptly at eleven o'clock Mazarin's carriage halted in front of Villa Francona, and that distinguished individual, arrayed in gorgeous costume, was ushered into the presence of the fair siren, who was prepared to receive him. An unsuspecting fly never walked into a villainous spider-trap with more deliberation than did Mazarin march into the snare set for him by this beautiful enchantress. He was conducted through innumerable apartments ablaze with mellow colored lights, which cast a softening tinge over the velvet carpets and the gilded furniture. After a while he was led into a cosy little cage of a room at the extreme rear of the building, where a sight met his eyes the like of which he had never seen before. For a single moment his pulse ceased to beat, while his heart stood still; then the hot blood rushed to his cheeks, changing their swarthy color to a perfect red. A score of exquisitely formed fairies seemed to glide noiselessly about the room, all smiling sweetly upon him, while a ravishing scent of spices pervaded the place. His brain grew dizzy while gazing at the dazzling show, but the sweet intoxication gradually gave way to a sober self-possession that enabled him to realize the fact that there was only one fairy in the chamber. It was merely the reflection of the gorgeous mirrors with which the walls were covered, that had multiplied the one beautiful occupant into twenty.

"'Ah, my Lord Cardinal!' she cried, as she extended

two pretty little white hands for him to kiss, at the same time smiling so as to show her white teeth ; 'it is indeed an honor most precious to have my distinguished friend all to myself under my humble roof.'

"Mazarin fervently kissed both of those shapely hands, and then awkwardly discharged a copious rigmarole of passionate nonsense in the shape of flattery.

"It is not my purpose to weary you with a lengthy history of this intriguing woman, but I shall only deal with that part of it that is connected with the iron-mask secret. It were a tedious tale to tell how day after day, week after week, and month after month, she continued to weave her web around the shallow-brained Mazarin, until he was as completely in her power as the feeble mouse in the paws of a cat. She took special pains to conceal from him the fact that she had a son, because the very foundation of her design rested on that important fact. As soon as she became convinced that her power over Mazarin was complete, she at once began to act with a vigor worthy of a better cause.

"Meantime, Trotter had been educated privately under the immediate supervision of his mother. Ambitious sentiments had likewise been abundantly implanted in his mind, but only such as were subservient to his mother's wishes. She was the oracle whose mandates were law to him, and no pagan worshipper ever submitted to the commands of his god with such complacency as did Trotter to the wishes of his mother. With a single exception : She had no conscience, and Trotter had. He swore that he would not budge an

inch on the road marked out for him if innocent blood had to be shed. I beg you to remember that I assert it to be a fact; but for that noble sentiment implanted in Trotter's bosom by nature, we should never have heard of the Iron Mask.

"It is by no means a strange thing to find two boys who very much resemble each other in personal appearance, especially when we recognize the fact that they are the sons of the same father, as were Trotter and Louis. Howbeit, those two lads were so much like one another that nothing but a close inspection could enable one to tell which was Trotter and which was Louis. While their forms and their features were the exact counterpart of each other, their intellects and their dispositions were antipodal. Louis was meek, servile, puny, ignorant, and conscientious; Trotter was bold, aggressive, ambitious, and brainy. If the two youths had been placed side by side, any one could have easily discovered a material difference in their personal appearance, but no man ever saw them together. In fact, Louis did not know that he had a bastard brother, and it was only from the lips of the mother that Trotter received a description of Louis. Time had buckled the weight of twelve summers and a like number of winters on the backs of the two lads when an interview was had between Mazarin and Trotter's mother, which I am now about to describe. How often has the fate of kings, emperors, and nations been discussed, settled, and for ever sealed by midnight intrigues such as the one I am now on the eve of disclosing. A violent storm of northern wind howled and shrieked round the sturdy

walls of Villa Francona, while a flood of cold rain rattled on the roof. The warring elements without presented a wide contrast to the charming picture to be seen within. A dim, mellow light cast its soft rays on the reclining form of Mazarin, who sipped his wine from a glass presented to him by the hand of a woman whose rosy cheeks were glowing with feverish excitement. The cardinal's brain was reeling with intoxication, while his blood was boiling with rising passion; every nerve in his trembling body was under its influence.

“‘Speak out, my pretty queen!’ he cried, as he pressed his lips to her hand. ‘Don’t be afraid of thy slave, my charming fairy; it is my business to obey thy commands. Wouldst have wealth? But intimate thy wish, and the French treasury shall be open to thee. Wouldst have diamonds? But speak, and a mine of sparkling gems shall be thine. Hast thou enemies? But speak, and they are dead. Hast friends? Name them, and I’ll chain them to thee with links of solid gold. Wouldst make me happy? Demand things that are difficult to secure, so I may in procuring them prove the sincerity of my devotion.’

“‘My dear and most noble Lord Cardinal, let it please thee to know that thine unworthy handmaiden is only too happy to be permitted to bask in the sunlight of thy favor,’ exclaimed the fair enchantress, as she seized and kissed the long, bony hand of Mazarin. ‘I crave no reward above thy love, I want no wealth,—no diamonds. I have no friends to reward or enemies to punish; indeed, it is bliss enough to be thy slave.’

“‘Slave, sayest thou? By Jove! were I a king,



thou should be my honored queen. Talk not to me of slaves and handmaidens. Thou art my soul's idol, my bright shining star, my sweet pretty charmer, my feminine general and chief commander. I am thy servant, thy bondsman, thine obedient slave; issue thy orders, and I will obey.'

" 'Good, my lord, since it pleaseth thee to stand my friend, it doth embolden me to solicit one small favor at thy hands.'

" 'I'll not grant thee small favors; I would rather bestow magnificent gifts. Shape thy commands so as to trouble me greatly; give me work of vast import to do for thee.'

" 'Then, my most honored lord, will I ask thee to conceal the young king in my villa until the impending storm shall have passed away. It is exceedingly unsafe for him to be seen in Paris now; indeed, it is even unsafe to let his place of concealment be known. Rebels are boldly defying the law, clamoring for the blood of his royal highness.'

" 'Thou couldst not have made a request easier for me to grant; in fact, you have taken a load off of my shoulders. Prepare apartments for the king; he shall be here at midnight.'

" 'My lord, this must be kept a profound secret, and hence I would suggest the propriety of discharging his attendants.'

" 'Ha! ha! ha! Attendants didst say? That boy does not know the meaning of the word. He has been taught to serve himself. But enough of this, my sweet enchantress; what other commands have you to issue?'

“ ‘None, my lord, since it pleaseth thee to honor my humble house with the presence of the king and thyself.’

“ ‘I have not seen the king in six months ; indeed, I dare say I should not recognize him were I to meet him in the street.’

“I have told enough of this conversation to give you a glimpse of the plot, and will not encumber the narrative with its details. The king was conveyed to Villa Francona at the hour of midnight, where necessary accommodations were prepared for his reception. No one saw him enter there except a single individual whose name shall hereafter be mentioned. That individual was the friend and agent of this female plotter ; he was working for his reward.

“Six months after the king had been concealed at Villa Francona, Trotter begins to play an important part on the stage. He had been well taught as to the *rôle* he was expected to act, taught by one who had the capacity to impress her lessons on his susceptible mind, and right well, indeed, did he act his part.

“ ‘To-morrow night, my son,’ said the ambitious mother, ‘you are to play the *rôle* of a king before the Lord Mazarin. It would be well for you to remember that he has not seen the king for twelve months ; hence he will not be apt to ask awkward questions. Can you go through this dangerous ordeal, my son ?’

“ ‘Trust me for that, my mother ; I am a king, and will act a king to perfection. I have stolen the very voice of Louis ; I have studied his habits, his gait, his manners, his disposition ; indeed, I have swapped persons with him, and will soon swap places too.’

“ ‘Enough, my son. You may go now ; I am satisfied.’

“ According to previous appointment, Mazarin made his appearance at the villa at ten o’clock P.M., and when sufficiently under the influence of wine to drown his wit, the enchantress proposed to let him see the young king.

“ ‘To please thee, my pretty charmer,’ muttered the cardinal, ‘I’ll interview his Majesty here.’

“ But a moment had elapsed when Trotter, all be-decked in royal robes, was ushered into the presence of Mazarin.

“ ‘Ha, my royal master !’ exclaimed the cardinal, as he knelt and kissed the boy’s hand ; ‘methinks that thou hast changed greatly in thy complexion as well as thy person since last we met.’

“ Smiling blandly and bowing low, Trotter thus replied :

“ ‘It hath pleased God to grant us better health, my noble lord, which, as thou knowest, will fix the tinge of the rose on the cheek, and increase the strength of the body. We do indeed most devoutly pray for a continuation of this great blessing. But enough on this subject, my lord. May I ask how run the affairs of state?’

“ Then the cardinal expatiated extensively on politics, not at all suspecting the trick that was being played upon him.

“ No sooner had Mazarin took his leave than Trotter was pressed to his mother’s bosom.

“ ‘Thou art king of France !’ she exclaimed, as she

again embraced him. 'Our plan has succeeded, and I am the mother of a king.'

" 'Mother,' exclaimed Trotter, 'remember thy promise, no blood shall be shed. I would rather be a street-beggar than to shed innocent blood.'

" 'Be it so, my son; thy wish shall be the law.'

"Where was the real king while Trotter was personating him before the prime minister? In a dungeon on the island of St. Marguerite, wearing an iron mask which had been invented by an intriguing woman. St. Mars was in the plot, and the only person that knew anything about it at the time except Trotter, his mother, and my grandmother.

"I have heretofore stated that all France was startled by the proclamation of the king declaring himself no longer a minor and taking the reins of government in his own hands. This was the first bold step made by Trotter, suggested, no doubt, by his fearless mother. Any one who is familiar with the history of France at that time knows that a radical change took place in public affairs. The young king (I will speak of Trotter hereafter as the king) at once set out at the head of his army to invade Germany. In a very short while he conquered Spain and Germany, humbled the pope, forcing him to banish his own brother, replenished the treasury, and crushed out all opposition at home. Never in the history of France can be found such a sudden change as the one wrought by this young king. It was the work of an ambitious, intriguing woman who possessed the brains and the will. She was the power behind the throne. Mazarin was kind enough

to die when she no longer needed him. I did not learn the nature of his complaint, but I dare say the enchantress knew all about it.

“History tells us that as soon as Mazarin’s funeral was finished, nobles called on the king to know to whom they should thereafter address business communications; in other words, they wished to get the name of Mazarin’s successor.

“‘Address all business communications to me,’ replied the king; ‘I will play the *rôle* of a king a while myself.’

“And sure enough he did play the king in a manner unequalled, and it is safe to say that no king has since occupied the throne of France that was his equal. Well, indeed, did he earn the title of Louis the Great.

“I have said that the king did not die at Versailles, because he died somewhere else. Trotter died at Versailles in 1715, and the king died in the Bastille in 1703, after having worn the iron mask for fifty-two years.

“When Trotter seized the reins of government, and took up his residence at the palace, a certain no-tailed billy-goat made his headquarters there too,—a circumstance that gave rise to many suspicions of foul play. Many were the comments made regarding the great friendship that existed between the goat and the king. Wherever the king went the goat was sure to go, and many were the victims that billy lifted out of their boots with the front of his head. It was charged that the king and billy slept together, but that statement lacks confirmation. It was a fact, though, that the

goat accompanied the king while he was invading Germany. The belligerent qualities of that remarkable animal had an inspiring effect on the soldiers, and it was universally beloved by them.

“Quite a sensation was produced one morning when certain significant lines were found posted on the gatepost in front of the king’s palace. It was noticed that the king grew deathly pale when the paper was handed to him. He flew into a towering passion and offered a thousand francs reward for the detection of the writer, declaring that the villain’s head should come off as soon as he was caught. My grandfather procured a copy of the offensive lines, which I will now produce. Here they are :

“ ‘ Rumor has set a tale afloat  
That the king is a billy-goat.  
Come, tell me truly, if you can,  
Is the king a goat or a man ?  
If a man, where is the plotter  
That could make a king of Trotter ?  
I am sure ’tis no common thing  
Of a peasant to make a king ;  
It has been done in Trotter’s case :  
A bastard reigns in Louis’ place.  
Hell is hot, but make it hotter ;  
Roast the bastard soul of Trotter.  
If billy-goat is not a ghost,  
Trotter, the bastard, rules the roast.’ ”

“You will readily conclude, after reading those significant lines, that the king’s secret was known by others. The fact is, it was well understood by my grandmother and perhaps other members of Mademoiselle Montfort’s household, but they had the good sense









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to preserve their heads by remaining silent. I verily believe many other people strongly suspected that the real king was the wearer of the iron mask, but they were afraid to give publicity to their opinions. France was so astounded by the unparalleled boldness of the young king's proclamation declaring his minority at an end, so dazzled by his brilliant victories in Germany, so charmed by the superior statesmanship exhibited by him, that she could not be induced to listen to any statement that was detrimental to his interest. Such an ovation as was tendered to him on his return from Germany was never witnessed in Paris before. If any one had dared to intimate that the real king wore the iron mask, and his bastard brother the crown, his head would have instantly rolled in the dust.

"Now, sir, I have done; you have my story. It is true that the king wore the iron mask for fifty-two years, and died in the Bastile in 1703. It seems as if Providence approved the change, because we very well know that France was more prosperous under this spurious king than at any other time."

Now I have made my promise good by unearthing this Iron Mask secret. If any one will be so incredulous as to doubt this truthful story, I can only pray heaven to have mercy on his unbelieving soul. I dare say such a man would be inclined to dispute *Robinson Crusoe* and the *Iliad*. There are people in the world so bigoted and stubborn that they won't believe anything unless it rests on a foundation of some sort. I have my opinion of such people, and am not afraid to express it either, though I have not got the time to do it just now.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

PARIS, August 13.

PROMINENT among the curiosities of the French metropolis is Père la Chaise, a cemetery where most of the celebrated men and women of France are buried. I mean the dead celebrities, of course, because there are a few yet living whose names are no strangers to fame. Victor Hugo is not dead.

This magnificent city of the dead covers an area of two hundred and twelve acres of ground most beautifully adorned with massive trees, whose broad, thick foliage gives to it a charming rural scene, while many miles of gravelled roads and paths meander about in every direction, bordered with blooming flowers and green creeping vines. In Père la Chaise there are as many as sixteen hundred gorgeous stone and marble monuments, costing something over twenty millions of dollars. How strange it is that so much money should be expended where it can do no good to either the living or the dead, when thousands of poor people are suffering for food and raiment on every hand. If cremation would become fashionable, it would be much better.

In the Jewish part of the grounds may be seen the most remarkable monument that is to be found in the cemetery. It marks the spot where sleeps the remains of Mademoiselle Rachel. A short distance beyond this



tomb we came to the spot where Abelard and Heloise lie side by side. This is the spot where sentimental nonsense usually culminates and falls in the shape of tears on the grave of those unfortunate lovers. The names of Abelard and Heloise have furnished the theme of song for many an amateur poet and material for many a silly novel, most of which might justly be pronounced froth. Thousands of lovesick maidens and sentimental swains make annual pilgrimages to those graves, covering them with flowers and watering them with passionate tears. Novelists and poets have managed to work up for Abelard and Heloise a boom that would make Baron Munchausen blush. Who and what was Abelard? He was a hypocrite, a villain, and a seducer. Pretty strong language, you think; but it is the truth, nevertheless. At the mature age of forty, when men of virtue and integrity are supposed to be able to subdue and control their evil passions, he seduced Heloise, a beautiful maiden of eighteen, whom he had been employed to teach by her confiding uncle. He not only proved himself a villain and a hypocrite, but he added treason to his catalogue of crimes by betraying the sacred trust reposed in him by a faithful friend. The perpetrator of such crimes in these days most usually meets with a bullet coming from the pistol of an avenging relative, which puts a quietus on his career. Philip Barton Key debauched the wife of Daniel Sickles. She was a middle-aged woman, well educated, surrounded by the protecting influences of a husband's devotion, yet a jury of sensible men justified Sickles in taking the life of the seducer. This occurred

at the capital of a great nation, and, so far as heard from, that verdict has not been condemned. Compare the crime of Key with that committed by Abelard and see how they stand. Heloise was a young, inexperienced maiden placed under the care and protection of Abelard, whose duty it was to teach her the precepts of knowledge and virtue. There is a redeeming feature in the case of the highwayman who with cocked pistol boldly demands the purse of his victim, because there is no false pretence, there is no hypocrisy, no treason, no betrayal of a confidence reposed. It is a bold defiance of law, a risky chance where no deception is used. But as a sneaking thief or plotting traitor Abelard, disregarding all principles of honor, betraying the confidence of a bosom friend, and violating the laws of the religion he pretended to preach, did, like a savage wolf, destroy an innocent lamb whom it was his duty to protect. This is the simple truth, and nothing but the truth; therefore I am justified in asserting that the poetical songs and the gushing romances written about Abelard are nothing but sentimental nonsense. The friends of Heloise did not kill Abelard, as they ought to have done, but they physically disqualified him for a repetition of his crime. That he was a man of learning I admit; that he was far in advance of the age in which he lived I do not deny; that he did much good is very true; but the knowledge he possessed and the experience he had gained only proves that in betraying the innocent maiden intrusted to his care he played the infamous traitor without a single extenuating circumstance. His conduct drove Heloise into a nunnery,

where her sorrow became her constant companion, while her devotion to the cause of Christ won for her the love and the esteem of all good people. I would fain believe that those who strew flowers on the graves and bedew them with tears do not intend to honor the memory of the traitor, but that they are paying the tribute of affection to his lovely victim.

Abelard died in 1142, and was first buried at St. Marcel. His body had reposed there but a short while when Heloise removed it to the Paraclete, an abbey of which she was abbess, and at her death her remains were interred by the side of her betrayer. In the year 1792 their bones were disinterred and carried before a grand procession of the inhabitants to the parish church at Nugent-sur-Sein, where they were reinterred. In the year 1800 the bones were again resurrected and followed by a grand procession to the Musée des Monuments. In 1817 they were again taken up and moved to their present resting-place, where I hope they will be allowed to lie undisturbed until the crack of doom.

I tried my very best to work my feelings up to the melting mood, so as to drop a few tears on the grave of Heloise. But when I had, with considerable inconvenience, succeeded in producing a few tears, I found that I could not moisten the grave of Heloise with them without letting them fall on Abelard's tomb too, for they are both buried in the same grave. Lest he might think I was weeping for him, I caught the tears in my handkerchief and carried them to the grave of Marshal Ney.

We met with considerable difficulty in finding the tomb of Ney. When I requested our guide to conduct us to it, he looked bewildered and began to gaze at the sky, as if he thought it might be up there.

"Was Ney a politician or an author?" he meekly inquired.

"He was the inventor of the Bell telephone," said Dick, as he gave me a knowing wink with his left eye; "he was buried here six months ago."

The guide scratched his head, wiped his brow with a cheap handkerchief, coughed spasmodically, sighed heavily, and looked worse bewildered than ever.

"We are wasting time following that old idiot," impatiently exclaimed Miss Stevenson, as she approached one of the laborers and inquired the way to Ney's tomb.

That individual said, "Well," and pointed north; then he said, "See," and pointed south; then with a sickly smile shook his head, muttered half a dozen unintelligible words, and resumed his work.

I had set my mind on shedding a few tears over the grave of the renowned hero; consequently I began to hunt for some one who could show me the spot.

"Marshal Ney?" said I to the first man I met.

"You are mistaken, sir," replied the man in plain English. "My name is Jones,—Zebidee Jones, of Massachusetts."

"Can you tell me where to find the grave of Marshal Ney?" I politely inquired.

"Don't know any such a man, sir," was his dry answer, as he quickly walked away.

Determined not to be defeated in my design, I inquired of every man I met for the grave of Marshal Ney. After having accosted a dozen men, I espied a blind boy sitting on the edge of a path caressing a large Newfoundland dog. Slipping a half-franc into his hand, I asked him if he knew where Marshal Ney's grave was, having not the remotest idea of being answered in the affirmative. The truth is, I propounded the question more in jest than in earnest, addressing the dog as much as the boy. To my astonishment, the blind boy suddenly sprang to his feet, said, "Well," and pointed north, at the same time starting in that direction. After traversing several winding roads that led up a rugged ascent, we came to a level spot surrounded by an iron fence which was completely covered with dark-green ivy-vines. The lad went to the east side, stooped down, ran his hand under the lower rail, pushed away the thick-clustering vines, and said, "See." He was pointing at the name "NEY," deeply carved in a large smooth stone slab that served as a foundation for the fence.

I was glad to see that no costly monument marked the resting-place of this famous hero, because no sculptured marble is necessary to perpetuate his name. The names of the little harlequins who condemned him to death are already buried deep in the bosom of oblivion, but as long as courage and true greatness shall continue to excite the admiration of mankind, so long will the name of Marshal Ney live in their memory. I was told by an old soldier at the Hôtel des Invalides, who seemed to know what he was talking about, that

it was the dying request of Marshal Ney that no monument should mark the spot where he was buried.

"A million of francs," exclaimed the old veteran, as he straightened his tall form to its full height, "could be raised in ten hours to erect a monument over that hero's grave, and you may be sure it would be done but for his request to the contrary. Why, sir, I tell you what's a fact," he continued, with vehemence; "the visitors from all parts of the world have offered to contribute money to pay for a monument. Indeed, a party of Americans did on one occasion contract for a costly marble column thirty feet high, to be exquisitely wrought and erected over the grave, but they were forced to abandon the project for the reason already stated. There are ten times more visitors to Marshal Ney's grave than any other in Père la Chaise. There is a little blind boy who makes a great deal of money by pointing it out to visitors. Very few people ever enter that cemetery without seeing Ney's grave."

The longer the old soldier talked, the more he became excited.

"I tell you the truth, sir," he continued, while his little black eyes sparkled with animation; "Marshal Ney was Napoleon's right-hand man,—his right bower, as it were; he was a trump which the emperor always played at his adversary when the game of war was close. He trumped the enemy's highest card with Ney at the battles of Borodino, Austerlitz, Jena, Zurich, Hohenlinden, and a hundred other bloody fields. He had trumped Wellington's best card at Waterloo, and had fairly won the game, but was



cheated out of it by Prince Blücher, who raised a cold deck on him after his last trump had been played."

From the phrases used by him in describing the game of war, I inferred that the old soldier was fond of a game of euchre.

After the downfall of Napoleon, Louis XVIII. ascended the throne, and at once ordered a court-martial to be convened to try Ney. The court was composed of Marshals Moncey, Augereau, Massena, and Jourdan, who had been Ney's comrades-in-arms; they peremptorily refused to sit in judgment against their brave brother-soldier. The king then sent the case before the Court of Peers, which was composed of perfumed dandies and sleek-haired politicians,—bitter enemies of Marshal Ney. As a matter of course, he was pronounced guilty, and condemned to death. On the morning of December 7, 1815, after bidding adieu to his wife and children, he was marched out to Luxembourg Garden. As he drew his body proudly up before his executioners he placed his hand over his heart, and cried in a firm, commanding voice,—

*"Vive la France! Fellow-soldiers, aim here!"*

A quick, sharp report rent the air, a column of blue smoke suddenly rose above the soldiers' heads, and the life-blood streamed from the heart of the "bravest of the brave." A magnificent bronze statue has been erected over the spot where Ney was executed.

From Père la Chaise we went to the cemetery of St. Ouen, the place where poor people can secure a five-year lease on two by six feet of ground without money.

A long ditch six feet wide and ten feet deep is dug, in which are buried fifty coffins at a time. They are packed away like sardines in a box. The first row is laid on the bottom of the ditch ; another row is then placed on top of the first, and then a third row is placed on top of the second, all of which is covered with dirt. At the expiration of the five-year lease the bones have to vacate the premises to make room for new tenants. For fifty francs, however, a ten-year lease may be purchased, but under no circumstances can a longer lease be had. If I have to die,—which the present light before me induce me to believe I will,—I hope to close my career where land is more plentiful than at Paris. I would like to have a fee-simple title to the ground where I am to be buried, as it might be inconvenient for me to move out after getting attached to the place.

A visit to the *Hôtel des Invalides*, in which is situated the magnificent tomb of Napoleon, will amply repay the tourist for his trouble. The building covers an area of about eight acres of ground, and is constructed of solid stone, with a spacious court in the centre, where the old soldiers usually congregate in fine weather and fight their battles over and over again by word of mouth. A large chapel contains one hundred and fifty of the old battle-stained flags which Napoleon captured from the enemies of France. A large number of disabled old soldiers are cared for and supported in this institution. The house containing Napoleon's tomb is constructed in a circular shape, with a spacious round court in the centre, with a marble floor. In the

middle of this floor stands the gorgeous tomb in which repose the remains of the emperor.

We visited the Arc de Triomphe, and after a fatiguing climb reached the top, from whence we beheld one of the grandest sights to be seen in the city. This wonderful structure is one hundred and sixty-one feet high and one hundred and forty-five wide, and, as it stands on a summit of considerable eminence, one can, from the top of it, have a complete view of every part of the great city. As far as the eye could see, a charming panorama of exquisite scenery lies below, bathed in a sea of golden light. The tortuous course of the Seine, which winds and twists along among innumerable umbrageous trees, flower-gardens, and marble palaces, can be distinctly traced for a distance of twenty miles without the aid of a field-glass. Vast masses of moving humanity, looking like myriads of crawling insects, may be seen in every direction. The Arc de Triomphe stands immediately in front of the end of the Champs Élysées, while the palace of the Tuileries is at the other end. Standing on top of the Arc de Triomphe, and looking down this broad, beautiful avenue, one sees a scene of picturesque enchantment surpassing anything in the power of language to describe.

The Champs Élysées is a street about one hundred and fifty feet wide, one and a quarter miles in length, paved with Nicholson pavement, bordered on each side with two rows of pretty green trees, the bodies all of uniform size, with tops trimmed so as to be exactly like one another. A footway about fifty feet wide runs on each side of the street, being bordered with trees similar

to those on the brink of the main road. The spaces between the footway and the street are covered with immense flower-beds, filled with vast quantities of the most beautiful exotics, whose fragrance impregnates the whole atmosphere with a delightful odor. Innumerable little shady parks, filled with cosey seats, may be seen on both sides of this gay road, where, in good weather, thousands of men, women, and children assemble to enjoy the lovely scenery. Open-air concerts, legerdemain shows, Punch and Judy exhibitions, and a dozen other different amusements, such as please and amuse children, are continually in operation here. Between six and twelve o'clock of evenings, when the weather is favorable, the Champs Élysées is thronged with gorgeous vehicles of every imaginable description, from a four-horse carriage down to the dog-cart, filled with people of every caste and condition, who dash over the smooth road at a break-neck speed.

It is the illusions of travel that charm the tourist. Everything wears a holiday appearance, everybody seems to be happy, everything looks delightful. The traveller very seldom sees the dark side of a picture. He sees not the thousands of miserable creatures who languish and die in the dark, filthy dens, nor does he realize the fact that while he gazes with delight on the gay pageant that parades the streets, hundreds and thousands of wretched human beings are slowly dying of starvation. If one would like to view both sides of the picture, let him spend an hour on the Champs Élysées on a fine afternoon, and then make his way to the morgue, as I did a few days ago. If that does not

give him a true view of both extremes of human life and death, let him visit the paupers' burial-ground and see the bodies packed away in a ditch by fifties and hundreds.

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## CHAPTER XXXIII.

PARIS, August 14.

LAST Wednesday our entire party visited the morgue. The superintendent informed us that for the last three days business had been rather dull, but said he would very cheerfully show what he had on hand. The exhibition consisted of only three corpses which had been fished out of the Seine that morning. There was nothing remarkable about the features of the three dead men, except the indelible marks of dissipation plainly stamped upon them. Two had evidently been murdered, as the innumerable cuts and bruises on their faces plainly showed. The other body had no signs of violence upon it; hence no one knew, and apparently no one cared to know, whether he had committed suicide or been accidentally drowned. The ladies of our party were impatient and anxious to hurry away from this sorrowful exhibition, and you may be sure it did not require much urging to induce the rest to follow.

We spent the remainder of the day very pleasantly in the Louvre, but next morning, while taking an early ride with a friend, we passed near the morgue, when he suggested the idea of looking in to see what material

was on exhibition. As our carriage stopped in front of the house I noticed that the eager crowd that struggled and jostled near the windows was much larger than usual.

"I guess something interesting must have happened," observed my companion, as he pressed through the crowd, slowly making his way toward the windows.

To tell the truth, I scarcely heeded his remark, supposing, as I did, that the same idle curiosity that brought me there had induced all others to come; but that idea was of short duration. My scant stock of patience was wellnigh exhausted when I requested my companion to get in the carriage, threatening to leave him if he refused.

"It's the saddest sight I ever beheld," said he, as he advanced toward me.

"What's the matter?" I carelessly inquired.

"The prettiest corpse that any mortal ever saw," he answered; "the sweetest face, the most exquisite form, the most angelic expression of countenance. Go and see for yourself," he continued, as he pointed toward the window. "Don't talk to me about leaving here now; I'll pitch my tent and camp until I hear the whole history of this affair."

His vehemence served to rouse my curiosity; consequently I began to press through the vast throng of humanity that blocked up the space in front of the building. After much squeezing and pushing I managed to reach a position where I could look through the window. That which I saw would require more eloquence to describe than I am able to command. It



was the lifeless body of a young girl, apparently not above eighteen years of age. The corpse was clad in a neat-fitting black silk dress, the skirt being flounced and trimmed with dark-colored velvet fringe, while snow-white cuffs and collar adorned the wrists and neck. A beautiful ring with a small diamond set sparkled on one of the fingers of the left hand. Her bright blond hair fell in dishevelled profusion about her white neck and shoulders. I noticed that it was very long and much inclined to curl, though it was uncombed and badly tangled. The body rested on a broad slab covered with a white linen cloth, the head being raised two or three feet higher than the foot, so that parties from the outside might be able to get a good view of the corpse. It is the custom to preserve the bodies of the dead as long as possible, in order to afford relatives and friends an opportunity to identify them. If, after a certain length of time, which is fixed by law, no one comes to claim the body, it is buried as a pauper. The building is so constructed as to enable persons to view the bodies through several large open windows, which have no glass, but are protected by small iron rods that are fastened to the sill.

“Did you ever see such a sad sight?” inquired my companion, who had again come to the window. “Did you ever behold such a charming face? Look at those little white hands, will you, and that broad intelligent brow. I never gazed on such perfection before. Take my word for it, there is a tragedy here; a history is plainly written on that face. I’ll sift this mystery at all hazards. Poor girl! she has been murdered by

some execrable villain. Hush ! don't talk to me about breakfast. I'll not leave this place until I learn more of this business."

I admit that my curiosity was wrought up to the highest pitch, but it has long been a custom with me to eat breakfast every morning, and I had as yet seen nothing to justify me in foregoing that pleasure on this occasion ; consequently I ordered the hackman to deliver me at my hotel, promising to rejoin my friend as soon as my appetite was appeased. He said he would pick up all the information he could regarding the deceased, and impart it to me when I returned. It was self-evident to my mind that I would not have the pleasure of his company any more until this mystery should be cleared up. He was an American, named Frederick Markman, and had resided in Paris four years, working at starvation wages as a news-hunter for a third-rate paper.

Scarcely an hour had elapsed after I started to breakfast when I returned to the morgue and eagerly inquired if he had gathered any news worth telling.

"Well, I should say I had," was his pompous reply, as he at once assumed a mysterious air. "Suicide unquestionably," he muttered, as he looked at his notebook. "Old story ; faithless lover ; his picture found in her bosom. Deceased named Jennie, betrayer named Louis. Don't know the name of parents. Body fished out of Seine this morning ; only been in water ten hours. Letter found in her pocket from faithless lover, bidding her final adieu. More mystery behind curtain ; will undermine whole shebang if it takes all summer."

"Did you see the letter?" I ventured to inquire.

"See it? Ding it, I have got a copy of it."

The manner in which he spoke was of such emphatic nature as to convince me that he did not wish to be questioned further just then. After scribbling in his note-book five minutes, he hurriedly tore a leaf out, handed it to a little one-eyed newsboy, and whispered, "Run like lightning and I'll give you another franc."

He watched the rapid-running lad until he disappeared around the street-corner, then snapping the finger and thumb of his right hand, making a sound like the sharp crack of a whip, carelessly observed that he would bet two to one that the *Excavator* would get out the first extra containing a copy of the letter.

"Beg pardon," he continued, as he grasped my hand and gave it a cordial shake. "You shall see the letter, but wait a moment; I think a cup of hot coffee would not damage my nerves just now. Come with me to yon restaurant, where we can discuss the matter at leisure. Confound that big-nosed idiot!"

The individual indicated by this remark had been looking over Fred's shoulder while he was writing the despatch to the *Excavator*.

"That scamp," muttered my companion, "has been trying to steal my thunder, but I'm too sharp for that sort of a sucker-fish. He can't read English, and I did not forget that important fact while I was jotting down discoveries. He works for the *Extender*,—never finds out anything until the *Excavator* publishes it, unless he can steal it from a brother-member."

We entered the front room of the restaurant, where

a dumpy brunette clad in light-colored calico, snow-white apron, and ruffled cap began to rub her hands and smile sweetly as she advanced to Fred, courtesied very low, and asked in what way she could serve us.

"Coffee for two, broiled mutton-chop for one, fried potatoes and hot rolls for one, as quick as possible."

The little brunette glided like a fairy toward a room from which the delicious odor of coffee and broiled chops soon began to emerge.

"Now," said my companion, pointing to a chair, "take that seat, and I'll take this one."

The chairs were near a little table covered with a clean, shining, white linen cloth, on which sat a bright silver castor; four silver spoons glittered by the side of the castor.

"Here is a copy of the letter," exclaimed Markman, as he threw his note-book on the table, "read for yourself."

The copy was written in French, in stenographic style, which of course was all Greek to me.

"I cannot read it," said I, as I shoved the book across the table.

"Very well, I'll read while you copy it," he replied, as he produced pencil and paper.

I wrote it down as he read it, and here it is:

"VERSAILLES, August 10, 1883.

"MY DEAR JENNIE: You will no doubt be surprised that I should address you as 'my dear Jennie.' You are dear to me now; you have ever been and always will be dear to me, notwithstanding what has

occurred. It is not my wish to add a single pang to the anguish you must already feel. I will not distress you with censure, or upbraid you for the course you pursued; I can only tell you that you have forever destroyed all my bright hopes of happiness. My dream of bliss is dissolved, and my constant companions will hereafter be my thoughts of despair and death. Oh! how fondly have I loved thee, Jennie! How I have looked forward with impatience for the arrival of the happy day that was to make thee mine! I never can, nor never will, trust another woman since Jennie has proven dishonest. Forty hundred thousand witnesses could not have shaken my confidence in you if you had not confessed your guilt. I know it was not poverty that drove you to the commission of such a crime; consequently, I am driven to the conclusion that it was the unfortunate passion for display that has found lodgment in your heart. I herewith return your letters and picture, and request you to send mine by return post. You may keep the ring or throw it in the river as you choose, as I do not wish to see it any more. I have resigned my office in the army and will sail for America Monday week, as I am anxious to leave a country in which all my fond hopes have been crushed. Would that I could find a country where the face of a woman never appeared! If I failed to find such a country, my next wish would be to dwell where ugly hags and wrinkled witches flourished. Beauty is deceptive; it is a counterfeit, a snare to catch fools like me. But I promised not to upbraid, and it will do no good to rave. With a thousand sincere wishes for your future happi-

ness, I subscribe myself your ONCE loving and faithful but now heart-broken

“LOUIS.”

The coffee, chops, and potatoes were now placed on the table. The eagerness with which Markman attacked them proved that his appetite was in good condition. With his mouth crammed full of chops and potatoes to such an extent as to damage his voice, he muttered,—

“Well, what do you think of that letter?”

“I have no fixed opinion,” was my reply; “but what do you think of it?”

“What do I think? Have some of this chop; it is splendid.”

I declined the chop, as I was not hungry.

“Be so good as to shove that bread over this way. Thank you. What do I think of that letter? Thank you for the sugar. I think an unfortunate mistake has been made. Beg pardon, but will you oblige me with that spoon? This is devilish good coffee; have another cup?”

I did not want any more coffee.

“You don’t eat; what’s the matter?”

I called his attention to the fact that I had breakfasted at the hotel.

“Ah, yes; that’s so! Ha! ha! I had my mind on something else. I was thinking about the beautiful face of that dead girl. I’ll wager the champagne that she never committed any crime. Can’t fool me in that line; no dishonesty about that sweet face. Pardon me



for troubling you so often, but I want that pepper-box. Thanks. She has been entrapped some way; no guilt in that poor girl's heart. I am a pretty good physiognomist; would back my judgment with last cent. A little more bread, if you please, little lady. Yes, as I was about to observe a moment ago, she has been ensnared someway. There is a peculiarity about a woman's mouth, you know, that often proves an index to character. That girl never had a vicious thought. Some rascality is at the bottom of this business; will resurrect the secret at all hazards. I'll tell you what's the matter. Mark what I say: there is another woman at the bottom of this affair. That poor girl has been cheated out of her life as sure as my name is Fred Markman. This case shall be my bonanza. I'll stick to it until I know the exact cause of that girl's death. Push that butter-dish about ten inches in this direction. There! that will do. Thanks. I dare say you think I am a great gourmand. Well, the fact is,—another cup of coffee, if you please,—I am a very hearty eater. Work very hard, you know. By the bye, old fellow, why the deuce don't you talk some? Why don't you express an opinion of some sort? Mistakes don't count, you know. Have you nothing to suggest?"

This last question was direct and emphatic, and the questioner absolutely stopped eating for at least three seconds and waited for an answer.

"I have read about many horrible crimes that were committed by beautiful women," I replied. "I am afraid you have based your opinion of this girl's character upon the beauty of her face. Tullia, the Roman

princess, who drove the carriage over the dead body of her father, dyeing the wheels red with a parent's blood, was a most beautiful woman; Catharine de Medici, Lucretia Borgia, and Helen were women of extraordinary beauty, yet they possessed dishonest hearts; Cleopatra had charms enough to ensnare Cæsar, and destroy Marcus Antonius; and if you had met this girl Jennie before her death, she would have captured you."

"I wish you had courage to risk champagne on the result of your opinion. But never mind; time shall prove who is right and who is wrong. Hark! what's that?"

This remark was superinduced by a terrific scream that rang out on the morning air, coming from the morgue, which was but fifty yards from where we sat. We listened in breathless silence for a moment, expecting to hear a repetition of the scream. I have seldom in my life heard such a wail of despair as the one above alluded to. It did not strike me as the voice of a woman, nor did it sound like that of a man; but it was the piercing cry of a child.

"Ah! ha!" exclaimed Markman, as he seized my arm; "now the show begins; a relative has discovered the dead girl. Come, let's see what's up."

We hurried to the spot, but the crowd of people who pressed around the building was so dense that we were unable to reach it.

"You wait here till I return," cried Markman. "I'll crawl through the back way, get the news, and come back very soon. I know the superintendent; particular friend of mine."

He soon disappeared, leaving me to amuse myself by watching the vast waves of humanity that surged back and forth.

An unusual commotion seemed to sway the immense throng of men who struggled to get near the window, while a perfect babel of loud-spoken languages resounded on every side. I confess that my curiosity had by this time become considerably excited, and I would have set out to search for Markman, but I had no idea where to look. A full hour had elapsed before he returned, and then, to add new fuel to the flame of my impatience, he happened to see a policeman with whom he was acquainted. Nothing would do but he must interview that official, which consumed at least twenty minutes.

"Ah! ha! I told you so!" he exclaimed, as he approached me. "You can't fool Fred Markman where there is a hidden mystery to be dug up. Dead girl's brother has arrived; recognized his sister; says he is the one to blame for his sister's death; heaps awful curses on his own head; says his sister was innocent, but refused to deny her guilt in order to protect the criminal. The brother is a mere lad. A genuine mackerel; two to one he's a little thief. Not over fifteen years of age; villain plainly written on his face. Inquest ordered; all the facts then come-at-able. Will watch developments and let you know. Wait a moment; I must send a despatch to the *Excavator*."

Then he hurriedly scribbled in his note-book for five minutes, tore out a leaf, and sent it to his paper.

"What is the girl's name besides Jennie?" I inquired.

"Blame the luck!" he muttered; "I neglected to write it down, and have forgotten it. Stop here till I go back and get the name. I'll be with you in five or ten minutes."

Again I was left alone, but, true to his promise, he returned in less than three minutes.

"Jennie de Lamotte is dead girl's name. An orphan, has only brother; no other relations; is an artist of considerable note, and has painted some pictures that sold well; was engaged to be married to Louis Fontinette, an army officer of good character; wedding-day set; everything running smoothly on until the villain comes to the front."

I now parted with Markman, who promised to attend the inquest and collect all the facts connected with the dead girl's history, and the real causes that led her to commit suicide, and to impart them to me at the hotel in the evening. His promise was faithfully complied with. He met me promptly at six o'clock, completely laden down with news, which he seemed to take a pleasure in telling to me.

"Well," cried Markman, as he came thundering into my room, almost breathless with excitement, "what did I tell you about that pretty corpse? Didn't I tell you I would risk my life on her purity? It's the saddest case on record; beats Desdemona, Juliet, or anything of the sort. It's a perfect novel, a tragedy; in fact, it surpasses anything I ever heard of. But come! By Jupiter! I'm half starved; let's hunt an eating establishment. Haven't eaten a bite since early this morning. Poor girl! she was as innocent as an

angel. This way. I always get good meals yonder. She was a martyr. That's the door there where you see that pretty girl ogling that man with the long moustache. What will you have me to order for you?"

I gave the information, and as soon as we were seated, I requested Markman to give me in detail all the news he had obtained regarding the history of the dead girl.

"Blame'f I don't have a notion to go down to Versailles and horsewhip that heartless rascal who pretended to love that poor girl. Had he the brains of a parrot, he might have known she was innocent. He's an idiot as well as a villain."

"Let us suppose all that to be true," said I, impatiently. "I care nothing about Louis Fontinette; I wish to know the history of the girl."

"Just so; just so. That's the very thing I am talking about. The fact of the business is, I don't want to talk about anything else but that unfortunate girl. Say, waiter, how long are you going to keep us waiting for dinner? Are you going to cause a double-barreled funeral by starving to death two distinguished American citizens?"

The individual thus addressed solemnly declared that the cooking was progressing as rapidly as the circumstances would allow, and that he earnestly hoped that the necessity for a funeral would be avoided.

"See here, Mr. Markman," said I; "it is you who will produce a funeral unless you proceed at once to

impart to me the history of Jennie de Lamotte. Don't you know that I am dying with unsatisfied curiosity while you are jabbering nonsense about dinner?"

"Beg pardon, but I am starved,—absolutely starved. Nevertheless, I can't allow you to die on my hands; therefore I will administer the anodyne. Wait a moment, please, until I get a cigar. I can talk better while smoking."

He then deliberately lighted a cigar, and, placing his feet on top of the table *à la Américaine*, delivered himself of the following story:

"Jennie de Lamotte is the daughter—that is, I mean, she was the daughter—of François de Lamotte, who was killed at the battle of Sedan while fighting the Prussians. He left surviving him two children,—a son and a daughter. The daughter, being intelligent and beautiful, attracted the attention of an artist, who, pitying her forlorn condition, took her and her infant brother under his protection. She at once began to exhibit a wonderful talent as a painter, having at the early age of thirteen finished a picture that sold for three hundred and fifty francs,—an inconsiderable sum, it is true, but more than is usually earned by infant artists. Instead of being a burden on the hands of her generous patron, she was the means of attracting public attention to his establishment; but, unluckily, he took a notion to die at the wrong time, and did actually quit living just as Jennie's talent began to develop itself. She followed the remains of her deceased friend to the grave, bedewing it with her tears; but she did not sit down and fold her



hands in idleness. She rented two large rooms and set up shop on her own account, and fortunately found employment sufficient to pay her necessary expenses. Her little brother was kept at school all the time, except when he would run away, which he often did, spending much of his time in the company of what is known as the 'mackerel brigade.' To cut a long story short, while Jennie travelled on the ascending road, her worthless brother made as rapid speed on the downward road as Satan himself could wish or expect. It required all the money that Jennie could earn as an artist to pay fines and costs for the profligate brother. Indeed, it was proven that she often denied herself the necessaries of life, in order to enable her to keep him out of prison. He spent many a night in the custody of the police, and would have fared worse but for the kind feelings entertained for his beautiful and virtuous sister. I have seen her studio. It is a charming little cage supplied with cheap but pretty furniture, the carpets being scraps of different colors, showing that she was forced to buy a piece at a time, probably bartering her pictures for the material when and where she could. Half a dozen sweet-singing birds warbled melodiously from their cages in the window, while a dozen earthen pots filled with blooming flowers were sitting on the sill by the cages. A half-finished picture of Gambetta, on which she had lately been at work, leaned against a large canvased frame, while a score of other paintings were arranged on the walls of the room. In an adjacent room, which was the sleeping apartment, there was a

bed with snow-white curtains and counterpane, a mahogany dressing-stand, a velvet-covered sofa, three chairs, a table, and a washstand. Everything indicated neatness and frugality. A smaller room, farther back, was reserved for the brother when he condescended to give his sister the benefit of his company, which was, indeed, very seldom. After the inquest was finished I accompanied the corpse to her studio, where it was placed in a pretty coffin purchased by general subscription among her friends. I tell you what's a fact: I don't often weep, but blame'f I didn't cry like a whipped pup when I saw that poor girl lying there with a bouquet in her hand looking just like an angel. Hanging is too good for that villainous brother of hers. If Louis Fontinette was not a snivelling coward, he would wipe that chap off the face of the earth. But let that pass; you care nothing about him. I'll resume my story. Here! Say, waiter, I would like for you to know that I did not order this dinner for the Angel Gabriel, therefore you need not wait for the sound of his trumpet before you serve it. Beg pardon, but I cannot have patience when I am starving,—well, I'll now tell you what was proven on the inquest, and then I ask you to remember what I said when we first beheld the charming face of the deceased. About a year ago Louis Fontinette began to favor Jennie de Lamotte with his constant attentions. Their acquaintance ripened into love, as is usual in such cases. Fontinette held a commission in the regular army,—was on duty at Versailles as the officer of the guard at the grand palace. His standing as an

officer and a gentleman was unexceptionable. He enjoyed the friendship of many officers of high rank, who testified to his good character. That he really loved Jennie with a pure devotion appears to have been clearly established. They were often seen strolling together through the garden of the Tuileries, she leaning on his arm, seemingly very happy. Indeed, every time Louis could obtain leave of absence he spent his time with his sweetheart. Finally they entered into a marriage engagement, and the day set for the wedding was next Tuesday.

"There, by Jupiter! here comes our dinner at last. Square yourself around, and let us commence business. Hello there, Mr. Waiter! where is your butter? Yes, Louis and Jennie were to have been married next Tuesday. That pretty diamond ring you saw on the finger of the corpse was the betrothal pledge given by Fontinette to his intended bride. I would not have his feelings now for all the money on earth. It was his cruel letter that drove the poor maiden to despair, though, to do him justice, he acted upon what any one would have believed to be unmistakable evidence of the girl's guilt. When she was in prison under a serious charge, Fontinette promptly came forward and offered her any assistance she might need. Mark what I say, and remember what I said at the start, that girl never had an evil thought. She, like many other innocent people, has suffered for crimes she did not commit. This is splendid soup, ain't it? I believe I'll take another plate of it. Paris folks beat the world on soup and coffee. Yes, it has turned out precisely as I

told you it would. You recollect that the very first guess I made when we saw the corpse was that a tragedy would eventually connect itself with the case. Now I leave it with you to decide whether or not my judgment in such matters is reliable. Why don't you try some of that salad? You'll find it very good. Confound that shallow-brained waiter! he has brought tea here when I distinctly ordered coffee. Here, Mr. Idiot! didn't I tell you I wanted coffee?"

"Oui."

"Then why did you bring tea?"

"One grandee meestake."

"Well, remedy it instantly."

"Oui."

"Beg pardon, but some of these lubberly waiters can vex the life out of a man. What was I talking about when that numbskull threw me off? Oh, yes; I remember now. I was calling your attention to the reliability of my judgment as expressed at the very instant when we first saw the dead girl at the morgue this morning. Now, mark how the evidence sustains my predictions. You have, no doubt, heard about the old woman who always said, 'I told you so,' when informed that such a thing had happened. On one occasion a mischievous urchin informed her that the calf had eaten up the grindstone. 'I told you so!' was her prompt response. I merely mention this as a reminder that it is very easy to guess the truth of a proposition after everybody has found it out. But please bear in mind that I made the prophecy of the girl's purity before any of the facts of the case were known. I relied

on my experience and judgment as a physiognomist, and not on the proof. First witness, a policeman, who testifies that he found the body of deceased floating near the bank of the river; called another policeman, who assisted him in lifting body out of the water; found letter in the pocket of her dress; letter shown and identified; letter then read. Witness further stated no marks of violence appeared on the body. Locket found in her bosom containing picture of Louis Fontinette; saw deceased with Louis on Sunday two weeks ago, but did not at first recognize deceased.

"Second witness, a police officer, testified: 'About a week ago was supplied with official warrant, with instructions to search premises of Jennie de Lamotte for a silk purse containing about twenty francs in gold and silver, which was alleged to have been stolen from Mademoiselle Sarah Montmeer. As soon as I received the instructions I proceeded to apartments of Mademoiselle Jennie de Lamotte, and without knocking at the door, pushed it open and walked in, when, to my great surprise, saw Mademoiselle Jennie with the identical purse in her hands. She appeared to be much alarmed, turned deathly pale, fell back on a sofa, and burst into tears, exclaiming, "We are ruined! forever ruined!" This all occurred before I made known the object of my visit. Indeed, it was scarcely necessary for me to have mentioned the purpose of the visit, because she handed me the purse before I spoke a word. "I am ready to undergo the punishment which the law inflicts on thieves. Take me where you will," she said; "I will go at once." Her brother walked into an ad-

joining room as soon as I entered. Have known the brother well; he is a bad one; has given us much trouble; has often been fined, which in every instance was paid by his sister. I took Mademoiselle Jennie into custody. She was placed on trial, pleaded guilty, and was sentenced to six months' imprisonment, but after remaining in prison three days was unconditionally pardoned. An officer who had been a warm friend of her father interceded in her behalf and obtained a pardon. Her former good character, together with her helpless condition, created quite a favorable opinion of her in the mind of the public. The lady whose purse had been stolen joined with others to secure the pardon.'

"The next and last witness that appeared was that fiend, the brother of the deceased, a lad of fifteen years. His face was somewhat marred by marks of early dissipation. He was sobbing bitterly, and well might he be, for he was the sole cause of his sister's death. He declared that it was his firm resolve to destroy himself; said he wished he was dead, in which wish I and everybody present heartily concurred, though I know the little villain has not got courage to kill himself. His sort never do. But let that pass while I tell you what he said about the stolen purse. Amid whines and sobs he testified as follows: 'On the day that the purse was stolen I accompanied my sister to a mantuamaker's shop, where she went for the purpose of purchasing her wedding-dress. While one of the shop-girls was taking my sister's measure, Mademoiselle Sarah Montmeer came in and began to make some purchases. When she took out her purse



to pay for the goods, she laid it down on the counter, and went into another room to have a dress fitted which was being made for her. I took the purse, slipped it into my pocket, and immediately my sister and I started home. When we got to our apartment my sister's attention was attracted to the unusually bloated condition of my pocket, which contained half a dozen stolen handkerchiefs as well as Mademoiselle Sarah Montmeer's purse. I was forced to empty my pockets, when my sister seized the purse and charged me with stealing it. I at first denied the charge, but she pressed me so hard that I was forced to confess my guilt. At the same time I endeavored to take the purse away from her. A scuffle ensued, in which my designs were frustrated, and my sister managed to retain the purse. She declared she was going to carry it to the owner immediately. She hurriedly arranged her hair, which had been unfastened in the scuffle with me, put on her bonnet, and started to the door with the purse in her hand, when she was confronted by an officer who had come to look for the stolen purse.' Here the little fiend broke down, burst into tears, and came near falling to the floor. Wish he had fell dead in his tracks. The rest of his evidence was delivered in disjointed sentences, calling down heaven's vengeance on himself, swearing that he was the most miserable wretch on the face of the earth. 'My poor sister!' he groaned; 'she, in order to shield her unworthy brother, made the people believe that she had taken the purse, while I, a cowardly thief, permitted her to suffer for a crime committed by me!' I could have cut the throat of that

little thief without the least compunction of conscience. Yes, that charming girl had actually sacrificed herself to protect that infernal young rogue; and when he knew that her lover was going to break off the marriage contract, believing she was a thief, that worthless little scamp did not have the courage to go to Louis and confess that he was the thief. When Jennie's lover wrote the letter annulling the engagement, it must have temporarily dethroned her reason, causing her to seek death by suicide.

"Now, sir, you have heard the whole story. I told you the calf would eat the grindstone, and, sure enough, it did. In other words, I told you the girl never had an evil thought, and I have proved the truth of that assertion. Have another cigar? They are splendid."

I took a cigar and tried to smoke my thoughts off of the dead girl's face, but utterly failed.

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## CHAPTER XXXIV.

PARIS, August 14.

WE made a raid on the Louvre the other day, but a love of truth compels me to say it was not a success. My reputation for truth and veracity is good among those who are *not* intimately acquainted with me, and I must sustain it at all hazards.

The first grand sight that met my eyes exercised a bewildering influence upon my mind,—a thousand white marble statues standing in line, representing un-

clad men and women, looking like a brigade of soldiers already prepared for a cold-water bath. I proposed to purchase a cart-load of fig-leaves to make a suit of clothes for each one of those unfortunate statues, but the superintendent said it was unnecessary, as the Adamic style had long since gone out of fashion.

"Indeed," said he, "art must be true to nature."

"In that view of the case," said I, "your show is unquestionably a grand success."

If a man were to take photographic pictures of those statues and offer them for sale in New York, he would be arrested and punished for dealing in obscene pictures. That is owing to the fact that America is not an art-loving nation, though I am happy to be able to say that she is rapidly improving in that respect. I heard a circuit judge deliver a charge to a jury in the State of New York where a man was on trial for selling obscene pictures.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said he, "if you believe from the evidence that the prisoner offered the pictures for sale as a work of art, you will acquit him; but, on the other hand, if you believe that his conduct was not the result of a genuine love for art, you must find him guilty."

The jury, not being able to see the defendant's thoughts, gave him the benefit of all doubt by finding him guilty as charged.

At the entrance of the Louvre we were beset by a score of guides who politely but very urgently begged us to employ them. I stopped and began to converse with them, when Charley said,—

“Come on, boys; dey bees all dem humbugs.”

The last word struck my weak point. If there is anything I like more than another, it is the exquisite luxury of being humbugged. I at once engaged the one whom my judgment told me was the biggest humbug on the ground. For a franc an hour he agreed to show me through the whole establishment. That was the best trade I ever made. He could point out the excellent qualities of a picture, tell the name of the artist that painted it, and relate all the historical facts appertaining to it in a few words without boring the hearer with useless verbosity. He was as well acquainted with the curiosities of the Louvre as I was with the congregation of cats who held nightly concerts on top of the house opposite my lodgings. At the end of the first fifteen miles I began to complain of weariness, to which he paid no heed. At the end of the next fifteen miles I fell exhausted on a seat and peremptorily refused to go any farther. He implored me to try to go a little farther, but I declined. He told me that if I would walk two hundred yards more he would show me the very window from which Catharine de Medici gave the signal to begin the St. Bartholomew massacre. That promise put new strength into my exhausted body. I would have walked ten miles farther to have him describe that bloody scene.

“Zis be ze same window where ze queen give ze signell,” said my guide, as he led me to a front window on the second floor.

He then borrowed a chair from one of the officers, placed it near the window, placed me on it and then

gave me as complete a history of that horrible massacre as the best writers on the subject could have done.

Catharine de Medici was born in Florence, Italy, in 1519, and died in France in 1589. She was the mother of Francis II., who was the first husband of Mary, Queen of Scots. She was the wife of Henry, Duke of Orleans, who ascended the throne of France in 1547. Her husband, the king, was accidentally killed at a tournament in 1559. Her son, Francis II., died at the early age of twenty-two, said to have been murdered by his mother, who caused poison to be poured in his ear while he was asleep; she murdered her son because he would not give his consent to the plot to massacre the Huguenots. As soon as she got rid of Francis, she herself ascended the throne as regent for her son Charles IX., who was a puny boy with feeble mind, completely under the influence of his wicked mother. Notwithstanding Charles' imbecility, he at first refused to sign the order for the massacre, but day after day, night after night, he was tormented by his mother, who refused to let him have peace or sleep until he yielded. At last, in a fit of desperation, he cried,—

“Well, kill them all, that not a single Huguenot may live to reproach me with their death.”

Then the pernicious Catharine despatched her secret emissaries to all parts of France with instructions to the Catholics to begin their bloody work at four o'clock A.M., on the 24th of August, 1572. This was the day set for the wedding of Henry of Navarre with the daughter of Catharine de Medici. Henry was a Protestant. It was known by Catharine that a multitude

of Henry's Protestant friends would visit Paris to witness the marriage, therefore she selected that as a suitable time to execute her diabolical plot. Just before the peep of dawn, a time when unsuspecting people were sleeping soundly in their beds, a bright blue light blazed out from a window of the Louvre, then suddenly disappeared. That light was held in the little white hand of a woman,—a hand which had often been kissed by the very people whom that signal was to consign to the icy hand of death. When Catharine waved the blue light the solemn tones of an old church-bell rang out on the still night-air. Five minutes afterward the dying shrieks of thousands of bleeding victims rose on every hand; the bloody work had begun. The human mind can hardly conceive of such a pitiless, damnable scheme to murder innocent men and women whose only crime was the entertainment of religious views differing from those of the Catholic Church. The streets were drenched with Protestant blood. The emissaries of the Catholic Church had all been for months working in secret, so that when the time to strike arrived, they were armed and in every respect ready to execute their bloody work. The same bloody work went on according to orders in all parts of France, until fifty thousand Protestants fell victims to Catholic malice. The young king's conscience managed to torture him to death in a very short while. Blood continually came out through the pores of his skin, instead of common perspiration. He suffered untold agony and died in despair. When news of the St. Bartholomew massacre reached Rome, a *Te Deum*



was sung by order of the pope. Well, what is a *Te Deum*? Webster says it is a "hymn to be sung in churches on occasions of great joy." The Catholics honestly believe that the best way to serve God is to kill Protestants. They may be right, notwithstanding my opinion to the contrary.

I do not think that the lady-members of our party liked the Louvre very much; in fact, I have never heard them express an opinion on the subject.

If I had some ten or fifteen years idle time to kill, I might conclude to make a thorough inspection of the Louvre, but, having less than two weeks to spend in Paris, I could not be so rash as to think of such a thing. I suppose that a walk of seventy-five miles would take a man (and probably a woman) through all the picture-galleries of the Louvre. The Tuileries was partially destroyed by the communists, who set fire to it during the great riot of 1871, but most of it has been rebuilt, and it and the Louvre are now joined together.

There is nothing more beautiful in France than are the Tuileries Gardens. The walks are artistically arranged and bordered with fragrant flowers and beautiful grass-plats, while thousands of pretty trees intermingle their dark-green branches so thickly that the rays of the sun cannot penetrate through them. Every evening except Monday a splendid band discourses music from an elevated stand in the centre. From six to twelve o'clock thousands of gayly-dressed ladies swarm in the gardens to enjoy the fresh air,—to see and be seen. The French women are nearly all brunettes. They are all pretty,—at least they look so

when in harness and war-paint. In point of fact, they are irresistible. The smile of French ladies is more dangerous than the fire of field-artillery. They can beat the world for elegance of style; they have reduced the art of dress to a most perfect science. I dare say one might find a very few ugly French women if one could surprise them *en déshabille*, but that would be a difficult task to perform, for they are vigilant, energetic, and ever on the alert.

Paris never gets fairly under headway until near midnight. The gas and the electric lights don't begin to put in real blazing work until after eleven; then they buckle down to business, converting night into day,—so light that the rays of a meridian sun could not add a jot to its blazing grandeur. Theatres, concerts, balls, and other amusements are now under full blast. The gay streets swarm with gorgeous equipages filled with pleasure-seekers, while everybody seems to be in a great hurry. No wonder, then, that tourists go into raptures over “beautiful Paris.” I, who am a cold-hearted philosopher, have been unable to escape rapturous attacks. To make a clean breast of the whole business, I confess that I have been seduced into inexcusable follies. For three days nothing was talked about but the Grand Opera-House, said to be the most magnificent structure on the globe, where ravishing music and heavenly scenery threw the audience into incurable ecstasies. Nothing would do but a box must be secured. I yielded a reluctant consent, because I had no swallow-tail coat,—said to be an indispensable article in the make-up of a gentleman's full dress. I was told

that gentlemen not in full dress would be either kicked out or politely refused admission. A full dress means a black cloth suit, with open vest, white cravat, starched bosom, and white gloves. The tail of the coat must in all respects resemble a pair of scissors, so as to leave as much of the body uncovered as possible. I consented to accompany the ladies to the Grand Opera. Charley, under instructions, was good enough to engage a box for the party at the trifling sum of twenty-seven francs for each person, six in a box,—one hundred and sixty-two francs in all, not counting carriage-hire. My courage failed me when informed that I could not gain admission unless in full dress. Here was a pretty state of affairs,—my money already gone for the box, the ladies expecting me to escort them, and no scissor-tail coat under my control. What was to be done?

“What shall I do?” I exclaimed, in despair.

“Borrow a coat from one of the table-waiters,” said Dick; “it’s the easiest thing in the world.”

Now, it is a positive fact that all table-waiters in first-class hotels on the Continent are always in full dress when on duty. Howbeit, if you gain admission to a royal reception, you must dress *a la soup-handler*. Acting upon Dick’s sensible suggestion, I entered into a contract with one of the waiters, by which he agreed to rent me his swallow-tail coat during the evening for two francs. But, alas! when the time to start arrived, one of the high contracting parties—viz., the waiter—was nowhere to be found, having, as I afterward learned, worn the aforesaid coat to a ball himself. There was no time to be lost; consequently I ran to a

clothing-store, determined to purchase a coat at any price. Addressing the lady who stood behind the counter in what I thought was elegant French, I called for a swallow-tail coat. Smiling sweetly and bowing low, she threw a dozen old-fashioned balmoral skirts down before me and began to expatiate extensively on their superiority. I shook my head, stamped the floor impatiently with my feet, and repeated my order. Then she threw down an armful of corsets, tilters, and gowns, and began to point out their peculiar excellencies, when I rushed from the house in despair. When I got back to the hotel, the carriages were at the door, the ladies exquisitely dressed and waiting for me in the parlor. The greatest consternation prevailed when I announced my inability to accompany them for the lack of a scissor-tail coat. Now, be it remembered that I was the owner in fee simple of a brand-new suit of elegant blue cloth clothes, but the tail of the coat had the misfortune to be cut square instead of sharp with a split in the middle. The ladies promised that if I would risk the square-tail coat they would help to smuggle me in. In a fit of desperation I consented. I went with the ladies, passed the outposts unmolested, and slipped into the box unnoticed. If anybody observed me at all there that night, they had the good sense to keep quiet. Greatly to my relief I saw that a large majority of the gentlemen wore coats similar to mine. Indeed, I was as tastefully dressed as any one in the audience. A small number of swallow-tail coats were visible, but whether they were worn by princes or hotel-waiters I cannot undertake to say.

One man in full dress always looks exactly like another, and very frequently is. The best part of the entertainment was the dazzling lights that blazed down from a hundred colored globes, casting their mellow rays on a thousand pretty faces.

We arrived late and found the stage occupied by seventy-five performers, most of whom seemed to be in a terrible rage about something that had happened. I could not understand everything that was said, but the king, who occupied a throne in the centre of the stage, ordered a woman to do something that she did not want to do. She in a shrill, screaming voice told him she had rather be buried alive than to do it. He in a bass, graveyard tone swore by all the holy saints that she should do it. She pitched her voice eight or ten octaves higher, and in an ear-piercing scream threw defiance in his face. The king sunk his tone so low that it struck the bottom cellar under the house, and ordered the woman to instantaneous execution. A file of soldiers seized the brave, beautiful lady, tied her little white hands with a strong cord, and started to lead her to the block, when suddenly a half-dozen doors were broken down, and another king dashed on the stage, followed by a new army. He cut the cord that bound the lady's hand, when she gracefully fainted in his arms. The new army captured the savage king and his ill-mannered followers, and marched them off the stage, while thundering applause shook the building from base to dome.

As soon as the new king could find a chance to put in a few remarks, he said,—



"Sweet Julia, my own darling love, look up ; 'tis I, thine own Theodric."

In pursuance of his request, Julia proceeded to look up, and while they pretended to weep in each others' arms the curtain went slowly down amid loud shouts and hand-clapping.

Charley, who understood the language perfectly, informed me that the savage king was trying to force the lady, who was a foreign princess, to marry his son, which she was unwilling to do, because she loved Theodric, a young king of an adjacent nation. Her lover had by the aid of reliable spies obtained correct information as to the desperate strait in which she was placed. Selecting a small army of his most reliable troops, he succeeded by forced marches in arriving in time to save the life of his pretty sweetheart. I was gratified to know that Theodric got there in time. A delay of five minutes would have thrown him behind time and defeated the connection.

It is my opinion that those who rent boxes at the Grand Opera-House pay very dear for the luxury.

One evening a short while ago Charley and Dick invited me to accompany them to a theatre, the name of which I do not remember. The house was very large and brilliantly lighted. One hall alone covered an acre of territory, the walls being hidden by mirrors reaching from floor to ceiling, the reflection so multiplying the audience so as to make a thousand people appear ten times that number. A score of little refreshment-stands elegantly furnished were to be seen, attended by pretty girls tastefully dressed, while groups



of men laughed, chatted, and drank wine and beer over the counter. The audience paid but little attention to the performance that progressed on the stage. Indeed, it seemed to be a sort of happy-go-easy place, where every one did as he pleased. Everybody acted as if he wanted to see and be seen, and especially to know what everybody else was doing.

At the end of an hour I became deeply interested in the play, and was watching it intently, when a tall brunette tastefully clad in black silk and snow-white apron plucked my sleeve and said, "Come!" To say that I was astonished would be a tame expression. I had heard and read much about men of honor and high standing falling under the irresistible influence of these beautiful sirens. Before I had time to answer she caught my arm and repeated, "Come!" at the same time pointing toward the head of the stairs.

"I beg your pardon, madame," I said, as I disengaged my arm; "I am not that sort of a man."

Then she spoke half a dozen words in French that I did not understand, when she grabbed my arm and tried to take me by main force.

"I beseech you, madame, to let me alone. I am a married man, the head of a family, five thousand miles away from home, and wholly unprotected."

She clung to my arm and continued to cry, "Come!"

A man now stepped up and said something to me which I did not understand, but I inferred from his gestures that he was urging me to go along with the woman.

"You, sir, will oblige me by attending to your own

business," said I. "You have confederated with this woman to ensnare me, but I will let you know that you are mistaken in your man. If you interfere with my liberties I will call for the police."

The woman stood her ground until I stopped talking, when she gave another pull and cried, "Come!"

By this time I was in a rage and determined to strike for freedom. I rudely pushed the woman back and escaped.

"Why did you not come when we sent for you?" said Dick, who tapped me on the shoulder. "We have ordered luncheon; it has been ready long ago, and we have been waiting for you, and she tells us you refused to come, and treated her very rudely."

"See here, Dick! you will oblige me very much if you will quit sending French women after me. Fun is fun, but I don't like that sort."

When I took a seat at the table, I happened to hear a snigger immediately behind me. When I looked around I saw the tall brunette cramming the corner of her apron in her mouth to keep from laughing aloud. Charley and the girl had interchanged a few words which I thought had reference to the lunch, but when he pretended to get choked merely to afford an excuse to laugh, I knew full well the cat was out of the bag. When Charley laughed, the girl did likewise. Then Dick let himself loose, and a real uproarious burst of merriment rang through the room. I concluded to make the best of the matter, and heartily joined in the laugh.

"Charley," said I, "will you be so good as to ex-

plain how that young lady managed to find me in such a crowd of people?"

"I told her to look for a mummy with a long moustache," he replied.

"That description," said Dick, "would have identified you among ten thousand men."

"Then," said I, addressing Charley, "suppose you were going to send a messenger to hunt Dick, what would be your instructions?"

"I tells him to bring de first billiard-cue he finds mit a hat on."

Be it remembered that Dick was very tall and perfectly straight, his height being over six feet and his body rather thin.

Yesterday evening we made a thorough inspection of grand, gloomy, old Notre Dame, the famous old cathedral, rendered notorious by the pen of Victor Hugo. The view to be obtained from the top of her lofty tower is perhaps the grandest in Paris.

Notre Dame was built seven hundred years ago. It was erected on a foundation where two other churches had formerly stood. The interior presents the most charming and complete work of Gothic architecture to be found in France. The windows are thirty-six feet high, filled with painted glass representing elegant pictures of Bible scenes. Innumerable large and small towers, exquisitely shaped, rise high above the roof, some over three hundred feet. As I wandered among these towers the thrilling scenes described by Victor Hugo in his "Bellringer of Notre Dame" made themselves visible to my imagination with great distinctness.

A thorn said to be from the crown that encircled the brow of Christ may be seen here; also one of the nails that was driven through His foot while He was being nailed to the cross.

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## CHAPTER XXXV.

COLOGNE, August 17.

ON Wednesday morning at an early hour we bade adieu to beautiful Paris and set out by rail towards Brussels, traversing a country unsurpassed in point of wealth and picturesque scenery.

It required not the assistance of a guide to tell us when we crossed the line between France and Belgium. The quaint, old, sharp-roofed houses, with their dormer-windows and uniform gables as white as new-fallen snow; the charming little flower-gardens in front, teeming with rose-geraniums, daffodils, and woodbine, —all go to furnish proof of the fact that we are in Belgium. Evidences of thrift, industry, and frugality may be seen on every hand. The whole face of the country presents the appearance of a well-cultivated garden ready with its ripening products richly to reward the husbandman for his toil. Large, red-brick barns of uniform size appear at short intervals on each side of the road, half concealed by tall, green trees, while thousands of fine, fat cattle indolently browse on the red fields of clover. Everything looks clean, neat, fresh,

and prosperous. The women all wear snow-white aprons and have full, round, rosy cheeks.

We arrived at Brussels early in the evening, affording us an opportunity to take a ride around the city and enjoy the fresh, invigorating air of her beautiful parks. We invaded the grand church of St. Gudule, one of the most magnificent structures in Belgium. It is constructed of solid masonry, in the Gothic style, with two enormous towers of open-work rising to a height of three hundred and sixty-four feet above the pavement. It was built six hundred years ago. The interior is elegantly embellished with gold, silver, and marble, while the tall windows are adorned with richly-stained glass. Many life-size marble statues of distinguished men occupy niches in the walls.

The streets of Brussels at night present a scene of incomparable gayety and beauty. They are crowded by thousands of men, women, and children, who saunter leisurely along merely to see and to be seen, and to enjoy the gorgeous sights exhibited in the shop-windows. Gas must be exceedingly cheap here, judging from the extravagant manner in which it is burned. The streets and the shops are as light at midnight as at midday.

One would imagine that everybody here was a musician, and that he was anxious that everybody else should know it. A perfect discord of sweet sounds continually pierced my ears.

I hired a local guide to conduct me to the old palace where the Duchess of Richmond gave her grand ball on the night before the great battle of Waterloo was

fought. It was at this grand ball where Wellington and many of his officers were assembled when the sullen roar of distant artillery shook the palace walls, and brought the revel to an abrupt termination. The hand of many an officer was then warmly clasped by fair ladies that was clasped by the icy hand of Death the next day. Byron immortalized this scene with his charming pen,—

“There was a sound of revelry by night,  
And Belgium’s capital had gathered then  
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright  
The lamps shone o’er fair women and brave men;  
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when  
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,  
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,  
And all went merry as a marriage-bell.  
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell.

“Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,  
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,  
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago  
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;  
And there were sudden partings, such as press  
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs  
Which ne’er might be repeated. Who could guess  
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes  
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise?”

Miss Bell repeated these significant lines in a tragic tone, while the brigade listened in breathless silence. As she uttered the last words Dick suddenly twisted his long body into a double bow-knot, drew his left leg into a shapeless bulk, threw his right shoulder down, pitched the other up, distorted his features into a savage



grin, seized a stick, whirled it in rapid circles above his head, and went limping across the room, yelling,—

“A kingdom! a kingdom! my horse for a kingdom! Give me another kingdom! Bind up my horses!”

This, of course, set the whole party into a perfect roar of laughter. Dick had purposely misquoted the words of Richard III. In fact, it was his habit to convert everything into ludicrous mirth.

Thursday morning we took the train for Waterloo, where we arrived at nine o'clock, and in the midst of a heavy rainfall were transferred to carriages and went dashing up a long-sloping hill toward the famous battle-field. After a short ride of two miles the carriages stopped in front of a nice, clean, white-washed hotel, where we were invited to enter. No sooner had we touched the ground than we were surrounded by a score of relic-peddlers and unemployed guides, who in most eloquent terms begged for patronage. Half a dozen pretty little girls with baskets filled with old, rusty buckles, sword-hilts, gun-locks, ramrods, battered bullets, leather belts, rusty spurs, and a thousand other worthless articles of a like description, singled me out as their victim. Some one of our party, unfortunately for me, happened to address me as “Colonel.” That was sufficient to set the whole crew on me.

“Ze curneelee take ze spuree ze Dook de Broonzee-week woree ven he beeze kilt.”

The eloquent appeal was delivered by a little maiden with sun-browned skin, large light-blue eyes, and profuse, tangled hair. She absolutely seized the skirt of my coat, and refused to let me go until I traded with her.

If I am not the owner of the identical spur which was worn by Brunswick's gallant chieftain when he died at Waterloo, a sweet-faced little maiden has told me an unmitigated falsehood. She assured me in the most positive terms that the spur was captured by her grandfather, who plundered the field the night after the great battle.

We had the good luck to secure the services of an excellent guide, whose name had been given to us at Brussels. He spoke English fluently, was well informed in regard to the history of the movements of both armies before and during the battle, and had copies of all the orders issued by Napoleon and Wellington between the 14th and 18th of June, as well as a copy of the duke's final report to his government. He would conduct us to a certain point, then read his orders, and explain the positions occupied and the movements made by the different bodies of troops in that vicinity. By this means we were enabled to get the plan of the great battle pretty well fixed in our minds. We were first taken to the elevated plateau where Wellington stood with field-glass in one hand and time-piece in the other watching the fearful slaughter of his brave troops by Ney's corps. Here is where the duke was often heard to exclaim, "Oh, that night or Blücher would come!" Night and Blücher both came at once, for it was seven o'clock when the prince arrived with forty thousand fresh troops, which turned the tide against the French. Our next move was to the famous château, where the great battle was opened at eleven o'clock on the 18th by

Jerome Bonaparte. This position was on the extreme right of the British army, and in a little narrow valley thickly studded with heavy timber. The château is constructed with large blocks of blue limestone of sufficient strength and thickness to stop any ordinary-sized cannon-ball. The French succeeded in driving the British out of the woods, but failed to dislodge them from the house. Innumerable signs of the struggle are yet visible on the walls of the old château and of other buildings near it. We were invited to enter the old chapel which was used by the French as a hospital while the battle raged. Marks of cannon- and musket-balls are to be seen on every wall. The old well wherein the British threw the bodies of six hundred dead Frenchmen was pointed out to us. It makes the blood curdle in one's veins to read the history of this horrible burial of brave soldiers.

"Here," said the guide, as we halted in the middle of a large clover-field on the side of a gently-sloping hill, "is the place where Marshal Ney made his famous charge, inflicting terrific slaughter among the British ranks. This is the very spot where five horses were killed under him. Here is where the old life-guards made their last heroic fight, and while completely surrounded by Prince Blücher's fresh army they died rather than surrender."

The clover was covered with dark-red blossoms, a fit emblem of the crimson tide of human blood that deluged that field sixty-eight years ago. The soil was immensely rich,—no doubt made so by the blood and the bodies of men and horses buried there.

I asked the guide if he could point out the spot where the gallant Howard fell. He pointed to a small tree.

"There is the place," said he. "Howard died under that tree."

There is a large mound several hundred feet high thrown up in pyramidal shape near the spot occupied by Wellington's centre during the battle. On top stands a bronze statue of an enormous lion, the tail of which was broken off by the French a few years ago.

"This," said the guide, pointing toward a deep ravine, "is the sunken road where the French cavalry were ensnared, and thousands destroyed by plunging in on one another. To that terrible accident, and to Grouchy's failure to come up in time, may be attributed Napoleon's downfall," he carelessly remarked, as he tossed a little rock into the ravine.

"The British won the fight by foul play," said Dick. "It was a fair fight until Blücher interfered, which, to say the least of it, was a very scurvy trick."

"Colonel," said the Judge, "we have thoroughly surveyed the whole field, and now we would be glad to have the benefit of your judgment as to which army had the best position."

My very soul swelled with self-importance; my heart throbbed quick and loud with delicious joy to think that the ladies were trembling with anxiety to hear my military opinion. I straightened my elegant form up to five or ten inches above its full height, and

then and there delivered an opinion which would undoubtedly have found its way into the annals of history and crowned my name with unperishable glory but for a most deplorable accident. I began thus :

“Ladies and gentlemen, it is very true that I have had a considerable quantity of military experience. I have witnessed many a hard-fought battle where human blood flowed as free as water. I always occupied a position”—I did not tell them it was behind a tree with a field-glass—“where I could accurately judge of the geographical advantages one army had over another. I have carefully examined the respective positions held by the British and French on the day of the great battle. I have thoroughly considered this matter, and have arrived at the conclusion that Napoleon had a decided advantage over Wellington in regard to position. That long, high ridge yonder, is where the emperor massed his forces, while his artillery occupied these heights to the left. The cavalry held that long slope on your right, while Jerome with his corps covered that knoll down yonder.”

The ladies were charmed with the eloquence of my graphic description. I was delighted with the impression I had made, and paused a moment to receive their thanks when Dick said,—

“I beg your pardon, colonel, but you have got the two positions reversed. The one you have so eloquently described as Napoleon’s position, was the one occupied by Wellington.”

“That is true,” said the guide.

I saw the ladies winking at one another, and well

knew that I was exposed unless I could extricate myself by strategy.

"Very true, gentlemen," said I, carelessly. "It is a source of the most profound satisfaction to me to know that you do really comprehend the great advantages that Wellington had over Napoleon as to position. When speaking of that tall ridge and pointing out its superior advantages, I very well knew it was occupied by the British army, but I assigned it to Napoleon merely to see whether you really understood it or not. I thought probably your sympathies were with the French, and that,—and that—er—er; and that—er—"

"The villain still pursued her," said Dick, which remark absolutely quashed me.

A roar of laughter now greeted my ears, and I was undone, vanquished, annihilated, and completely shelved.

"It is the opinion of the Court," said the Judge, "that the colonel should at once take his place at the foot of the class."

"The opinion of the Court is such as to meet the unanimous approbation of the brigade," replied Chitenden.

Consequently I went foot, but had the good luck to turn Dick down next day.

We wound up our day's work at Waterloo by an examination of the museum of curiosities and relics, which was filled with old sabres, swords, flags, muskets, pistols, shells, cannon-balls, and thousands of implements of war that had been used in the battle.



A long showcase was filled with human skulls, with their orbless sockets staring up at us through the glass. I was forcibly reminded of the sensible remark made by Sir John Falstaff, when gazing at the dead body of Sir Walter Blount, at Shrewsbury, "I like not such grinning honor as Sir Walter hath." The sentiment so elegantly expressed by the fat knight entirely agrees with mine. If Madam Fortune should ever take a notion to thrust honors upon me, I hope she will not postpone it until after I am dead. I want no grinning honors in mine.

We left Brussels at seven o'clock on Friday morning, and arrived at Cologne at four P.M. We found two objects worthy of attention here, the grand old cathedral and the bone depot. The Germans somehow manage to attach to every castle, cathedral, cave, crag, and mountain a legend which may be considered nonsense. They have stored away here a cargo of bones large enough to make a load for Noah's ark, which they allege to be the bones of eleven thousand virgins who were murdered by the Huns. They have them corded up in grated cells, where, for a trifling fee, visitors may witness the interesting exhibition. I dare say that many a graveyard and battle-field has been ransacked to furnish the material for this great show. Indeed, if there are not many sheep and dog bones mingled with the rest, our guide was mistaken. I make no charge to that effect myself, being no judge of sheep and dog anatomy.

Here is the substance of the legend concerning the eleven thousand virgins: In the thirteenth century,

Ursula, the beautiful and only daughter of the heathen king of Britain, was solicited in marriage by a German prince, Coman. She rejected the hand of the prince, but an angel appeared to her directing her to accept him, and saying that she should receive the blessing of God and be the instrument in saving the soul of the prince. The angel further instructed Ursula to call upon her father the king for a retinue of virgins to accompany her on a pilgrimage to Rome, and to make the trip before she consummated her marriage with the prince. God put it into the heart of the king to comply with her request; consequently he caused eleven thousand virgins to be placed under the command of Ursula. She set out immediately on her pilgrimage to the holy city of Rome, escorted by the aforesaid eleven thousand virgins. After a considerable time spent in marching over hills, dales, and mountains, and making stormy voyages by sea, etc., they arrived safe under the roof of the pope, who blessed and refreshed them; and after they were sufficiently rested he again blessed them, and, loading them down with good advice, bade them farewell. Soon after leaving Rome the prince met his sweetheart, Ursula, and married her; and while the virgin army were marching homeward, he and his wife were enjoying a delightful honeymoon. The aforesaid honeymoon came to an abrupt termination, on account of the impoliteness of an army of Huns, who straightway killed the whole virgin army, and did not even spare Ursula and her husband, and their bones were collected and deposited in a church named St. Ursula,

where they may be seen even unto this day. I have seen them with my own eyes. On account of her martyrdom, Ursula is worshipped as a saint. In the church which is dedicated to her appears a beautiful alabaster monument representing St. Ursula reposing on a marble, with a pretty, white dove standing at her feet.

The grand cathedral is unsurpassed in point of architectural magnificence, though it is not entirely finished. It was commenced early in the thirteenth century, and, strange to say, a large number of workmen are yet employed on it. One side of it was fenced in by an immense framework or scaffold, on which I saw many men at work. The interior presents a scene of grandeur and beauty which is not equalled anywhere else in Germany. Enormous Gothic columns reach from the floor to the roof, which for size, length, and artistic finish surpass any in St. Peter's, at Rome. Some of the finest paintings in Europe are to be seen here, representing Biblical scenes and Christian martyrs.

An absurd legend is told about this cathedral which gives his club-footed majesty, the Devil, credit for having furnished the original plan for its construction. The legend, in substance, says that a famous architect was appointed by the bishop to draw up and furnish a plan of the contemplated edifice. He was required to have the drawings and the specifications all completed by a certain day, on which all the dignitaries of the church were to assemble for its inspection and adoption. He went to work with a Christian zeal worthy of success, but somehow his brain got sullen ;

his mind refused to respond to the heavy draughts drawn upon it. In point of fact, he was about to make a disgraceful failure. One dark, stormy night, while feverish with despair, he was bathing his hairless head in the torrents of rain that luckily happened to be falling in his neighborhood, when his Satanic Majesty appeared riding a-straddle of a streak of lightning. The infernal king sprang from his electric steed, and politely introduced himself to the distressed architect; at the same time drawing a bottle of liquor from his pistol-pocket, he asked him to take a "smile." The architect at first begged to be excused, stating that he was not in the habit of dissipating after supper, lest his wife might smell his breath and raise a row about it. But Satan, as we all have heard, never allows "FAIL" to be written in his diary. He had made up his mind to capture the soul of the half-witted artist, therefore he proceeded to use such persuasive means as he knew would prevail. No sooner had the old gentleman swallowed one draught of the liquor than he wanted another, which, of course, was not refused. As is usual in such cases, the spirits of the artist became exuberant and social, when he, in a brief manner, unbosomed his secrets to his companion. When Satan saw that his victim was sufficiently inebriated he drew from his breast-pocket a handsomely-executed plan of a cathedral, and agreed to sell it to him on a short credit. The liberal terms were at once accepted.

"Just put your signature to this little bond," said the Devil, "and the plan is yours."

"I have no pen and ink," replied the artist.

"Oh, that is easily remedied," rejoined the Devil.

He drew from his other pocket a human rib, sharpened like a pen, extracted a few drops of blood from the artist's extended wrist, and dipping the point of the rib in the blood, handed it to the artist.

"Sign!" said Satan.

As the bond was signed a lake of brimstone, all ablaze, flowed around them.

His Satanic Highness had up to this stage of the proceedings concealed his long tail, which was ingeniously coiled up into a very small bulk; but now he unravelled it and made it whiz in fiery circles around his head, cleaving the air, making it pop like the report of a rifle-cannon.

"Now, Mr. Architect," said he, "I have made a fair contract with you. You have sold your soul for fame, —a bauble, a worthless fancy, an immaterial substance. You are not the first fool, albeit, who has made such a barter; hell is lathed and plastered with the souls of ambitious idiots like you. Go, present your plan to the bishop; he will accept it, and you will be famous. If you would know the number of months that shall pass ere I claim your soul, count how many times my body is now encircled by my tail."

With chattering teeth and trembling limbs the artist stood petrified with fear before the horrible fiend.

"Hast thou numbered them?" growled Satan.

"Alas, yes," groaned the frightened artist; "there be only twelve circles."

"Thy count is correct; thy soul is mine at the end of twelve months, at which time I will demand it of thee."

Then the arch-fiend popped his tail a dozen times, remounted the streak of lightning that had been hitched to a tree hard by, and disappeared in a cloud of sulphuric smoke.

On the next day the grand convocation of church dignitaries met to consider the plans and specifications of the contemplated cathedral, and unanimously endorsed those which Satan had furnished the architect. The foundation was immediately laid, with great ceremony, and the walls began to rise; but the structure has never been finished. It is believed now that it never will be completed, because the plan of the edifice was the invention of the Devil.

The name of the artist was carved on a large block of stone, and worked in the wall. He died just one year after the plan was approved, and his body was buried in the cathedral. Whether or not Satan got the soul is a question open for debate, as the legend is entirely silent on that subject.



## CHAPTER XXXVI.

WIESBADEN, August 19.

DARK, angry clouds hung low and still over the turbid waters of the Rhine on Saturday morning as we boarded a boat at Cologne bound for Biebrich. The atmosphere was cold and disagreeable, creating a brisk demand for shawls, cloaks, and overcoats. Hundreds of men and women shivered on deck as the boat backed out from the quay. The usual number of poodle-dogs yelled like young panthers, while excited children screamed a few octaves higher. If Nimrod had been there, he would have cursed the day that he founded Babylon, thereby incurring the displeasure of God, which resulted in the confusion of languages. I do not know how many different dialects are spoken on the globe, but I do know that Dick offered to wager cigars for the party that they were all represented on that boat, and that no one dared to take the bet. All the dogs and a few men and women spoke English, while the rest dealt in all sorts, from Choctaw down to Low Dutch. It was a great relief to hear a baby cry in plain English.

The boats that navigated the Rhine are so constructed as to afford an opportunity to view the grandeur of the scenery on both banks. The upper deck is amply supplied with comfortable seats, while a thick tarpaulin protects people from sun and rain.

The waters of the Rhine between Cologne and Biebrich are of a dark-yellow color very much resembling that of the Mississippi River, but up at Schaffhausen they are of a beautiful clear green color. For a distance of twenty-five miles above Cologne the face of the country that skirts the river on each side is a low, flat plain, possessing nothing in the shape of scenery worth attention, but above that point we were delighted by the wild grandeur of the overhanging crags and cloud-piercing cliffs that burst on the view. Madam Fortune, who has so constantly favored us since we began this tour, did not forsake us on this occasion, for we had scarcely hove in sight of the first old castle perched on the crest of a lofty crag when the sun came struggling down through the clouds, soon scattering them in every direction, tingeing the rugged heights with a sheet of gold. So much has been said and written about the innumerable romantic old castles that stand like giant sentinels overlooking the Rhine that it might appear egotistic in me to attempt to add anything more on that subject. Scenes like those cannot be painted with brush or described with words so as to set a correct picture before one's mind. When Nature exerts skill as an artist such as she has exerted on the banks of the Rhine, man only exposes his ignorance when he undertakes to copy it. I have more than once seen pictures of some of the most prominent objects of beauty that border the Rhine painted by famous artists, but after seeing the reality the pictures dwindle into insignificance. There is a combination of circumstances that together have made the Rhine scenery by

far the grandest to be found in Germany. The large number of charming villas, palaces, villages, cities, and lofty-towered castles that thickly line the shores have only served to adorn what nature has done in other respects. Sometimes, while we were rapidly gliding up the Rhine, we would come to places where it seemed as though we were near the finish of the river.

"Look out!" said Dick; "here is the end of the river," as he pointed to a huge wall of perpendicular rocks that rose out of the waters not more than one hundred yards ahead of us.

The ladies, as usual in such cases, sprang into one another's arms, and all at the same time exclaimed,—

"Oh, my! the boat is going to hit that rock!"

"I hope it won't hurt the rock," Dick perfunctorily remarked.

But just as the nozzle was about to kiss the rock the boat all of a sudden dashed around to the left, when a long, straight stretch of water lay before us. Every now and then the river would narrow till it appeared like a small creek squeezed in between two sky-scraping mountains whose tops tried to kiss each other across the stream.

An impression had been wrought on my mind from pictures and reading that all those old feudal castles were crumbling ruins; consequently, I was agreeably surprised to see that many of them were not only in a perfect state of preservation, but that some were occupied by peasants who tilled the soil on the mountain-tops. Between Cologne and Biebrich, a distance of less than one hundred miles, I counted eighteen castles, all

except two of which appeared to be uninjured by the ravages of time. Each one has its nonsensical legend too simple for a nursery story, but nevertheless the Germans make money by retailing them out to travellers. The time when these castles were built was called the age of chivalry. Thousands of conceited vagabonds, styling themselves knights-errant, wandered from place to place meddling with everybody's business except their own. In fact, they had none of their own. Men who have business of their own don't meddle with that of others. The world owes a big debt to Cervantes, who lashed this absurd nonsense out of existence by the scorpion-sting of his humorous wit. Those old castles were occupied by robber-chieftains calling themselves counts, dukes, barons, and kings. The most successful robber was the most honored. The wandering vagabonds (knights) were always welcome at the castles, where they were royally entertained free of charge. It was their custom to fight for the robber who fed the best. When not employed in the throat-cutting avocations, they were usually planning the destruction of some virtuous maiden. I noticed that all the castles are built on top of lofty crags overlooking the river, where no approach could be effected by an enemy except from one side, which I supposed was protected by drawbridges and impregnable walls.

All the sloping hills on both sides of the Rhine are terraced and occupied by thrifty peasants, who cultivate vineyards and raise sheep and cattle. There is nothing more beautiful than a view of a mountain-side completely covered with green waving grape-vines and

shining cottages, one row rising above and behind another from the water's edge up to a point above the clouds. The terraces are made by erecting stone walls eight feet high, then filling in the space until a level plot of fifty feet wide is made, then another eight-foot wall is erected, when another level tract of land is made, and so on until the lofty crest of the mountain is reached. If the up-grade is very steep, only a strip of level ground fifteen to twenty-five feet wide is obtained, the width always, of course, varying according to the rate of the up-grade. The immense amount of labor expended on those narrow strips would naturally lead to the conclusion that land was very valuable in Germany. For instance, in order to get a level strip of land twenty-five feet wide and a mile long, it is necessary to erect a stone wall the entire distance and then dig down the stony side of the mountain and fill in against the wall until a level surface is obtained. It seems to me that the actual cost would be sufficient to cover the total space with a floor of silver dollars. I wonder if those people are aware of the fact that in the United States better lands can be bought for twenty-five cents per acre? Indeed, it is a mystery to me why people will cling on to those sterile peaks, when by a journey of fifteen days they could secure comfortable homes for a mere nominal sum. It must be the strong affection they feel for the dear Fatherland.

As the air was laden with all sorts of legends, it was not surprising that I should stumble over some of them. I happened to meet a sickly little one that had been grievously neglected. I pitied it, and determined

to give it a chance for existence. I sincerely hope I shall not be so unlucky as to incur the reader's displeasure for bestowing sympathy on such a puny concern.

On the right bank of the Rhine, perched high on top of a lofty crag overlooking the river, stand two old castles. They are very close to each other, and were owned by two brothers. The walls of one of them have almost disappeared, while those of the other seemed to be as solid as when first built. One is called Sternberg, and the other Siebernstein. My neglected legend was found straying around Sternberg, and runs pretty much thusly :

Angelletta, a most beautiful maiden (all legendary heroines are beautiful), was the daughter of a rich old baron who was the most successful robber in all the country around about. He entertained numerous vagabond knights, who aided him in his plundering excursions. While on one of his raids he met with unexpected resistance from a party of determined young men who held a strong position in one of the mountain-passes. After a bloody struggle, in which many a knight bit the dust, the gallant leader of the young men was dangerously wounded, when the rest were forced to retreat. Fitzhubert, the wounded leader, was captured and imprisoned in the tower of Sternberg. The old baron determined to chop off the head of Fitzhubert as soon as he should sufficiently recover from his wounds to enable him to endure the fatigue of the amusement.

Angelletta, meantime, fell in love with the brave



young hero and resolved to save his life. We all very well know that Cupid is a first-class strategist, and never allows locks, keys, or castles to thwart his designs.

One dark, stormy night Fitzhubert was meditating on his approaching death, the day of execution having been fixed on the Monday following, and it then being Wednesday, when he was startled by hearing something fluttering against the iron bars of his window. Reaching out, he caught hold of a pigeon that was trying to get into his cell. It had a paper in its mouth, and a small string tied to its leg. The paper contained but few words, but they were to the point. Here they are :

“Take the bird through the window, then pass him out between different bars from those through which he comes in, and don’t untie the string. You shall not die.

ANGELLETTA.”

The instructions being strictly obeyed, the string was so left that when the pigeon returned to his mistress she would have both ends, while the middle was held by one of the iron bars of Fitzhubert’s cell. Angelletta then fastened a strong rope to one end of the string and began to pull on the other. By this process the large rope soon took the place of the small string. This, of course, enabled her to hoist a complete set of burglars’ tools—articles which were by no means scarce in that vicinity—to her lover’s cell. Probably the reader has seen sailors stand on the deck of a ship

and hoist a flag to the top of a tall mast by means of a rope turning through a roller at the top. This is precisely how Angelletta managed to furnish her lover with the necessary tools to enable him to effect his escape.

There was a high cliff near the castle, on which the maiden fixed the base of her operation, because she had not overlooked the fact that there was a high wall around the castle, over which Fitzhubert would have to be helped after he got to the ground. When he had succeeded in effecting an opening in the window, he let himself down by the rope, one end of which was still held by the maiden. To make the story short, the brave youth had the good luck to hold the charming girl in his arms at precisely half-past three o'clock. Vows of eternal constancy were rapidly exchanged, the parting kiss given, and Fitzhubert hastened away to rejoin his brave companions.

The old man fell into a terrible rage when he found his victim gone, but never for a moment suspected his daughter as having anything to do with it.

Propositions for a treaty were made, which resulted in an alliance between Fitzhubert's band and the baron. Scarcely a year had passed before Fitzhubert won the lasting gratitude of the baron by killing two knights who were about to despatch him while he was down and unarmed. The old robber was so full of gratitude that he invited Fitzhubert to his castle, where he and Angelletta had a splendid time. The old baron willingly gave his daughter to the gallant youth. They were married in the presence of a gay company of

knightly robbers and fair ladies. Continual feasting and dancing was kept up for many a day and many a night.

One day the old baron was called on to render an account of his dark deeds. In plain words, he gave up the ghost, which proved fatal, as is usual with such accidents. Fitzhubert was converted to Christianity, joined the church, did much good, proved a model husband, lived long and happily with his beautiful wife, and died just two hundred and twenty-seven days after the death of Angelletta. Fitzhubert had a beautiful pigeon carved in white marble and placed over the tomb of his beloved wife, which may be seen even to this day, provided it can be found.

There was one point in this legend that I thought required explanation. It being a dark, stormy night when the pigeon carried the note to Fitzhubert's cell, I wanted to know how he managed to read it, and so stated my wish to my informant. He said that he was not responsible for that, but would, as an accommodation to me, make inquiries about it and give me the facts on my next visit.

"While you are making those inquiries," said I, "be so good as to ascertain how Angelletta managed to induce the pigeon to fly directly to the window of Fitzhubert's cell."

He promised upon honor to do it.

There are three things that induce me to give credence to this legend: the castle is there to show for itself; the tall tower is there too, and so is the grated window. I have seen them with my own eyes.

It was generally believed that Fitzhubert died from sheer grief, because of the death of Angelletta, but the doctor said he died with whooping-cough.

The Lorelei Rock, a lofty crag that rises almost perpendicularly up out of the water a short distance from Bingen, has a real charming legend connected with it. A beautiful water-nymph called Lore was often seen of dark stormy nights seated on the crest of the crag, clad in long, loose flowing robes and veil of a deep sea-green color, with long blond hair waving about her body. This beauteous fairy enchanted the boatmen with her siren songs, luring them to destruction by drawing them into the awful whirlpool at the base of the crag on which she sat. No one was able to resist the ravishing music of her voice. A romantic young knight, named Hermann, was wandering near the Lorelei Rock one moonlight night, when he beheld the lovely fairy seated on the top filling all the air with the seductive strains of heavenly music. He fell desperately in love with the beautiful siren, and called aloud to her, stretching his arms out toward her. She was smitten by the handsome youth, and determined to capture him. For this purpose she continued to charm him with her sweet voice. Every night the lovesick youth left his home and lingered round the Lorelei Rock, playing on the zither and calling the name of the fair nymph. One night young Hermann went floating down the river in a little boat, and when near the Lorelei, he struck the strings of his zither and began to call the name of the fairy. Her beautiful form at once appeared above him. A bright cloud of

flame blazed around him; thunder shook the rock; lightning danced fantastically around Lore; waves rolled and danced around Hermann's boat. All of a sudden the charming fairy seized the young knight in her arms and plunged beneath the waves. Count Bruno, the father of Hermann, was sorely distressed when he learned the fate of his beloved son, and resolved to destroy the fairy. When, on the following night, he approached the Lorelei Rock, he beheld the fairy seated in her usual place high above him.

"Where is my son?" cried the count, while tears streamed from his sorrowful eyes.

Lore pointed to the turbid waters and began to sing,—

"There conducted I my darling expected,  
Whom already long since I have selected."

Then from her lofty seat she plunged down and instantly disappeared beneath the waves. She has never since been seen, but her enchanting tones have often been heard murmuring the name of Hermann.

This legend probably originated from the peculiar melody which the wind makes as it murmurs through a pretty grotto near the top of Lorelei Rock.

The first town at which we landed after leaving Cologne was Coblenz, the capital of the Rhine province, containing a population of thirty thousand souls. The river at this point is spanned by a pontoon bridge, one section of which is moved by a steam-engine, so as to make space for steamboats to pass. A magnificent iron railroad-bridge crosses the river sufficiently high above the water to allow boats to pass under it.

Bingen is by far the prettiest town on the Rhine. It is located near the water's edge, at the base of a tall, sloping mountain that rises to the clouds, the face of which is thickly dotted over with castles, villas, and little white cottages.

Twilight had thrown her gray mantle over Biebrich when we landed there. But a few minutes elapsed after our arrival before we found ourselves seated in open carriages dashing over a splendid level road toward Wiesbaden, which is only three miles from the river. An amusing accident happened to us which was the cause of no little merriment afterward.

Misses Bell, Stevenson, Effie, and I occupied the hindmost carriage, while the rest of the party were riding in the other vehicles, in front of us, the interpreter being on the seat with the driver of the front carriage. As we entered the suburbs of Wiesbaden our driver stopped his team in order to fix some part of the harness which had become disarranged, when the other two carriages dashed on and were soon out of sight. When we got into the city, the driver began to jabber to us in German, not a word of which either of us could understand. Miss Bell replied to him in French, which he knew nothing about, for he rejoined in his own dialect. I then threw at him a few Dutch phrases the meaning of which I did not myself understand, and neither did he. All of a sudden he brought his team to a halt and delivered a regular German lecture, which probably might have been very entertaining if we could have comprehended it. It occurred to me that he was expatiating on the exquisite beauties of the scenery, for



which the city is so famous, but we were hungry, fatigued, impatient, and anxious to reach the hotel, and in plain English said so. He dashed away at a sweeping trot, which was continued until at least a mile was passed. Then he stopped and delivered another eloquent lecture, accompanying his remarks with energetic gestures which convinced me that he was seriously distressed about something. I felt his pulse, laid my hand on his feverish brow, peered in his eyes, and pronounced him dangerously ill. I think he used profane language,—at least, I have since heard Germans use the same words while very angry, and Charley told me they were wicked.

“Why don’t you go on, you old idiot?” impatiently exclaimed Miss Stevenson. “Are you going to sit there and jabber nonsense all night?”

I now began to address him in angry tones, but he shook his head, grinned, looked bewildered, and again started on.

We went whirling along at breakneck speed up one street and down another, darting through dark alleys, then plunging into public squares all ablaze with bright lights. After a three-mile drive we again came to a halt, when the third lecture was delivered, in a tone several notches higher than that used in the other discourses.

The appalling fact that we were lost at last dawned on my dull brain. The driver did not know what hotel we wanted to go to, neither did we; and if we had known we could not have told him. Now, here was a pretty pickle, to be sure, for one to be in!

While meditating on the unpleasant predicament I heard an old clock strike ten, which had the effect to increase my impatience. All the ladies were talking to the driver at the same time, one in French, one in English, and the other in all sorts except the right one.

"Oh, my ! I am starving to death !" exclaimed Effie, as she punched the floor with her parasol.

"Nothing can possibly save me," replied Miss Bell ; "it is a melancholy fact that there will be a second-class funeral in Wiesbaden to-morrow."

"Put me in my little bed," muttered Miss Stevenson, as she nestled down close to Miss Bell ; "if we have to camp in the streets, it is time to go to sleep."

I at last became reckless, and resolved to raise a row so that the police would take notice of it. Leaping on the seat by the driver, I snatched the reins out of his hands. He attempted to retake them, when I shoved him off and started toward the square, where a large crowd of men were seated on benches drinking beer and smoking pipes. The driver came running behind yelling at the top of his voice. I stopped near the crowd, rose to my feet, and in a loud voice cried,—

"If there be a gentleman in the crowd who can speak a civilized language, it is in his power to save the lives of four American citizens who are sorely beset by unfavorable circumstances too tedious to mention !"

A tall, handsome man, with long black whiskers and moustache, approached the carriage and in plain English said,—

"What can I do for you, sir ; and what is the matter?"

I hurriedly stated the case, telling him how we got separated from the rest of our party.

"What hotel do you wish to find?" he inquired.

"I don't know," was my answer.

A hearty laugh followed this information.

"Indeed, sir, I cannot see how I can serve you unless you can tell what hotel you wish to stop at."

"I could easily do that if I knew it myself," was my reply.

He, however, took a seat by the driver, and after speaking a few words to him in German we went dashing down the street.

"There are three hotels here where Americans do most often congregate," said the long-whiskered gentleman ; "we will go to each one, where it is probable that you may find your friends."

At half-past eleven o'clock we found the rest of our party, who had been sorely distressed about us. Half a dozen messengers had been despatched to hunt for us. It was a good joke to laugh about after it was over, but it was not so very funny to us while wandering around the streets half starved. It was not by any means necessary for any one to rock me to sleep that night. I went of my own accord.

Bright and early next morning I hurried toward the famous warm springs, where I saw several ladies drinking the health-restoring beverage. I walked up to the counter and called for a glass of the water, which was promptly dipped out and handed to me by a rosy-

cheeked maiden who seemed to be engineering that department. I quickly filled my mouth with the water, and much quicker unfilled it by spurling the scalding fluid in every direction. The skin was effectually scalded off my tongue. Everybody present began to laugh at me, while a couple of poodle-dogs set up a shrill yell. Half a dozen squabby urchins pranced around shouting with joy at my discomfiture. I had seen others drinking the water, but it had not occurred to me that they gave it time to cool before attempting to swallow it. In plain terms, I had played my usual *rôle* of dunce to perfection. It is a melancholy fact my tongue was a confirmed invalid for two days.

The most of the city of Wiesbaden consists of shady parks and spectacles. A uniformed soldier may now and then be seen. I candidly believe I did not see as many as ten thousand in the town. Swell-head nobility is a spontaneous production here; a count doesn't count at all; nothing below a duke is considered worthy of notice.

I took a walk with the king of Belgium on Sunday evening. He was strolling leisurely along in front of the hotel, in a shady path, and I deliberately began to walk by his side, merely to show that an American citizen was not ashamed to be seen in a king's company. I moved along, paying no particular attention to him; neither did he take the slightest notice of me. The supreme indifference was remarkable, but very mutual.

The climate here is delightful. It is neither too hot nor too cold, but of that medium temperature which invigorates the system. Many thousands of visitors are



HARRY LUDLOW.  
(The Young Artist.)





here, representing nearly every nation on the globe. The curative virtues of the water are said to be equal to those of the famous Hot Springs of Arkansas. Those who seek health or pleasure can readily find both here. The streets are charmingly beautiful. Hotels are as plentiful as are priests in Genoa. Cascades, fountains, flowers, sweet music, pretty women, diamonds, blooded steeds, and blue lakes contribute their respective quotas toward the general stock of attractions to be seen in Wiesbaden.

Henry Ludlow, wife, and son have been travelling with us for the last ten days, and will continue with us to the end of the tour. Harry, the son, is a lad of thirteen, possessing a remarkable talent for drawing; indeed, if he does not turn out to be a real artist, it will be his fault, and not the fault of Nature, for she has endowed him with the necessary genius. While sailing up the Rhine I requested him to draw a sketch of Sternberg Castle for me. I had no idea that my request would be heeded at all; in fact, I spoke more in jest than in earnest. But a short time afterward this embryo artist presented me with a most beautiful picture of the old castle, showing every feature with unerring distinctness. Towers, battlements, broken walls, windows, doors, and everything appertaining to the magnificent ruin was accurately traced, so that any one could readily recognize it. If my skilful little artist continues to draw pictures for me in future as he has done in the past, I shall soon have a bountiful supply of them. I undertook to draw a castle myself, but Harry says I drew a tanyard.

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

ROTTERDAM, August 24.

ON Monday we returned to Cologne by a Rhine steamer. The weather was all that could be desired; indeed, there was an indescribable charm in the atmosphere that made me feel discontented when not continually moving. The crests of the lofty crags and castles were glittering in the bright rays of the rising sun like vast heaps of gold and silver that had been melted and mingled together in equal quantities.

When we arrived at Cologne, we found it full of soldiers, marching and countermarching in every direction. All along the frontiers of Emperor William's dominions everything appears to stand on a war footing. France and Germany are growling at and watching one another like angry tigers, eager to lap each other's blood. It would seem that war between these two powers is inevitable at no distant day. Satan's hatred for Divinity is not greater than that which the French have for the Prussians; in fact, there is no love squandered by either party for the other.

Soon after breakfast on Tuesday morning, while Charley was settling the hotel bill, the brigade assembled in the parlor and unanimously instructed me to write a resolution expressing our thanks to our interpreter for the faithful service he had rendered. I hurriedly wrote the following words:

"COLOGNE, August 21, 1883.

"CHARLES SHURG, Esq.

"DEAR SIR,—As the end of the tour for which you have been our agent and interpreter is now near at hand, we embrace this opportunity of expressing our high appreciation of the faithful and efficient services you have performed for us. We have found you faithful, patient, generous, and prompt. We sincerely thank you for the innumerable acts of kindness for which we are your debtor. As the time is drawing nigh when we are to part with you, we beg to assure you that wherever you go you will carry with you our heartfelt wishes for your success and happiness through life."

The paper was then signed by each member of the party, when Dick was instructed to bring Charley in to hear the composition read.

I saw a humorous twinkle in Dick's eye as he beckoned me to follow him.

"Make a speech to him," said he; "make him think we are all angry. Charge him with all sorts of rascality; stir him up; accuse him of misappropriation of our funds. Invent numerous charges and hurl them at him. When he gets fully heated up, then read the resolution."

"Will you promise to keep him off me while I am performing this hazardous task?" I inquired.

"Certainly. You can trust me for that."

"You would better let the Judge into the secret, and get him to sit close to Charley while I am speaking. I am afraid you alone could not hold him off me."

The plan was revealed to the Judge, who agreed to guard the left wing, while Dick should watch the right.

"Take a seat there, Mr. Shurg," said I, as Dick led him in; "I wish to have some conference with you. It is with feelings of profound regret that I now address you, Mr. Shurg. We have confided in you; we gave you unlimited control of our purses; we thought you were honest."

"I bees honest!" he exclaimed, as he sprung to his feet and gazed earnestly in my face. "Vot man shall say I not bees honest gets von head proke, den von ear he gets cut off, his veins bees all cut in two, den he bees kilt!"

Notwithstanding the fact that Dick and the Judge were standing firmly at their posts, I could scarcely muster up the courage to proceed.

"If you will sit down," I continued, "and remain silent until you have heard all I have to say, we may perhaps reach an amicable understanding. Every member of this party will endorse what I am going to say. You have been stealing."

As Charley made a sudden spring toward me Dick grabbed his right arm, while the Judge seized the other. The ladies, who had not been let into the secret, were terribly shocked.

"Why, colonel, I am surprised at you!" exclaimed Miss Bell, as her cheeks grew red with anger. "I myself have a hundred times heard you say that you would trust your entire fortune with Mr. Shurg."

"So have I!" indignantly exclaimed Miss Stevenson.

"Yes, colonel," said Dick, "you well know that you have said it a thousand times. But speak out; if you have any more to say, say it now. I believe my friend is honest, and I will stand by him to the bitter end. If you have slandered my generous friend, be assured that you shall answer for it dearly. Mr. Shurg shall sit down here and calmly listen to all you have to say. Then he and I will take such steps as wounded honor demands and circumstances may require."

Charley reluctantly resumed his seat, while looking daggers at me. "Me cut your head off and kill you too ven you don't can speak de fact."

"I expect if you would chop his head off you would kill him," exclaimed Dick, as he gave a humorous wink with his right eye.

I was by this time convinced that brevity was necessary, as the ladies were about to leave the room in disgust, while Charley was looking savagely at me. There was a peculiar expression about his eyes that caused an uncomfortable feeling to possess me. I thought he was watching for an opportunity to knock me down before Dick and the Judge could catch him. Consequently, I terminated the business in these few words:

"Mr. Shurg, you will please bear in mind that I have not charged you with stealing money; and had you not interrupted me, I was going to say that you had stolen the affections of every member of this party. This I am able to prove by documentary evidence which I hold in my hand."

I then proceeded to read the resolution. I distinctly saw tears glistening in his honest eyes as he grasped my hand and made it ache with the powerful squeeze he gave it.

Throwing my head back and exposing my bare neck, I said, "Now Charley, is your time to take off my head."

"Me drown you in champagne, den cut off de head," he promptly replied, as he went out.

He soon returned with a dozen bottles, out of which the corks instantly flew, and a lively time indeed did we have. It was quite amusing to hear him trying to describe the thoughts that flitted through his mind while I was delivering my speech. The main idea that seemed to have troubled him most was the thought that a thief had really stolen a large sum of money from the party, and that we were about to charge him with it. The truth is, Charley is the very soul of honor, and it would be dangerous to touch him on that point. He had scarcely recovered from a serious wound received in a duel three months ago.

We left Cologne at an early hour on Tuesday morning, and arrived at Amsterdam at nine o'clock in the evening. When we reached the hotel, we were informed that all the rooms were occupied. We drove to another hotel, where we were met with the same information. I did not keep an account of the number of hotels at which we sought and failed to secure lodging, but I do not think they exceeded fifteen hundred. If there were any in the city at which we did not



apply, they were stables and flatboats, whose owners were dead or so drunk they could not hear our lamentations. The international exhibition had attracted about ten times as many people there as the hotels could accommodate.

After having squandered many an eloquent oath in the empty air, we took a train for the Hague, where we arrived at midnight, half starved and wholly exhausted. We straightway proceeded to seek admission at fifteen hotels, at which the same old tune that was persistently sung at Amsterdam, greeted our ears, —no vacant rooms. We offered liberally to pay for the privilege of sleeping on a carpeted floor, but the floors had been taken long before our arrival.

“Alas!” cried Dick; “little did my mother think when she so fondly dandled my infant form on her knee, that her darling boy would be forced to die of starvation among heathens in a foreign land. Colonel, my dying request is that you will break the news of my sad fate gently to my mother. As a token of my high regard for you I will give you my cigarette-holder; it is very fine and costly. I gave five sous for it in Rome.”

Then he fell back on the carriage cushion, closed his eyes, and went to sleep. The truth is, Dick could double himself up and sleep soundly on a dry-goods box or a bale of hay, or anything else that could offer three square feet of surface.

Charley proposed to knock a policeman down, so as to insure quarters in the station-house; but the Judge opposed the plan, as he thought it might be easier to

get in than out. The carriage-drivers began to indulge in Dutch profanity, threatening to dump the brigade in the streets unless we would agree to pay double fees for sleeping in their vehicles. Charley replied to them in vehement language, which, if translated into English, would not look well in print. This put a quietus on them for a while.

At three o'clock in the morning we found a landlord who agreed to furnish a room for the ladies, which was, of course, eagerly accepted. This arrangement would leave room for the men to sleep in the carriages, provided no other quarters could be obtained. But after another hour's rambling about the streets we found a third-class restaurant, the keeper of which promised to furnish us a cold luncheon and sleeping-room on the floor of the garret. The manner in which we despatched cold beef, mutton, and hard bread convinced the proprietor that he had failed to strike a bonanza by taking us in.

Shurg put his fruitful wits to work, and by the utterance of a score of palpable falsehoods convinced the landlord that I was a distinguished American general, closely related to the President of the United States; that I was accompanied by my staff, of which he was the chief. This skilful stratagem secured mattresses and blankets for the brigade, which were spread on the parlor floor. The gray waves of daylight began to roll up from the east before we got to bed. At ten o'clock I was awakened by loud talking. The proprietor was endeavoring to arouse Dick and Charley by tugging at their heels with a broom-

handle. At length Dick rose to a sitting posture, rubbed his face with his hands, and said,—

“What! will you make a younker of me? Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn but I shall have my pocket picked?”

“He says breakfast is waiting,” replied Charley.

The breakfast was better than we had reason to expect, considering the surroundings. A pet pig floored me at the foot of the stairs by running between my legs. An American hog could run between one's legs without tripping him, but Dutch swine are rather bulky to perform such feats nicely. The Dutch pig politely apologized by proxy for the accident, and I was appeased.

Immediately after breakfast we repaired to the hotel where we had left the ladies. They were ready to set out on a tour of inspection of this curious but beautiful city. We enjoyed a pleasant drive two miles out to the queen's woodland palace. The road passes through a vast wilderness of lofty beech-trees, the dark-green foliage of which is so dense as to exclude the sun's rays and cast a twilight tinge on every visible object. We were met at the front door of the palace by an ancient female, who politely invited us to enter. The largest and most beautiful room in the palace is known as Princess Amelia's apartment. All the walls and ceiling are covered with excellent paintings by the best Dutch masters.

A life-sized picture of two beautiful women attracted my attention.

“Those,” said our guide, “are the two wives of Rubens, painted by himself.”

One was a blonde, the other a brunette. I have seen nothing superior to those two pictures, and but few to equal them. No matter to what part of the room I went, they seemed to be watching and smiling at me all the while. Only a very short stretch of fancy is required to enable one to hear them breathe. I was forcibly struck by the exquisite texture of their dresses. The fabric was so delicately woven and so very fine as to be wholly invisible to the naked eye; indeed, with my large field-glass I could not see it. The old woman who conducted us through the establishment said that was the style prevalent when those ladies lived.

The most wonderful curiosity to be seen in the woodland palace is a spacious room filled with Chinese works of art. The walls of the apartment are covered with elegant pictures constructed of cloth and thread of various colors, which were all wrought with the needle. No painter's brush could add beauty to those admirable works; no artist could improve the charming brightness of the colors. Nothing but the closest inspection could enable one to distinguish the filigree-work from the most delicate tinge made by a painter's brush.

The Hague is undoubtedly the most unique, the strangest, city on the Continent. In one respect it resembles Venice: many of the streets are traversed by broad canals, but carriage-roads lie on each side, completely canopied by umbrageous trees. In Venice the canals fill the whole street; you step from your door into a gondola when you go visiting. The Hague is the capital of South Holland, has a population of one

hundred and ten thousand, and is the seat of government, though a little side-show is occasionally exhibited at Amsterdam in the shape of a nominal government. The king and queen reside at the Hague. The surface of the earth is many feet below the level of the sea, the water being kept off by enormous stone dikes.

The little kingdom of Holland has been able to maintain her place among the powerful nations of the earth, not by strength of her armies or by the vastness of her population, but by virtue of a title given her by the hand of Nature. She could drown an invading army in ten hours by opening the flood-gates of her dikes and letting the waves of the sea do her fighting. The face of the country being lower than the sea would lead one to suppose that it was marshy and unhealthy, but the reverse of that is true.

The Dutch women are strong, healthy, and active. I never saw one that did not have full round crimson cheeks. They possess strength equal to that of the men, and may often be seen carrying a load that would break a donkey's back. If a Dutch woman were to raise a row with me, I would fall down and vociferate "murder!" at the start.

The water in the canals is perfectly clear, notwithstanding the fact that it is always still.

There is no picture more beautiful than the farms to be seen between the Hague and Amsterdam. The country being perfectly level, nothing obstructs the view except the distant horizon, whose bright-blue curtains seem to hang down on the ground. The farm-

houses are of a uniform size, color, and shape, and look as if they were built only yesterday.

An idea that the Dutch were filthy and slovenly in their habits had somehow settled itself on my mind; I now feel it my duty to apologize for entertaining such a thought. Everything in and out of doors, including furniture, floors, clothing, stables, barns, farms, and gardens, is as clean as a bank of new-fallen snow on a field of ice. One would imagine that everything was scoured, washed, and freshly painted every day. Dick wagered me a dozen cigars that I could not find an idle woman in Holland. I took the bet, and lost it.

All the citizens are passionately fond of flowers, which are abundantly cultivated. I dare say that a greater variety may be found here than in any other part of Europe.

A large majority of the population between Amsterdam and the Hague is composed of beautiful canals and windmills.

"The greatest mystery to me," said Dick, "is how the Dutch women can all wear snow-white caps and aprons and work all the time without getting them soiled."

Late in the evening we took a ride down to Scheveningen, a charming watering-place on the seashore, about two miles from the Hague. An excellent band was filling the air with good music, while thousands of gayly-clad people were enjoying the delightful sea-breeze. Many bathers were disporting themselves in the water. Some of the most elegant villas to be found on the Continent are situated at this point.



Lager beer is the national beverage in Holland, and after seeing so much of it drank one would think it flowed spontaneously from all parts of the earth. A young Dutchman takes to lager beer just as naturally as a young duck takes to water. If they do not swim in beer, it constantly swims in them; which is equally as comfortable.

On Thursday morning we visited Amsterdam for the purpose of seeing the sights of the grand international exhibition, then in full blast there. I was perfectly bewildered by the vastness of the whirling crowd and the confusion of languages. The brigade became demoralized and dispersed in every direction, and it required no small amount of patrolling to reorganize it. I don't think there were more than three hundred thousand people endeavoring to ride on a dozen street-cars at the same time. I felt like a little grain of sand in the middle of an African desert,—that is to say, I felt like I imagine such an article feels, never having heard one express its sentiments. I managed to get very badly separated from the rest of the party. When I attempted to purchase an admission-ticket with French gold the lady who engineered the office delivered an eloquent lecture in Low Dutch, which I did not exactly comprehend, though I failed to get the ticket. I can talk Dutch splendidly when I have my mouth full of hot mush, but when it is empty I cannot sound the proper key. But for Charley's energy and thoughtfulness I never would have seen the Amsterdam exhibition. He had waylaid the main entrance to watch for stray members of his party, anticipating

the trouble they would encounter in gaining admission.

I suppose the show would have been very interesting to me if I could have spent two or three months in its examination, but, as my time was limited, I could make only a wholesale investigation. At the end of a four-mile tramp among the curiosities on exhibition, I took a seat on the back of a marble lion to rest, when I was startled by loud shouts vented by the crowd near me.

"What's up now, Charley?" said I.

"De king and queen bees coming," was his reply.

A tall man with a billiard-cue in his hand came along and ordered the people to stand back, poking his stick at the stomach of those who did not promptly obey. A wide lane being opened in the vast crowd, a momentary silence prevailed, while all stretched their necks and gazed in one direction. The first man of the king's suite who made his appearance was a large Newfoundland dog, who marched slowly toward me. Next came two red-headed lager-beer barrels of ponderous dimensions; Nature might have at first designed them for men, but the beer had thwarted her in that respect. Next came Leopold and William arm in arm, while the young queen of Holland with her maids-of-honor marched immediately behind the two kings.

King William, of Holland, is no liliputian by any means. His tall, erect form towered high above that of Leopold. He has a huge, round body that seems to have been stall-fed all the time. In fact, he is what



THE QUEEN OF HOLLAND.



a Leadville citizen would call beefy. The contrast between the two kings, so far as personal appearances are concerned, is very great. The king of Belgium has rather a delicate body, somewhat below the medium height. It does not require the skill of a physiognomist to convince one of his superior intellect, for his pale face and large, sad eyes have that peculiar expression produced only by deep thought and lofty mind. It is my opinion that, if any great emergencies should arise in Belgium requiring a brainy ruler, young Leopold will be able to answer the call. The queen of Holland is young and pretty, and possesses a tall, symmetrical form, a large quantity of light-brown hair, and charming eyes; she has a proud, stately walk, and a countenance beaming with intelligence. She was modestly dressed in dove-colored silk, trimmed with black velvet. There was nothing flashy about her costume, —no jewels of any sort. I was considerably flustered when she suddenly stopped and pointed her finger directly toward me, while she smiled sweetly and said something to her husband. The old king burst into a hearty laugh. Then everybody else laughed, while all eyes were turned on me.

“What did the queen say when she pointed at me?” I inquired of Charley.

“She said, ‘Look at that Egyptian mummy riding on an African lion.’”

In my eagerness to see the king and queen, I had climbed on top of the lion’s back, and was holding on to his mane. The mummy part of the story was manufactured by Charley; the pretty queen merely called the

king's attention to the singular-looking picture. Dick declared that she said, "Look, my lord, here is Daniel in the lion's den." But he don't understand Dutch.

Amsterdam is a most beautiful city, some of her streets being two hundred and twenty feet wide, and lined on each side with magnificent marble edifices, five to seven stories high. Beautiful clear-water canals traverse many of the streets, all the while covered with gayly-painted boats. Many of these boats are occupied by families who reside in them all the time. All the houses are built on piling, driven from fifty to seventy feet in the earth. Amsterdam is the largest city in Holland, contains a population of three hundred thousand, is the capital of the kingdom of the Netherlands, and is situated on the banks of the Zuyder Zee. The grand palace contains one of the most splendid ball-rooms to be found in Europe. It measures ninety feet from floor to ceiling, and is lined with fine white marble, exquisitely carved and gorgeously decorated. This palace was built three hundred years ago. The foundation rests on thirteen thousand six hundred and fifty-nine piles, driven seventy feet into the ground.

"The people of Holland are certainly the most profane folks on earth," said Dick.

"What makes you think so?" replied Miss Bell.

"Because everything has a dam connected with it. There is Rotterdam, Amsterdam, Heidledam, Plakerdam, and that dammed North Sea. In fact, if you can point out anything that is not dammed, I'll set 'em up."

"It is very true," returned Miss Bell, "that the North Sea is dammed, but that is an artificial dam,—



very different from the sort of damning that awaits you unless you mend your ways."

"It is the order of the Court that Dick goes foot," said the Judge, "and that Miss Bell goes head, and Charley pays the costs,—to wit, six good cigars."

"I bees von dem pack-mule, nohow," exclaimed Charley, as he produced the cigars. "Vot you call him dot carry men's sins from der wilderness?"

"Scapegoat," said Miss Stevenson.

"Den I bees dem escape de goat vot cary de whole wilderness."

I cannot truthfully say that we enjoyed our visit to Amsterdam. The crowd of people was so great that we could not traverse the streets with any degree of comfort. When we attempted to go to a designated place, we invariably went everywhere else. I was pretty well done for when we got back to the Hague at ten o'clock at night. We had the good luck to secure comfortable quarters for the night, which we did not fail to enjoy.

On Friday morning we took the train for Rotterdam, where we arrived after an hour's run through a country unsurpassed for its picturesque scenery. Innumerable straight canals ran parallel with the railroad, and their shining waters looked like long, bright lines of melted silver. Such a thing as a poor horse or cow is not to be seen anywhere in Holland. They are all fat, fine, and sleek.

Rotterdam is situated on the left bank of the Rhine, eighteen miles from its junction with the sea. The largest ocean-steamers discharge their cargoes on the

pavements, being able to enter the heart of the city through the canals that traverse most of the streets.

We drove from the depot to the Harwich steamer, on which we had engaged passage. Depositing our baggage aboard, we set out on a tour of inspection of this strange old city. The streets are broad, clean, well paved, and beautifully shaded by stately elms of uniform size and height, in many places the verdant branches making an arch entirely across. Signs of industry and frugality may be witnessed on every hand. I have not seen a beggar since I entered the kingdom of Holland, nor have I seen any one clad in soiled or ragged clothes. Everybody appears to be happy, healthy, and contented. Cows and dogs are all taught to work here, and it is astonishing to see what enormous loads they can pull. The dog works under the cart, while his master does duty between the shafts. No urging is required to make the dog do his best. When it becomes necessary for him to pull hard, he gets down to his work in real earnest. When the cart stops he lies down under it, and faithfully guards it while his master is absent.

"Charley," said Dick, "how would you like to be a Dutchman's dog?"

"I'd rather be a escape de goat vot caries de wilderness on his back mit de dem sinners, nohow. You bees no Dutch dog vot works; you is von lazy Yankee, vot eat and sleep, while you don't wuff a dem."

Our ship will sail at nine o'clock this evening. The prospects for a stormy voyage, I regret to say, are looming up in the east, and we are dreading the trip.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

LONDON, August 26.

HERE we are once more in London, safe, sound, comparatively happy, and thankful to Providence for the many blessings for which we are His debtor since we set out on this tour. The only source of regret that now disturbs our minds is the fact that the time is near at hand when the brigade must be disbanded. The strong ties of friendship that have existed between the members of the party cause each one to regret the necessity which forces them to say adieu, perhaps forever. We have shared one another's joys and sorrows; we have learned to love one another like soldiers fighting in a common cause. A few more days and the final "good-bye" must be said. I believe I can truthfully say that no party of tourists ever travelled together where a stronger bond of friendship existed between the members than that which is felt by each individual composing Uncle Sam's brigade. Chittenden goes from here to study the languages at Dresden. Dickson goes through Scotland and Ireland, then sails for home. Mrs. Thacher and her two daughters go from here to Paris, where the young ladies study the languages. Judge Thacher will sail for home soon. Charley will return to his beautiful home at Chamounix to spend the winter amid the snow-clad mountains near Mont Blanc. Miss Bell, Miss Ste-

venson, Effie, and I will sail for New York on the 30th instant. Mr. Ludlow and family will sail for home soon.

If there is anything in this cold world worth living for, it is the strong tie of friendship which binds one human heart to another. I know there are many cold-hearted people to whom such a sentiment is a total stranger. They live, eat, drink, and move, but they know nothing about the substantial joys of life. They crawl into their graves unwept or uncared for, as a snake crawls into his den to lie in a torpid condition until thawed out by a summer's sun. How many thousands of men creep from the cradle to the grave without ever feeling a sentiment of genuine friendship ! How many bow down and worship Mammon, sneaking about among brokers, bankers, and speculators, with no love in their hearts for other people, but studying how to cheat and deceive a neighbor ! What do such people know about the real pleasures of life ? Absolutely nothing. What advantage are such men to the world ? None whatever. The most despicable class of men are those icy-hearted fellows who smile while they cheat, who stab while they kiss, who praise while they defraud, who overreach while they pretend to help. Every community is cursed with the presence of such scamps who, like bloodsucking vampires, subsist on the effects of others. There, now ! I have let off the surplus steam ; I have eased my mind ; I feel very much relieved, and will resume my story here.

Promptly at six o'clock P.M. on Friday we set sail from Rotterdam, and after a two-hours' run down the

Rhine we floated out on the dark-blue waves of the North Sea. The Rhine, like the Mississippi, widens out considerably as it approaches the sea, making its exit through a low, flat, marshy country. The first ten miles of territory below Rotterdam is thickly dotted with cosy cottages and shiny villages that present a charming picture to the eye from the deck of a ship. Vast fields of dark-green verdure spread out as far as the eye could see on both sides of the river. The whole face of the river was covered with ships, steam-boats, schooners, frigates, keel-boats, and every other imaginable sort of craft, making it look like a populous city. A score of dredge-boats are constantly kept at work opening the channel between Rotterdam and the mouth of the Rhine.

The weather behaved itself much better than the indications led us to expect. More than half of the brigade escaped the scourge of sea-sickness.

We were delayed in making the landing at Harwich on Saturday morning by the dense masses of fog which hung like a gray shroud over everything. Indeed, after poking her nozzle against half a dozen schooners at anchor in the harbor, and causing yells and curses to emanate from startled seamen, our ship was forced to come to a full stop and wait for the fog to disperse, so she could proceed to the quay. After shivering on deck for two hours, we were delighted to see the warm rays of the sun drinking up the watery vapors by which we were surrounded. As soon as we stepped on the quay we were captured, bag and baggage, and conducted to the custom-house, where another hour was

spent in shivering from the chilly morning air. After the exhibition of a vast quantity of nonsense and red tape by the revenue officers, we were delivered over to the railroad officials, who undertook to cram the whole brigade into one small compartment. After the expenditure of much profanity on both sides, we at last succeeded in securing seats for the party. Whenever Charley undertakes to curse in English, he invariably curses himself instead of the other party. I think this is very fortunate, for it will keep him out of trouble. There are a few Englishmen whom it is dangerous to curse. An Italian loves to be cursed; a Swiss don't care anything about it; a Frenchman will curse back at you; but now and then you will get knocked down if you curse Englishmen promiscuously. If Charley could curse in English as well as he can in Dutch or Italian, he certainly would get his head broke.

In making the run from Harwich to London we dashed out of one town into another so rapidly as to make it seem like one continuous row of houses. We arrived in London in time to enjoy a late breakfast, after which we took carriages and set out on a sight-seeing expedition. After a delightful drive through Hyde Park we visited Madame Tussaud's wax works in Portman's Square. As we walked in, my attention was directed to a group of ladies to the right of the door who were smiling at one another, and one was pointing her jewelled finger at another's face.

"Look here, colonel," said Dick; "there is a lady who wishes to speak with you."

Instantly turning around, I beheld a most beautiful



woman with bright-blue eyes, long, light blond hair, and tall, stately form, gorgeously clad in orange-colored silk. Her pretty neck was encircled by a necklace of sparkling diamonds, and a broad band of gold glittered on each one of her shapely wrists. Her tapering fingers were literally covered with diamond rings. In her right hand she held a sheet of paper covered with written matter, on the corner of which appeared a large round seal imbedded in red wax. She held the paper out toward me as her elegant form leaned forward as if she was about to throw herself into my arms, her left arm was raised on a level with her shoulder, while with her left fore-finger she pointed at the paper, which was in her right hand. Her pretty eyes were intently fixed on me, while with a charming smile she seemed to urge me to read the paper. I instantly lifted my hat from my head, bowed very low, and extended my hand to take the paper.

"Hold! What do you mean, sir?" cried a man with a gruff voice, as he seized my arm with a strong grasp. "Don't you know that Madame Tussaud does not allow visitors to touch her figures?"

"Allow me to observe, sir," said I, indignantly, "that when I want your advice I will ask for it. If a lady wishes to speak to me, I reckon she has a right to do so whether Madame Tussaud likes it or not. This lady here wishes me to read that paper, and I should like to see you, her, or anybody else undertake to prevent it."

The pretty lady still held the paper toward me, and I imagined I could see tears springing from her beau-

teous eyes. That appeal was irresistible. I made another effort to take the paper, when my arm was again violently seized.

"Stop, sir!" cried the man; "this joke has gone far enough. You ought to know that that is nothing but a wax image."

Looking around, I saw Dick and Charley convulsed with laughter, which they were endeavoring to suppress. Then it was that I realized how cheaply I had been sold.

"You are not the first gentleman that has been tricked by that joke," said the man who had prevented me from taking the paper. "I am constantly kept busy watching visitors who are every day deceived by that image just as you have been to-day. Yesterday a visitor actually snatched the paper from the hand of the image before I could stop him, and he flew into a fit of anger when I tried to take it from him."

In a little parlor which was gorgeously furnished were images of Victor Emmanuel, Garibaldi, and young Humbert. Victor Emmanuel was seated on his throne with a golden sceptre in his hand and the crown of Italy on his head, while Garibaldi was handing him the muster-roll of his army. I have seen King Humbert; I have seen the wax image of him. Place him by the side of the image and you could not tell one from the other; he could scarcely do it himself. Figures of the royal family, representing Queen Victoria and Prince Albert surrounded by their children, constitute one of the prettiest sights to be seen in this museum. All the images are clad in costumes made after

the fashion usually worn by the parties represented, and in all instances the figures are exactly like those whom they are designed to imitate.

Leaving Madame Tussaud's, we spent a couple of hours riding through the principal streets. Judging from the name of Rotten Row, I imagined it to be a street lined with old rotten houses and crumbling ruins, but it is one of the prettiest streets in London. When the weather is good it is crowded with equestrians, no carriages being allowed to run on it. The national monument to Prince Albert is the most magnificent piece of art to be seen in Europe; it is one hundred and seventy-five feet high,—a Gothic structure, canopied with Irish granite. Each corner of the base is covered with four marble groups, representing Asia, Africa, America, and Europe. The lofty canopy is supported by beautiful granite columns. A large gilt statue of Prince Albert stands on a marble pedestal under the centre of the canopy. Many marble statues of notable men are standing around on the pedestal outside of the columns. I have seen nothing in London to compare with this excellent work.

The law of primogeniture in England gives to the oldest son all the titles and lands of the sire, which often has the effect of seating idiots in the House of Lords. I have for many years been dodging the fool-killer, but I am not afraid of him now, since I have seen the British Parliament. He certainly will not bother me while he lets the members of that body live. The oldest son may be a thief, a gambler, or an idiot. No matter; he takes the lands, while the younger

brothers and sisters have no finger in the paternal pie. If a rich idiot wants to be a colonel in the army, he pays the price of his commission and goes in ; when he becomes tired of his trade, he sells his commission and goes out. The government has its price fixed on all military commissions, from ensign up to colonel. There is no difference between retail and wholesale prices ; consequently speculators have no showing whatever.

The great mass of the English people are sensible, industrious, honest, brave, and educated, but there are several thousand titled idiots running at large unbranded, unbelled, and unmarked. If the good people of England are willing to be taxed to support this worthless crew, they have my permission to do so, but they ought to cage them instead of putting them in Parliament.

Many years ago there was a statute in Virginia disfranchising citizens who did not own two hundred and fifty dollars' worth of property. A tricky man named McNair was a candidate for sheriff. He gave a three-hundred-dollar donkey to one of his disfranchised friends to enable him to make the necessary oath required of each voter. The voter mounted on the animal, rode up, and deposited his ballot, then gave the quadruped to another man, who rode him to the polls and likewise cast his vote. When the third man, mounted on the same animal, attempted to vote, Ned Martin, the opposing candidate, who had been watching the operation, said,—

“Stop, if you please, gentlemen ; I challenge that

vote. To my certain knowledge that donkey has already cast two votes, and I object to his voting any more."

The man swore that he was the owner of the animal; consequently the canvassers were forced to receive and count the ballot.

Martin then resorted to strategy. He induced one of his friends to get possession of the animal by making the friends of McNair believe he wanted to vote for that candidate. When Martin's friends got possession of the long-eared voter, they put him on double duty, and made him cast seven votes for their candidate before the polls were closed. Martin was elected by a majority of four votes, and was always thereafter known as the donkey sheriff. The price of a long-eared voter rose two hundred per cent., but the Legislature repealed the property-qualification statute and thereby ruined many a donkey speculator. If England would repeal her laws of primogeniture, she might greatly reduce the number of donkeys in Parliament.

An intelligent Englishman to whom I had freely expressed the above sentiments, after listening to me quietly for some time, said,—

"I regret to be compelled to admit that there is too much truth in what you have said. There are no idiots or asses in the United States Congress; they are all wise and honorable men. There never have been any *Crédit Mobilier* thieves in your Congress; there never have been any revenue rogues detected in robbing your government. Oh, how I wish all our people

were wise and honorable like yours! By-the-bye, is there a little town in Massachusetts called Tewksbury?"

"Ahem! ah—er—er—. Ah—er—er—. Please excuse me a moment; I left my umbrella up-stairs;" and off I went.

As I walked away I thought I heard him say something about a kettle calling a pot black-face, but I might have been mistaken as to that. I went down another pair of stairs, because I was too much pressed for time to discuss the question further with my companion.

The most enjoyable sensation experienced by me was when I was strolling through the gloomy apartments of Kensington Palace, because Bloody Mary died here. I am sorry she did not die thirty years sooner. Queen Victoria was born here in 1819, and George III. died here late in the evening of life. It would have been of much advantage to England if he had died fifty years sooner.

We took a bird's-eye peep at Lambeth Palace. It is located on the bank of the Thames, near the New House of Parliament. It is a magnificent edifice, the residence of the Archbishop of Canterbury, who, as the head of the Church of England, receives the insignificant little sum of sixty thousand dollars annually. What a blushing shame it is to starve such a great and good man! He gets only ten thousand dollars more than the President of the United States. I surveyed the outside of Marlborough House, the present residence of the Prince of Wales, a rather shabby-looking



concern to hold such a noble prince. The invitation he gave me to make myself at home in his house during my stay in London was not of that cordial, pressing sort that I like; consequently, I remained at my inn. I may be doing him an injustice when I say I don't believe he wanted my company at his house. Apsley House, situated on the corner of Hyde Park, is, according to my judgment, one of the prettiest edifices in London. It was the residence of the late Duke of Wellington.

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## CHAPTER XXXIX.

SUNDAY, August 26.

THE all-absorbing topic of conversation at breakfast this morning among the ladies was the prospect of hearing Mr. Spurgeon preach. We had been told that if we did not get seats at least an hour before the time set for services to begin we would not be able to secure them at all, consequently, we engaged carriages to start with us at ten o'clock, eleven being the time set for preaching to begin. We had the good luck to arrive in season to get front seats on an elevated platform within thirty feet of the pulpit, for which we paid a shilling apiece. No fee is charged for general admission, but the reserved seats are sold at the price above named. In order to accommodate the vast crowds that usually go to hear Spurgeon, Exeter Hall had been

rented. Not more than two dozen people were in the hall when we entered.

"I am sure," said Effie, "that there is no lack of room in this immense house for everybody who may wish to hear Mr. Spurgeon."

"Indeed," said Miss Bell, "I agree with you there, because this room is nearly as big as all out of doors."

"To see this house filled with people would be a better show than a circus," dryly remarked Miss Stevenson.

By half-past ten a continuous stream of humanity began to pour in at every door, and at eleven not a vacant seat could be found in the house, while three thousand people were vainly pressing for admission. The doors were promptly closed by the police to keep out those who could not be accommodated with seats. At precisely three minutes past eleven Miss Stevenson whispered to Effie,—

"There he is! That's him there, shaking hands with that tall man with the long white whiskers."

"How do you know that is he?" inquired Effie.

"Haven't I seen his picture a thousand times?"

Miss Stevenson was right. There is something peculiarly striking about the features of this wonderful man not easily described, but, once seen, is never forgotten. He had a much younger appearance than I was expecting to see. I knew that he was in the forty-ninth year of his age, and was therefore prepared to see his head covered with gray locks. His hair is of a dark-brown color very slightly tinged with gray, while his short, neatly-trimmed whiskers are perfectly

black. His eyes are small, but wonderfully expressive. His nose is straight and his mouth rather small. The upper half of his face and his eyes very much resemble those of Senator Lamar of Mississippi. The sound of his voice is perfectly charming, and, though he did not speak loudly, it could be distinctly heard in all parts of the vast building. His form is straight and compactly built, his height somewhat below the medium ; about five feet ten inches would be my guess. He walked briskly up to a little table, picked up a hymn-book, gave out a verse, and requested the congregation to sing, which the people did with a hearty good will. The whole congregation rose to their feet, and most of them joined in the song in the real old camp-meeting style. It reminded me of old times, and made me feel delightfully happy. There was no asthmatic organ, with its wheezing, squeaking notes, to mar the sweet harmony of the music. It was a solemn blending of five thousand voices singing praises to the great Creator, and it made my very soul leap with joy.

As soon as the song was ended Mr. Spurgeon invited the congregation to join in prayer. The words used were plain and simple, but the manner in which they were spoken covered them with a charm which seemed to lend double force to them. If my memory is not at fault, the words of his text were these: "The Lord is a God of justice who weighs the actions of men." It has never been my pleasure to listen to such a sermon before. Mr. Spurgeon is not by any means an eloquent orator, as I had been led to believe. The main thing that constitutes the peculiar charm of his sermons is

his wonderful powers of illustration and the look of genuine love, truth, and sincerity that absolutely seem to gush forth from his very soul. There is no attempt at display, no jaw-breaking words used, no loud, ear-splitting eloquence, no ranting gestures,—nothing but a sweet melodious stream of wisdom clad in plain but fascinating costume. There was no chewing up of words or spitting out of sentences. It was a delicious banquet of true religion, served in a manner indescribably good.

Nine quilldrivers were busy at the reporters' desk writing down the sermon for their respective papers. How any man could run a pen while such a sermon was being preached was an inexplicable mystery to me.

I was told by a member of Mr. Spurgeon's church that he had baptized fifteen thousand people.

It does not require the skill of a physiognomist to convince any one who sees Mr. Spurgeon that his very heart, soul, and mind are full of truth, faith, and sincerity. It is very plain to be seen that he preaches what he believes. He is exceedingly popular with the English people; members of all other churches love and reverence him. The peculiar manner of his discourse had the effect to magnify and parade before one's mind all the sins one had ever committed. I had been consoling myself with the idea that my skirts were comparatively clear; but after listening to his scathing rebuke of what men consider insignificant crimes, I became convinced that I had much more to answer for than I had imagined. When our actions and intentions are to be cast into the balances and

weighed by Him who cannot be deceived, I fear they will cast the beam against us.

"Men," said Mr. Spurgeon, "judge of our actions by their results, but God weighs them according to the intention with which they are committed. If Grace Darling had failed in her first attempt to rescue drowning seamen, the world would never have heard of her and idolized her as a courageous heroine, but nevertheless her brave attempt would have weighed as much in her favor in God's balances as her wonderful successes will do." This is the substance of one of Mr. Spurgeon's happy illustrations.

When the remarkable discourse was ended I did not have quite so good an opinion of myself as I had before. In fact, many little peccadilloes long ago committed and forgotten by me, rose up like Banquo's ghost before me, and would not down at my behest. Sometimes I would imagine that this wonderful man could see and read my very thoughts. It seemed to me that by some magical power he was unmasking the inmost secrets of my soul and holding them up to the gaze of five thousand spectators. There was a shrinkage of two hundred per cent. in my self-conceit in the short space of one hour.

I was reminded of an occurrence that is said to have happened in an interior town in Kentucky in the days when John Newland Maffitt was in his prime. An Irishman, while on his way to the church where Mr. Maffitt was to preach, passed by a neighbor's house, and, pushing open the door, found nobody at home, the family having gone to church. Pat happened to see a

long roll of sausage hanging on a peg above the mantel. Somehow that sausage managed to slip from the peg into Pat's bosom, where it snugly remained when he entered the church and took a seat close to the pulpit. Now it happened that Mr. Maffitt founded his text on that commandment which says, "Thou shalt not steal." Pat instantly grew restless, and imagined that his guilty looks had betrayed him.

The world may have produced more eloquent preachers than Mr. Maffitt, but if it did they were very few. He had much to say about petty thieves who were continually appropriating to their own uses little trifling articles that belong to other people. "There are men," said he, "who do not consider it a crime to steal fruit, vegetables, and other little articles of food; they do not call it theft. But they need not hug that idea in their bosoms. The all-seeing Eye is upon them, and can look into their bosoms and see what is concealed therein."

"Faith, and be howly St. Patherick!" exclaimed Pat, as he drew the sausage from his bosom and threw it at the preacher's feet; "I niver in all the days of me life heard sich a divil of a fuss made about a wee bit of dirty sausage, at all, at all. Yer honor may hav it, and go to the divil with it, if yer please. It's nothing but dog meat anyhow."

Then he marched out, muttering curses against meddling preachers.

If I had had any stolen goods about my person while listening to Mr. Spurgeon, I would not have tossed them at his feet, but I certainly would have



thought of urgent business that required my immediate attention somewhere else.

After the conclusion of the services we drove to Charing Cross, where we boarded a pretty little boat and took a pleasant ride down the Thames so far as Woolwich. It was quite refreshing to get out of the deafening din of the great city and comfortably sit on the deck, where we could get a fair view of the magnificent palaces that front the river.

Notwithstanding the fact that the Thames is scarcely a thousand feet wide, it has a channel sufficiently deep to accommodate large ocean-steamers, many of which we met coming in as we went down. We got a pretty fair view of all the bridges that cross the river. London Bridge is built of light gray granite, and has quite an ancient, dingy appearance. It is the last one you pass under in going from London to Woolwich. The bosom of the river was completely covered with boats, ships, and other crafts, darting about in every direction.

From Woolwich we went to Greenwich, the point where is located the famous observatory, from where longitude is reckoned by the English, and also by many others. This is a large town, containing a population of two hundred thousand souls. The observatory at Greenwich was erected by Charles II. Time is transmitted throughout England from this point by electromagnetic circuits.

We returned to London in time to take a look at St. Paul's Cathedral. It makes one's head swim to gaze up at the lofty dome, which seems to pierce through the blue sky like some dark-gray Alpine peak. Some

of the finest monuments to be seen in Europe may be found in St. Paul's Church. The remains of both Wellington and Nelson repose in the crypt, where may also be seen the funeral-car of the famous duke. On the mind of one who had never seen St. Peter's Church at Rome, St. Paul's would perhaps make a lasting impression, but after wandering through the former, one is not much interested in examining the latter. St. Peter's is nearly twice as large as St. Paul's. The area covered by St. Peter's is two hundred and twelve thousand three hundred and twenty-one square feet; that covered by St. Paul's, one hundred and eight thousand three hundred and thirty-nine feet; leaving a difference of one hundred and three thousand three hundred and thirty-nine feet in favor of St. Peter's. I expect, though, that God could hear a poor sinner pray from a small log cabin as well as He could from either of those grand edifices, and I am sure He would be as likely to grant the blessing prayed for in the humble cabin as He would if the petition came up through the lofty dome of St. Peter's Church.

We spent a few hours in the British Museum. A month might be profitably spent in this wonderful institution. The library contains over nine hundred thousand volumes, among which I saw what is represented to be the first copy of the Bible issued from the press. It is printed in the Latin language, on vellum, and bears date 1455. Prominent among the many curiosities to be seen here is the famous Rosetta Stone, which furnishes the clew to the interpretations of Egyptian hieroglyphics. This valuable stone is three

feet long, two feet five inches wide, and is completely covered with carved hieroglyphics, which are three times repeated and translated into the Greek language. It was dug near the mouth of the Nile, by a French officer. By the interpretation furnished by three archæological scholars, the world was enriched by much valuable information in regard to ancient Egyptian history.

The National Picture Gallery, on the north side of Trafalgar Square, contains between eight and nine hundred pictures, among which are some of the best works of Raphael and Rubens. I have seen nothing on the Continent superior to the "Rape of the Sabines," by Rubens. Trafalgar Square contains many grand statues of notable men, among which are those of Nelson, Havelock, Napier, and George IV. In front of Nelson's monument, the spot where Charles I. was beheaded was pointed out to us by our guide; the regicides were executed very near the same spot.

We, of course, visited Cavendish Square. There was an incident connected with No. 16 Holles Street, on the south side of this square, that produced a desire in my mind to visit it. January 22, 1788, Lord Byron was born here.

There are but few houses in London over four stories high. The Bank of England is only two, and presents rather a shabby appearance compared with what my mind had pictured it.

The rays of the sun are continually combating the vast sea of smoke that constantly hangs like a black cloud over the city; a gray tinge of twilight most of

the time pervades the place. I believe, upon the whole, smoke and fog are entitled to the victory. If I wanted to die of consumption I would at once locate in London.

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## CHAPTER XL.

MY visit to Westminster Abbey did not produce a feeling of unmixed pleasure, but I was amply rewarded for the trouble of making it by the sight of the historical relics contained therein. The exterior of the edifice presents an imposing appearance, with its lofty square towers rising far above the adjacent buildings, and its time-stained walls glittering in the bright rays of the sun; but the interior is pervaded with a gloomy twilight which by no means looks cheerful.

On the floor of the Poets' Corner two marble slabs, covered with gilded letters, mark the spot where Macaulay and Dickens sleep side by side. Bulwer rests by himself near the end of the room. The bust of Milton, one of the handsomest in the Abbey, represents the poet holding a lyre entwined about by a large serpent with an apple in its mouth. A full-length statue of Shakespeare stands on a pedestal near the wall,—said to be the best image of the great poet ever made. The Handel monument appeared to attract more attention than any other. He is represented by a life-sized bust, holding a music scroll, and standing by an organ. Among the numerous monuments in the Poets' Corner, we saw those

of Southey, Cowley, Chaucer, Dryden, Prior, Campbell, and Ben Jonson,—all represented with appropriate busts. An elegant monument erected in honor of David Garrick is surrounded with images representing Tragedy and Comedy. Close to the same spot rest the bones of Addison, Spenser, Sheridan, and Thomson, author of “*The Seasons*,”—all represented with handsome monuments.

In the second chapel we saw some of the most gorgeous tombs to be found in Europe, composed of monumental brass and Parian marble, the most noteworthy one being that which contains the remains of the Duchess of Suffolk, the mother of the unfortunate Lady Jane Grey. There is a sad charm surrounding everything connected with Lady Jane Grey that one can feel but not describe. It is a glaring shame that the English people will permit the bones of that innocent woman to moulder in the Tower among those of traitors and outlaws, while the dust of Bloody Mary lies in royal tombs among men of worth and renown. Anne, Duchess of Somerset, mother of Queen Jane Seymour, sleeps in a magnificent sarcophagus in the Abbey, while the bones of her daughter must crumble to dust in the old Tower. It seems to me that a people who are famous for their intelligence and love of justice would do honor to themselves by proving to the world that they do not endorse the bloody deeds of Mary and Henry VIII. Where is the justice in spending vast sums of money in erecting a gorgeous tomb in the Abbey to hold the bones of Queen Elizabeth, while the bones of her mother, Anne

Boleyn, are permitted to decay in the Tower among felons and traitors? What crime did that unfortunate queen commit, that she should be thus dishonored?

There are some things told us by history about the English people that are rather hard to believe. For instance, we are told that the father of Anne Boleyn, to please the king, concocted the charges against his own daughter, and that the court that condemned her to death was presided over by her uncle. This brings up the question of hell or no hell, which ought to be settled without debate. The Irish tell us that that institution was especially created for their British neighbors, but we know that they are prejudiced witnesses, and that their evidence needs corroborating circumstances to sustain it. Three hundred years ago Satan had unlimited control of the island of Great Britain, but things are different now. He may yet own a controlling interest in the stock, but I cannot believe it. The history of England three centuries ago was the history of lions, tigers, panthers, leopards, wolves, and all sorts of savage animals of a blood-drinking nature in human form. In fact, it was a regular zoological garden without a keeper. But now things are better regulated. They have a good superintendent, who manages to keep the animals quiet with Sepoy meat and Irish gore mixed with Zulu soup and Egyptian salad. But I beg pardon, and will return to the previous question.

While strolling among the tombs and statues in the Abbey, I found the beautiful monument erected in



honor of John Wesley, the founder of Methodism. This elegant structure was unveiled in 1876. History tells us that this remarkable man preached forty thousand sermons, wrote and published fifty volumes of theological and religious books, travelled two hundred and seventy thousand miles, mostly on horseback, and died at London in the eighty-eighth year of his age, after having worked faithfully in the service of Christ for sixty years. A hundred such men would convert the world, destroy the devil, and bring a universal amnesty to the human race in less than ten years.

In the north aisle of Henry VII.'s chapel stands a handsome sarcophagus where in rest the bones of the two young princes who were murdered in the Tower by their uncle, the Duke of Gloucester. Their bones were found concealed in a stone wall beneath a flight of stairs in the Tower. After an examination of the spot where the skeletons were discovered, I was convinced that a closet had been converted into a tomb for their reception. If I were an Englishman, I would quit boasting of my long line of ancestors; in point of fact, I should not want more than one father and one mother of that sort. Of course, the good citizens of England are not responsible for what occurred three hundred years ago, but it angers me to hear them bragging of their illustrious ancestors, — men with whom they ought to be ashamed to claim relationship. A strong chain of circumstantial evidence might be produced to prove that I am of English descent. I am satisfied with the connection, but would be afraid to trace my ancestral line too far back, lest I might turn

out to be a relative of Richard III. or Henry VIII. I would not mind being a third cousin to Queen Victoria. I have, however, upon mature reflection, concluded to try and get along without illustrious ancestors.

Westminster Abbey presents quite a different appearance from what I expected. I was looking for a clumsy old edifice ensconced amid ancient elms and verdant vines, surrounded by a spacious graveyard, where poets, warriors, statesmen, and scholars slept in turf-covered graves festooned with flowers and evergreens; but, instead of this, I saw a light, airy structure with innumerable sharp spires shooting up to an enormous height. No graveyard, no trees, vines or flowers; no vacant ground, cosy grottoes, or shady walks. The building is bordered on every side by rough-paved streets, where drays, wagons, carriages, and stages constantly make a deafening din. All the graves, tombs, monuments, and busts are inside of the house, making it look like a splendid place for a congregation of ghosts to hold nightly conventions.

The tomb of Queen Elizabeth is by far the prettiest to be seen in the Abbey. It is very large, and exquisitely wrought in Parian marble, supported on the backs of four bronze lions so heavily gilded as to look like burnished gold. Near this tomb stands the one containing the remains of Mary, Queen of Scots. When her son ascended the English throne, he had her bones removed to their present resting-place. What a sad lesson does the sight of those two tombs teach us in regard to the fleeting vanities of worldly ambition!

What advantage did Elizabeth gain by the death of her unfortunate relative? Why was the world considered too small to hold two little lumps of ambitious dust? A beer-barrel could now hold them both, and not be half full at that. If we will let our enemies alone God will kill them soon enough to satisfy any reasonable expectations.

A beautiful statue of Mrs. Siddons occupies a prominent place in the Abbey. It is of snow-white marble, representing a life-sized image of the celebrated actress.

Near the centre of the Abbey stands the curious old Coronation Chair, in which all the sovereigns are crowned. The bottom of the seat is composed of a rough, dingy block of stone brought here from Scotland. It was known formerly as Jacob's Pillar.

The monument erected to Major André by George III. occupies a conspicuous place near the one erected to General Wolfe. Both of them are elegantly executed, but the Wolfe monument presents the most imposing appearance.

Westminster Abbey is four hundred feet long and two hundred feet wide, and is constructed according to Gothic design. To view it from a short distance, it looks new and pretty, and one would not for a moment suppose it to be twelve hundred years old. It was founded in the year 610, and finished in a very short time thereafter.

The most appropriate emblem we saw in the Abbey was the monument erected over the tomb of the Duke of Richmond, the conqueror of the bloody Richard. He, by a marriage with the heiress of the House of

York, united the White and Red Roses, thereby bringing permanent peace to England. The elegant carvings on the gates near the monument represent the mingling of the roses and other incidents connected with the history of those times.

I did not forget to pay my respects to the House of Lords. There were no boisterous demonstrations of joy indulged in by the members at my entrance, but I was permitted to enjoy that undisturbed quietude so congenial to my nature ; indeed, the noble lords proceeded with their business as if nothing extraordinary had happened. One red-headed member thought the nation was rapidly travelling on the road to destruction, and said so in plain terms, and by written documents proved the truth of his proposition. An old lord with a graveyard voice contradicted the statement of the first speaker, and straightway proved to my satisfaction that he had lied. At this juncture half a dozen men began to speak in excited terms all at once. I thought they were going to break up the meeting with a general row, when a tall, pale-faced man, pointing his finger directly at me, made a motion to adjourn. The motion was put and carried. I cannot positively say whether it was done out of respect to me or not, though I do know that the man was looking at me when he made the motion.

The interior of the chamber looks more like that of an old-fashioned school-house than like anything else. The benches are placed in long rows, rising one above another. Such a thing as a desk or a chair is not to be seen in the house ; indeed, if there were any con-

veniences whatever in the hall, they were not visible to the naked eye. No wonder that a majority of the members are always absent from their seats. I would rather be a prisoner in the Old Bailey than a member of the British Parliament.

The House of Commons looks a little more cheerful, because the members seem to behave better than did those in the other department. A large majority of the Commons thought the country was perfectly safe, while a very few were endeavoring to show that the Devil owned a controlling interest.

I did not feel much interested in the question, consequently I proceeded to visit the queen's stables, where I had been invited to examine a collection of animals said to be superior to those to be seen in Westminster Hall. I wonder why Parliament does not meet in the queen's stables, for I am sure they look much more cheerful, and are better lighted, better built, and in every respect superior to Westminster Hall. The queen's horses all dwell in first-class parlors, the furniture of which is gorgeous and costly.

The stables cover an area of six acres. They are built of polished stone, with a spacious courtyard in the centre, where innumerable servants of the government while away their time in idleness, waiting for pay-day. To all lovers of fine horses, a visit to these stables will afford no little pleasure. The ten cream-colored stallions that draw the queen's carriage on State occasions are by far the prettiest animals I ever beheld. I noticed that a portion of their tails,—probably as much as fifteen inches,—rested on the ground

while they were standing on their feet; a sight I had never beheld before. There were ten coal-black stallions, occupying parlors near the others. They usually perform the agreeable duty of pulling the Prince of Wales round town on State occasions. There is a large number of other handsome steeds here that drag the rest of the government through the streets when the queen takes a notion to show off her new menagerie.

The carriage of the old wife-killer, Henry VIII., occupies a parlor in this establishment. It is quite a curiosity, and a costly one at that, looking like a railway engine made of gold, with the cab sitting where the smoke-stack stands. The superintendent said it weighed eight thousand pounds. The queen's State carriage is much lighter and prettier than the other, and looks like a mass of polished gold.

"Well," said Miss Bell, "I dare say that there are more than a million of people in England who would like to swap positions with the queen's horses."

"Yes," replied Miss Stevenson; "there is not one in a hundred who enjoys such good living as these animals do."

From the queen's stables we took a ride through Pall Mall, to see the interesting sights that line that famous thoroughfare, returning to our hotel in time to dine and go to the opera.



## CHAPTER XLI.

As a matter of course, a tourist would not think of leaving England without paying a visit to the famous Windsor Castle. At least, such was the prevailing idea among the members of the brigade. No sooner had we despatched breakfast this morning than carriages were ordered to transport the party to the nearest underground railway station, which, on arrival, we found to be the wrong one. Each member of the party, as is usual in such cases, began to make hurried inquiries for directions to the right station, the result of which was a confused mass of suggestions and descriptions that would upset the wits of a Philadelphia lawyer. We set out in search of the desired point, and triumphantly succeeded in missing it by half a mile, which we failed to discover until we had boarded the train and rode two miles on the back track. About the time we began to think we were near the place to change cars for the Windsor road the conductor told us that we were travelling in an opposite direction from the Windsor depot. We were advised to get off and take the next train going the other way to a certain station, then walk a quarter of a mile to a certain other station, then to take a carriage ride to a certain other station, ride on the train to another station, thence by boat to a certain other station, and then to hire a guide to show us a certain other station, where we

might find an agent who would be able to direct us how to find the right sort of a station.

"Please allow me, sir, to express to you my profound thanks for the explicit directions which you have so generously given us," said Dick to the agent; "a simple schoolboy could readily understand them. Be so good as to accept my card; if you could spare the time to dine with me at seven P.M., it would gratify me beyond measure. If, however, you cannot dine with me, I would esteem it an especial favor if you would pinch me or bite my finger, so I might have something to remember you by. I don't wish to forget you."

"Hi might be hinduced to blacken yer heye with my 'and hif you don't take heyerself hoff from 'ere," replied the indignant agent.

"If you would be so good as to blacken my heye," returned Dick, "I would be so much obliged to you."

The Englishman surveyed Dick's tall, athletic form for a moment, then turned and walked rapidly into his office, muttering curses against impudent Yankees.

I am sure we did not travel over fifteen miles before we found the right station.

Windsor is eighteen miles west of London. The old castle is situated on the summit of a sloping hill overlooking the Thames. The walls, buildings, towers, and everything connected with the castle have an ancient, sombre appearance. It looks more like a prison than like a palace. I offered one of the guards a shilling to dance a jig on the grave of the villainous old wife-killer, Henry VIII., whose bones

rest in the royal burial-vault here; but he said that sort of amusement was wholly out of style now.

After making a complete reconnoissance of the exterior of the old castle and its environs, we knocked for admittance at the main front entrance to the queen's apartments. We were met at the door by a tall, red-faced man with a crooked nose, the lower end of which seemed to be making a desperate effort to get into his mouth. He wore a high, stiff collar, the upper edge of which looked as if it was about to saw off his ears. He had side whiskers *à la Burnside*, snow-white cravat, embroidered slippers, yellow-silk stockings, and was decidedly pigeon-toed and bow-legged.

"Whalk hin to the reception 'all ladies and gentlemen, hif you please," said he, while he smiled and rubbed his hands energetically.

We accordingly walked in.

"Please whait 'ere ha moment, an' hi whill show you the state hapartments."

And, as directed, we waited ten minutes.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, hif you whill be so good has to follow me hi whill show you haround."

We were ushered into a spacious hall elegantly decorated with Gobelin tapestry representing the most prominent incidents in the history of Esther. The most beautiful picture represents King Ahasuerus in the act of placing the crown on Esther's head,—“And the king loved Esther above all the women, and she obtained grace and favor in his eyes more than all the virgins; so that he set the royal crown upon her head, and made her queen instead of Vashti” (Esther ii.

17). Now, what great crime had Queen Vashti committed that justified her husband in divorcing her? Nothing whatever, only she refused to exhibit her beautiful person before a crowd of drunken revellers for their lascivious inspection. The truth is, old Ahasuerus had been smitten by the extraordinary beauty of the Jewish woman, and, like Henry VIII., he was willing to commit any crime to get rid of his lawful wife in order that he might possess himself of the coveted prize. This is one instance where good was produced from evil.

"This 'all, ladies and gentlemen," said Hooknose, "his the queen's haudience-chamber. That his King Hashahurus placing the crown hon the 'ead hof Hesther."

The most shocking sight imaginable is a picture of the execution of Mary, Queen of Scots. How such a noble-hearted woman as Queen Victoria could permit such a picture to remain in her audience-chamber is a mystery that distances my comprehension. In the first place, we see a splendid life-sized portrait of the beautiful Queen of Scots clad in mourning costume, standing tall, erect, and beautiful. A sweet, sad expression mantles her lovely features. Immediately by the side of this charming picture we see the same stately form with neck and shoulders stripped of all covering, kneeling by the execution block, her neck resting on it, while a most horrible-looking monster with a glittering axe in his hand is in the act of chopping off her head. Now, it is a historical fact that the bungling headsman did strike three distinct and separate

strokes with his axe before the head of the hapless queen was severed from the body. I have on more than one occasion seen field-hospitals filled with the mangled bodies of brave soldiers, while surgeons were sawing off their legs and arms. This was a horrible sight to look upon, but I would rather live in a field-hospital than in the palace of a queen where the walls are adorned with such unsightly pictures as the one in the audience-chamber. My respect for the British queen sank twenty-five per cent. after seeing that picture in her palace. This is very hard on her Royal Highness, though I dare say she will survive it.

On the upper right-hand corner of the erect picture of the Scottish queen appears the following inscription: "Mary, Queen of Scotland, true princess and legitimate heiress of England and Ireland, and mother of James, king of Great Britain, who, harassed by the heresy of her people and overpowered by rebellion, came into England in the year 1563 for the sake of sanctuary, and, relying on the word of her kinswoman Queen Elizabeth, is perfidiously detained captive for nineteen years, and, traduced by a thousand calumnies, is, by the cruel sentence of the English Parliament, at the instigation of heresy, handed over to execution, and on the 18th day of February, 1587, is beheaded by the common executioner in the fifty-fourth year of her life and reign." It seems to me rather strange that the English queen should allow this advertisement of British barbarity to hang on the walls of her palace.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen," said Hooknose, "hif

you whill hoblige me by whalking this whay, hi whill hintroduce you to Saint George's 'all."

Straightway we "hobliged" him, when we were shown into a spacious chamber two hundred feet long, thirty-four feet wide, and thirty-two feet high, the walls of which were richly adorned with emblems and decorations connected with the Order of the Garter and the chivalry of England. At each end of the hall is a music gallery where melodious sounds are manufactured on state occasions for titled nobility who love to get drunk on wine and sweet music. A table ten feet wide and one hundred and fifty feet long occupies a place in the middle of the hall, where the members of the Order of the Garter assemble to eat, drink, and flatter one another. The sovereign's throne is located on the east side, where I suppose the queen sits on state occasions.

The ceiling of this room is ornamented with the emblazoned arms of the order of British knighthood. The names of the knights are painted between the panels of the windows on the south side of the hall; to each name is attached a number corresponding to that on the arms on the ceiling. The row of names begins with that of Edward III. and the Black Prince, and ends with that of the Earl of Beaconsfield and the Marquis of Salisbury.

Hooknose expatiated extensively on the grandeur of this chamber.

"The Hearl hof Beaconsfield halways hoccupies this 'ere seat."

"'Ow can the hearl hoccupy that seat while he hoc-



cupies ha grave?" said Dick, as he gave me a sly wink.

"'E halways hoccupied hit wen 'e was halive," promptly replied Hooknose. "'Ere," continued he, pointing to a seat at the head of the table; "this 'ere seat his hoccupied by the Prince of Wales hon state hoccasions."

We were next conducted into the queen's grand reception-room, the walls of which were gorgeously embellished with beautiful specimens of Gobelin tapestry, portraying the charming story of Jason's argonautic expedition. One side of the room represents the marriage of Jason with Creusa, the grand battle between the warriors born of the Dragon's teeth, and the flight of Medea after having murdered her two sons out of revenge against her husband for deserting her for another bride. The opposite wall contains a representation of Jason carrying off the Golden Fleece after having pledged his faith to Medea, in order to secure her and obtain the coveted prize. Another picture represents Jason making love to Medea, and another Creusa being consumed by the fatal robe. The most interesting picture is the one representing the two dead children of Jason lying on the bed where they were murdered by their jealous mother.

The Waterloo Chamber, a spacious room lighted from above, is replete with interesting pictures of the most prominent actors in the great battle of Waterloo. Wellington, Blücher, Count Allen, and Marquis William Paget, four of the most prominent commanders at that battle, are represented with life-sized pictures. The

walls are covered with splendid paintings by famous artists. The grand vestibule contains a fine white marble statue of Queen Victoria and her dog Sharp. This excellent work was executed by Boehm.

This magnificent hall is lighted by a beautiful octagonal lantern hung from the lofty ceiling. A full-length portrait of George III. in his coronation robes, stands above the fireplace; it is the work of Sir Joshua Reynolds. The Vandyck Room is so called from the many excellent paintings executed by that artist contained in it. The portraits of Charles I. and his family which adorn the walls are worthy of notice; indeed, I have seen nothing in England that surpasses them. Sir Anthony Vandyck was born in Antwerp in 1598. He was induced to come to England by King Charles I., and no doubt concentrated all his wonderful skill to please that monarch in painting those pictures. His success must have been complete, for a pension of two hundred pounds per annum was granted to him.

The Guard-Chamber contains an extensive collection of curious relics, prominent among which is a large number of life-sized figures representing notable men clad in the armor worn by them while engaged in war. The Duke of Brunswick, the Earl of Essex, Lord Howard, and Henry, Prince of Wales, appear in full armor, which gives one a pretty clear idea of how they looked when armed for the field. We have heard and read much about ancient heroes and ancient chivalry; but if a soldier in these days were to appear on the field clad in such bullet-proof stuff, he would either be

shot for cowardice or dismissed from the service in disgrace. I was glad when Hooknose pointed to an outside door and told us the show was "hover." With an obsequious bow and an angelic smile he said,—

"Hi 'ave hexhibited hall hof the hapartments which hi ham hallowed to hexhibit to visitors."

We thanked him and each one offered him a shilling.

"Hi beg pardon," he exclaimed, throwing up both hands deprecatingly; "hi ham not hallowed to haccept fees for hexhibiting 'er Majesty's hapartments."

"Could you honor me with your company at dinner this evening?" said Dick. "Here is my card, and you shall be royally entertained if you will condescend to come."

"Hexcuse me, hif you please," replied Hooknose, with a low bow; "my hofficial dooties 'old me 'ere hall the time."

"Then give my respects to your grandma and be a good boy yourself," cried Dick, as he took off his hat and made a comical bow.

Hooknose looked puzzled, seeming to be in doubt as to whether Dick was making sport of him or not.

"Well," exclaimed Miss Bell, "I am happy to find that all the fools in the world don't live in the United States."

"I guess they have no insane asylums here," dryly remarked Miss Stevenson; "their lunatics are all ranging at large."

"Human nature is the same all over the earth," observed Effie; "and the only difference I see is that many of the English are full of egotism."

"Shake!" exclaimed Dick, as he seized her hand. "Stick to your own country, right or wrong."

"I won't admit that my country is wrong at all," returned Effie.

"That's right," said Miss Bell. "'Blow thou thine own horn, because if thou dost not blow thine horn, who shall blow it for thee?'"

"And the villain still pursued her," cried Dick, as he twisted his face into a comical shape and dashed through the outer gate.

It was quite a pleasure to wander through the shady streets of picturesque old Windsor, made famous by the pen of Shakespeare. A carriage-ride through the historic park constitutes one of the most interesting features of the excursion. The old Hernes oak where Falstaff was tortured by the fairies has long since disappeared, but the place where it stood is there yet. It was on this interesting spot that the fat knight delivered himself of the following classical sentences:

"Have I laid my brain in the sun and dried it, that it wants matter to prevent so gross overreaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welsh goat too? Shall I have a coxcomb of friz? 'Tis time I were choked with a piece of toasted cheese."

Windsor Castle is situated in the edge of a small park. The buildings cover an area of twelve acres, encircled by a terraced wall of solid stone. The lofty round-tower which rises to a great height in the centre is the place where the son of Mary, Queen of Scots, afterward King James I., was imprisoned. In the

royal vault here are buried the bodies of George III., Henry VIII., Jane Seymour, Charles I., and many other members of the royal family. The great Windsor Park is eighteen miles in circumference. It is adorned with a perfect wilderness of pretty trees and spacious flower-beds. Thousands of sweet singing-birds continually fill the air with delicious music from the broad-spreading branches of the trees, while a delightful fragrance rises from the vast fields of pretty flowers. West of the town lies the famous Windsor Forest, which is fifty-six miles in circumference, all the vast area being covered with lofty trees and umbrageous shrubbery. Windsor Castle was built before the Norman conquest, though its appearance would not lead one to think it so old.

"Unless you all wish to witness a tragical death," said Miss Stevenson, "you better take me to a restaurant without delay. Ever since I arrived in Europe I have been trying to learn to live without eating; I am sorry to be compelled to say that in that endeavor I have failed."

Charley at once took the hint and set out to hunt a restaurant. We did not wait for an invitation to follow him.

"'Am and heggs one shilling," was the answer made by the waiter, who met us at the door. "One bottle of hale hextra. 'Ave a seat; we will 'ave lunch ready instantly."

"Have you got any royal, egotistic, self-rising, unleavened, jaw-breaking bread?" Dick inquired, with a serious countenance.

"Whe hare just hout o' that sort," replied the waiter, politely, "but whe 'ave some 'ot rolls abakin'."

"That will do," replied Dick, as he made a courteous bow. "I'll take 'am and heggs with 'ot rolls and a bottle of hale."

Dick mimicked the waiter so successfully as to make him believe it was his natural way of speaking; indeed, the waiter took him for a brother-Englishman.

We returned to London in time to go to the Princess Theatre, arriving five minutes before the curtain rose. From what I had heard and read about this theatre I was expecting to see something especially gorgeous, but in that respect I was greatly disappointed. There are other theatres in London much finer than this one.

Monday evening we visited the Old Bailey, the notorious criminal court-house where so many innocent victims were condemned to death by Jeffreys, the bloody tyrant. The court-room has a dark, dingy appearance. It did not require a great stretch of fancy to set the bloody judge on the bench before me, where I could hear him browbeating witnesses and intimidating jurors, compelling them to condemn the innocent. The same old cage where prisoners were confined a hundred years ago may be seen there now. Jeffreys finally met his just reward; he died in the Tower in 1688. He pronounced the sentence of death on three hundred and twenty persons, and had eight hundred and forty-one transported and sold into slavery. He was a loyal Englishman who worked faithfully for his royal master.



## CHAPTER XLII.

NEW YORK, September 9.

WELL, here we are once more treading the soil of our own dear country. Difficult indeed would be the task of making the reader comprehend the real joy one feels while standing on a ship-deck watching with straining eyes the dim outline of his native land as it slowly breaks on his view after having wandered many a thousand miles in foreign climes. We do not really know how to value the privileges enjoyed by American citizens until we have mingled with those who possess them not. We cannot appreciate good health until we have been very ill, nor can we properly value good victuals unless we have suffered with hunger. The gulf that separates the rich from the poor in many of the European nations is wide, deep, and impassable. A poor man in Italy can boast of one glorious privilege, which is the right to remain poor as long as he lives. How different is the poor man's condition in the United States! There is no bottomless gulf to separate him from the rich; the field is open to all alike, and the chances are equal for all. The wealthiest men of to-day in America were the makers of their own fortunes. The highest office connected with the United States government has been filled by a man who began as an humble mechanic. When you hear a man whining and snivelling about privileged classes in the United

States, watch him closely and have no dealings with him ; he wants to get possession of something that does not belong to him ; he wants to live without work ; he is fond of good clothes and good victuals, but is by no means fond of work.

At eleven o'clock on the morning of August 30, we bade adieu to those of our travelling companions who were not going to sail homeward with us, and took the train from London to Liverpool. I thought I saw water in Dick's eyes as he seized my hand with a firm grip, but that may have been imagination, for he did it so quickly, and spoke the parting words so briefly, and walked away so suddenly, that I scarcely had time to say "Good-by." It was his habit to do everything in a hurry. Those whom he loved best he teased most, while those he disliked went unmolested.

I do not think I ever saw a prettier country than that which lies in sight of the railroad between London and Liverpool. The surface of the earth is level and unbroken by hills and unmarred by ravines. You are scarcely out of one village before you enter the suburbs of another, while on either side as far as the eye can reach may be seen long lines of neatly-trimmed hedges, looking like endless wreaths of blooming roses. Everything has a new, fresh appearance, while signs of industry and thrift may be seen on every hand.

At the end of a two hours' run from London, the train came to a halt at Rugby, where the agent informed us that we would have time to inspect the town.

Rugby is in Warwickshire, on the banks of the pretty little Avon, eighty-three miles from London,

and contains a population of ten thousand. The famous old grammar school was established here in 1557, and is still under full headway. The old school-house—or houses, for there are several of them—occupies a quadrangular space. They are constructed in the Elizabethan style, and present quite a venerable appearance. There are five hundred students in attendance now, and one of the teachers told me that the number very rarely fell under that.

We arrived at Liverpool in time to enjoy a delightful ride through her beautiful parks late in the evening. The city looks more like an American town than any we saw in Europe, and the inhabitants have in many respects adopted American customs. For instance, they yell like Indians when they get drunk on mean whiskey, just as I have seen and heard them do in my native town. It made me feel as if I were at home again when I heard the old familiar yell, and saw men reeling in the streets. They do it with that peculiar energy and promptness that Americans display on such occasions. The police are becoming Americanized, because they drink whiskey, sleep on their posts, and always arrest the wrong man. I was delighted with Liverpool, it was so very much like home.

Early on the morning of the 31st I called at the office of the steamship line to look after some ship-chairs which I had left with the steward. The clerk sent me to another officer, who requested me to go to another agent, and the aforesaid agent directed me to call on another employé, who gave me the name of another agent. The forty-seventh man scratched his

head and said something like "Deuce take that fool steward!" I may be mistaken as to the language used, but I am sure that was the substance of what he said. But I did not get the chairs, and I did not need them very badly on the voyage either, for we had a boisterous sea nearly all the time.

Charley did not leave us until we were stepping aboard of the little boat that was to take us from the quay to the ship, which was at anchor a mile out. I shall long remember the earnest gaze of his expressive eyes as he watched us from the shore as we sailed away, and longer still will I remember the innumerable acts of kindness for which I am his debtor. If the sincere wishes of all the members of the party could secure his future success, then indeed would he be always happy.

The weather behaved itself remarkably well until Saturday afternoon, September 2, when the wind came on to blow, and continued to come on for the same purpose until it lifted the waves over the deck of the ship. It is no weak-kneed statement to say that the situation is very uncomfortable on a ship when the waves every now and then roll over the upper deck, but it is a cast-steel fact that has come under the scope of my observation. My stomach got on a regular spree at the start, and nothing could induce it to keep the peace.

To cap the climax of my misfortunes, I had a serious rencontre with a crazy trunk, in which I got considerably worsted. I never saw a trunk on a spree before, and if I could have my way about it, I am sure I

never would see another. It was a small trunk, though ; if it had been of the Saratoga style this interesting story would have been written by my administrator. I had started from my state-room to the upper deck for the purpose of carrying a telegraphic despatch which my stomach wanted me to deliver to the ocean, when I met the crazy trunk coming down the aisle. It struck my legs square in front, and knocked them up to the place where my head ought to have been ; but it was not there, because it had exchanged places with my feet. Meantime, the trunk continued its journey toward the other end of the aisle just as if it had never met an obstacle. The affectionate manner in which I embraced the floor must have attracted the attention of the passengers, for I distinctly heard them laughing at me. I scarcely had time to regain my feet before my adversary made another dash at me, but I eluded the attack by a flank movement dexterously executed. But, instead of pursuing its usual course, it began to prance around like pugilists do when seeking an advantage. After sailing round and round for a moment, it made another charge, and again floored me. I threw up the sponge, as the prize-fighters do when they are defeated. In plain terms, I called loudly for some one to come and take that trunk off of me. A sailor came and tried to capture the ferocious concern, but it upset him the first round. Another sailor soon came to the rescue. Then a regular skirmish began. The contest raged furiously for some time. The trunk made a gallant resistance, but was finally captured and tied fast to a post,—not, however, until it had inflicted

severe punishment on its captors. I offered a reward of fifty cents for the name of the man who, while I was down, proposed to bet ten dollars to five that the trunk would win the fight. I distinctly heard him offer to make the bet, and if I could have found him, he would have good cause to remember me.

From some cause wholly unknown to me, that trunk had conceived an inveterate hatred for me and resolved on my destruction. At the dark hour of midnight, while the storm raged with relentless fury and the ship rolled and plunged about like a cork in a whirlpool, that malicious trunk broke loose from its moorings and came thundering against the door of my room. Every now and then it would fall back to the other side of the ship, then come like an avalanche against my door. I was dreadfully frightened, because I knew it was after me. I rang for the steward, but it met him as he came down the aisle, repulsing him the first round. Finally, an officer of the ship, accompanied by a platoon of sailors, surrounded the heroic trunk, captured it, and imprisoned it in the hold, and my valuable life was again saved.

It is no unusual thing for men to be crippled on ships during the prevalence of a storm. Unless every heavy article is firmly fastened to its place, damage of some sort is sure to result. While crossing the Gulf of Mexico a few years ago on a sail-ship, I saw a man instantly killed by a cask of water that was dashed against him. It first made a charge on the pantry, crushing the thin blank walls like an eggshell and demolishing everything in its way. A brave sailor



attempted to capture it, when it threw him against the railing and then, by a sudden lurch of the ship, it was dashed against him with tremendous force, killing him on the spot. A perfect stampede then ensued, and a dozen men were detailed, who finally captured it.

On Sunday morning the wind began to increase its speed ; in fact, it is no exaggeration to say that we had managed to get somewhere near the middle of a respectable storm. The ship was performing some of the most startling gymnastic feats. She would stand on her head a moment, then in a twinkling would take a seat on top of a watery mountain, then suddenly roll down into the trough of the sea, turn round and dash under a huge wave, and come up wrong end foremost. When I started to go to the smoking-room I invariably brought up everywhere else. A man must "live and learn." After diligent study I discovered a plan which proved eminently successful. When I wanted to get in the smoking compartment I would take a seat at some convenient point and wait for it to come to me, which it never failed to do. Indeed, you might take a seat in any part of the ship, and in less than five minutes every other part of it would give you a call. While I was sitting on a bench waiting for the saloon to bring me a glass of champagne, the aforesaid bench took a notion to go toward the engine-room, which left me stretched on the floor. A two hundred pound brunette sat down on me before I had time to get up, but I was instantly rescued by the polite lieutenant, who happened to be standing near when the melancholy disaster occurred.

While room No. 196 was passing by the place where I sat, I heard signals of distress emanating from within.

"What's the matter here?" I inquired, as I thrust my head through the door.

"Oh, mèrcy ! Oh, me ! I believe in my soul I shall die !" cried Effie.

"It is a fixed fact that my case is hopeless," groaned Miss Bell. "No earthly power can possibly save me. I can almost feel the sharks nibbling at my nose this very moment."

"Do pray hush your nonsense," cried Miss Stevenson ; "I am not in a condition to enjoy levity of that sort. The fact of the business is, we ought to be praying all the time."

"Have I not been praying all the morning?" returned Miss Bell. "But I'm a lost institution, and there is no use of trying to conceal the lamentable fact. Colonel, I shall rely upon you to have my remains put in a box strong enough to keep the sharks out. I bequeath my alpenstock to Effie, and a piece of the Tarpeian Rock to Miss Stevenson ; and if there is anything left after defraying funeral expenses,—which I am sure will be very little, if any,—it is my last will and statement that you shall have it. And may the Lord have mercy on your soul !"

"See here, Miss Bell !" exclaimed Miss Stevenson, "have you really gone crazy ?"

"To the best of my knowledge and belief I have ; and I did not have far to go, either."

"Oh, my ! oh, my !" groaned Effie. "Won't this storm never cease ?"

"Oh, my! oh, my! I don't think it ever will," returned Miss Bell. "And so far as my sad case is concerned, it doesn't make any difference whether it does or not. All will soon be over with me.

"And since I am so early done for,  
I wonder what I was begun for!"

At this juncture the stewardess entered the room with a glass of lemonade for Effie, which she attempted to drink, but, instead of placing the glass to her lips, she emptied its contents on Miss Bell's head.

"Oh, I am so sorry! I am so sorry!"

"Don't mention it. I, who am so soon to sleep in a watery grave, ought not to be disturbed by half a pint of lemon-juice. If you would be so good as to dash two or three more glasses of lemonade in my face, I would esteem it a great favor; it might prolong my life a few hours longer. In fact, I feel much better since you baptized me with the delicious acid. Let me beseech you to repeat the operation often."

"Effie," ejaculated Miss Stevenson, "I do believe in my soul she has gone raving mad."

"I don't doubt it in the least," returned Effie; "but I envy her the luxury of insanity at such a time as this. If my diminutive reason would temporarily abdicate its throne, I think I would feel better just now."

"Heaven have mercy on you both!" said Miss Stevenson.

"Why don't you include yourself in that prayer?" inquired Effie.

"Because she considers herself past praying for," replied Miss Bell.

I was about to drink a glass of lemonade, but my stomach just then reminded me of another despatch it wanted instantly delivered; consequently, I straightway proceeded to the upper deck, where the outside railing, apparently anticipating my wishes, came dashing rapidly toward me. We met rather abruptly, as we had often done before.

The storm raged incessantly for three days and nights, and then suddenly cleared. The rest of the voyage was delightful, the sea perfectly smooth, the sky clear and bright, while the weather was charming.

After the storm was over, the passengers soon forgot their sufferings and began to invent all sorts of schemes with which to amuse themselves, one of which deserves special notice. It was a whistling-match, invented by Mr. Mathews. A dozen men formed a line, while a committee of five ladies were selected as judges. Each contestant was to whistle five minutes, selecting his own tune, and the champion was to be rewarded with a box of fine Havana cigars, to be bought by the rest of the whistlers. If a whale had suddenly leaped on board, it would not have created as much excitement among the passengers as did this unique exhibition.

"Time!" cried the watch-holder, which was the signal for number one to open the show.

He made an effort to introduce the necessary wrinkles to enable him to whistle, when the spectators burst into an uproarious fit of laughter. For several seconds his lips seemed to be hesitating between a whistle and a

grin, but at length the laugh won the contest and came out loud and hearty.

Number one was ordered to his seat, and "time!" was called for number two. He started off handsomely, but broke down at the end of one minute, and retired from the line.

Mr. Mathews's time came next. He went in on "Yankee Doodle," and stuck to it manfully until his time was up. I came back at him with "Dixie," and at the end of five minutes retired amid prolonged applause.

By this time the excitement was above fever-heat, and bets were freely offered and accepted.

After all the contestants had gone through with their performances, the ladies retired to discuss and settle the question as to who was the champion. A man leaped on a bench and began to sell pools. It seemed to be conceded that the contest was between "Dixie" and "Yankee Doodle." The bets ran very even on those two tunes, while no pools could be sold on any of the rest.

The committee, after half an hour's consultation, decided that it was a tie between "Yankee Doodle" and "Dixie," that Mr. Mathews and I should both be considered equal champions, and that the cigars should be the joint property of both. The cigars were promptly paid, and we jointly smoked them. A humorous gentleman delivered a patriotic speech, winding up with something like this:

"Since Dixie and Yankee Doodle are smoking the cigar of peace and friendship together, we can safely say that our glorious Union is forever safe. I there-

fore call for three cheers for Dixie, Yankee Doodle, and the Union."

"What is all this fuss about?" said the captain, as a unanimous shout rent the air.

"It is a marriage ceremony between Dixie and Yankee Doodle," replied the humorous man.

"Whom patriotism hath joined together, no British lion shall ever put asunder," exclaimed Mr. Mathews.

As we drew near the American coast a guessing-school was organized upon the following plan: Each member of the class contributed a dollar to a common treasury, at the same time placing in a box a slip of paper containing his name and the figures representing his guess. The lucky one who should guess the number of the boat that would put the pilot on our ship was to have all the funds in the treasury. There are in all twenty-four pilot-boats at New York, each one having its number painted in large black figures on its sails, which with a field-glass can be distinctly seen for a distance of seven or eight miles. These boats in fine weather venture out two or three hundred miles, reconnoitring the face of the ocean for incoming ships. They usually start out with half a dozen pilots, and remain out until they are all deposited on incoming vessels.

The excitement among the members of the guessing-class instantly ran up to a white heat when it was announced that a pilot-boat was in sight; in fact, all the passengers appeared to feel a deep interest in the matter. A hundred field-glasses were aimed at the little white speck, which looked to be no larger than a sea-gull, so great was its distance from us.



"It is No. 7," exclaimed a man, who held the longest telescope in his hand.

"Then the money is mine," cried another man, exhibiting his number.

"Don't shout until you are out of the woods," cried a man who had for a long time been aiming his glass at the little boat; "I say it is No. 9 instead of No. 7." And, sure enough, 9 proved to be the lucky number.

On Sunday morning the deck was crowded with passengers long before the sun made its appearance, all straining their eyes to catch a glimpse of their native land. At length the faint outline of a dark blue ridge began to appear, and seemed to be rapidly increasing in size.

"Oh, you dear, sweet, old native land, how I do love you!" exclaimed a pretty blonde, who leaned on the arm of her young husband. "I feel as if I wanted to kiss the very ground."

"If you wish to kiss the continent," returned her husband, "I would advise you not to do it in New York, lest you soil those ruby lips."

"No," replied the pretty bride; "I'll do it by proxy. I'll kiss you, and let you kiss the continent."

"The bribe offered is indeed strong inducement, and I will undertake the job if you will let me kiss Pennsylvania instead of New York."

"Very well; it's a bargain."

A short distance below Brooklyn the health officer came aboard, took his stand on the bench, and gazed carelessly at five hundred steerage passengers who were ordered to march slowly in single file before him. Every now and then he would order a man to halt,

pull his mouth open, and peer down his throat as if anxious to see what sort of a breakfast he had eaten. I was preparing an affidavit to prove that my stomach was entirely empty, so as to avoid this offensive inspection, when the lieutenant informed me that it was wholly unnecessary, as the officer never examined saloon passengers.

"And why does he not inspect them?" I inquired.

"Oh, I don't exactly know, though I suppose he thinks a contagious disease would not fool away its time trying to kill a few saloon-passengers when it could find better material among the steerage people."

The next nuisance that struck the ship came in an epidemic shape of the most malignant type, sparing neither sex nor previous condition. Three men were deposited on the ship from a small tug. They looked and acted like emperors, and most of the foreigners thought they were; but I knew they were not anything of the sort. They took seats at three different tables and straightway covered them with papers. The officers of the ship notified all passengers that they would be required to appear before the three men and answer such questions as might be propounded. I wish the reader to understand that I thought the inspectors were quarantine officers. This fact may extenuate, but not excuse, the blunders I made. Unluckily for me, I happened to be at the head of the line, hence was the first person examined.

"Have you anything to declare?" inquired one of the inspectors, eyeing me closely.

"Yes, I believe I have," was my prompt reply.

"Very well, proceed with your declaration."

"I declare, upon honor, that I am sound in body and mind, though slightly damaged by sea-sickness; that my stomach is now empty; that I am exceedingly anxious to go ashore; and that I would thank you to grant me the privilege to do so."

Some confusion ensued at this juncture, caused by several persons laughing at me, which prevented me from distinctly hearing the next question. The gentleman asked if I had any dutiable articles with me, but I understood him to inquire if any one was travelling with me; consequently, I answered in the affirmative.

"Please describe them," said the questioner, as he again fixed his eyes upon me.

"Three unmarried females—two brunettes and one blonde. One is a lass of sixteen, the other two considerably older. Can't say how old they are, but would guess somewhere between twenty-five and thirty."

At this juncture the three men threw down their pencils and heartily joined in the boisterous laughter indulged in by the passengers. I knew they were laughing at me, but was totally ignorant of the cause.

At length the officer began to regain his composure. He said,—

"My dear sir, I think you entirely misunderstood my question. Our revenue laws do not embrace females."

"No," exclaimed the humorous man; "if they did, I would like to run the custom-house myself."

Another burst of merriment followed this remark.

By this time I began to realize the situation, and

upon declaring that I had nothing dutiable was permitted to pass out.

We reached the Grand Central Hotel in good time to miss breakfast, leaving three long hours on our hands to be squandered in waiting for dinner, which seemed to be at least three weeks off. We were delighted to find several letters fresh from home, informing us that the dear ones were all well, and anxiously watching and waiting for our return. We answered by telegraph, announcing our safe arrival in New York, and fixing the day we might be expected to reach home.

Once upon a time a lawyer wrote a long letter to one of his clients, giving certain instructions appertaining to an important law suit. Immediately after having finished and signed the letter, he fell dead on the floor of his office. Next morning the clerk found the letter, read it, and at once realized its importance. Seizing his pen, he wrote the following postscript :

“N.B.—Since writing the foregoing letter I have died with a fit of apoplexy, but you must not neglect my instructions.”

Now, I have not died with a fit, which I am afraid the reader will very much regret, but I close with the following :

“N.B.—Since writing the foregoing letters I have arrived at home.”

Let the curtain fall slowly while the band plays  
“Home, Sweet Home.”

THE END.













